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PREFACE.

SINCE the successful establishment of the Overland Route, our possessions of Malta and Gibraltar have acquired fresh value and interest. Instead of the few travellers who occasionally visited these places, hundreds are now conveyed thither every month by the steamers,—all anxious to obtain at least a passing glance at such remarkable fortresses, and carry away with them some pictorial memento to revive their fugitive impressions. To these, as well as a few others at home who take an interest in such matters, the present volume is addressed. It can pretend to no originality, hundreds of books and engravings having already appeared on the subject of which it treats. All that has been aimed at is the collection of a few memorials that have escaped the notice of others, and the condensing into a moderate compass what is at present only to be found inconveniently scattered through numerous volumes.

The historical notices of Malta and Gibraltar are derived from the works of Vertot, Drinkwater, and others, often in *ipsissima verba;* but the sketches and descriptions were collected on the spot. The work will not be taken for a formal and complete hand-book to India, but rather an attempt to give correct and graphic pictures of a few prominent objects either on, or bordering upon it. The writer has already laboured in this field as far as concerns Egypt and the Arabian Desert, which, with the places now treated of, constitute by far the most interesting portion of the Route. Nevertheless, an Appendix will be given, containing a summary of information concerning different routes, steamers, excursions, &c., which will leave but little to desire on these points to any one who may be contemplating the overland journey to India.

CHAPTER I.

TOPOGRAPHY OF MALTA.—DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT HARBOUR.—THE STREETS.—ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.—STRADA REALE.—THE AUBERGES.—GOVERNOR'S PALACE.—LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.—WALK ROUND THE UPPER WALLS.—QUEEN ADELAIDE'S CHURCH.—VIEW FROM THE BARACCA.

NOT to repeat

> "——— an ancient tale twice told,
> And in the last repeating troublesome,"

suffice it to say, that in the spring of the present year, I found myself, accompanied by my son, after passing over the beaten route by Paris and Marseilles, approaching the well-known harbour of Malta, not, as heretofore, with the view of obtaining a mere passing glance at that interesting island, but of visiting at leisure the most remarkable objects within its confines. Without more words, let the reader suppose us to have arrived, and, with the view of obtaining a clear idea of the localities of which we are about to treat, carefully con over the map and bird's-eye view, together with the annexed explanation. He will thus be at home at Malta, and can afterwards, if he pleases, accompany us to the different points of interest scattered over the town and island.

The group of islands belonging to the British consist of Malta and Gozo, divided by a channel some five miles wide, in the midst of which is placed the little islet of Comino. Malta itself may be about the same size as the Isle of Wight, but it is

hardly possible to imagine a greater contrast than between the two. Instead of the latter, with its leafy nooks and skies of pearly grey, we see a bed of white and arid rock rising out of the blue sea, everywhere girt around by abrupt shores, and glaring, with almost painful radiance, under the deep blue sky, looking, as it has been well described, "like a newly-carved pedestal, ready to receive some colossal group of sculpture." Of the deep bays and safe harbours with which its jagged shores are indented, those of Valetta are, beyond all comparison, the finest in the Mediterranean. The annexed map and view will familiarise the reader with its various details. The Great Harbour, capable of containing a thousand sail of the line, is everywhere defended by lines of impregnable bulwarks. First on the left appears FORT RICASOLI, erected in 1670, under the grandmastership of Nicholas Cottoner, principally from the funds of the Italian knight whose name it bears. Behind it on a projecting precipice is the NAVAL HOSPITAL, a magnificent retreat, capable of containing about three hundred patients, erected by order of His Majesty William IV., and built under the superintendence of Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, upon the site of a palace and gardens belonging to a knight named Bighy, the centre of this edifice being incorporated in the modern structure. Prominent beyond this, advance two long parallel tongues of land, the nearer being the ancient "Borgo," and at its extreme point the formidable FORT ST. ANGELO, the only one existing when the knights took possession of the island,—the more distant, the quarter called SENGLEA, respecting both of which we shall have more to say when describing the Great Siege. Joining these, around the head of the deep cove they enclose, (the secure seat of the Dockyard and Arsenal,) is the quarter of Burmola, and, forming an immense defensive curve, extend the COTTONERA LINES, thrown out by the Grand-master Cottoner, in 1670, to cover this important portion of the city, and afford a retreat for the

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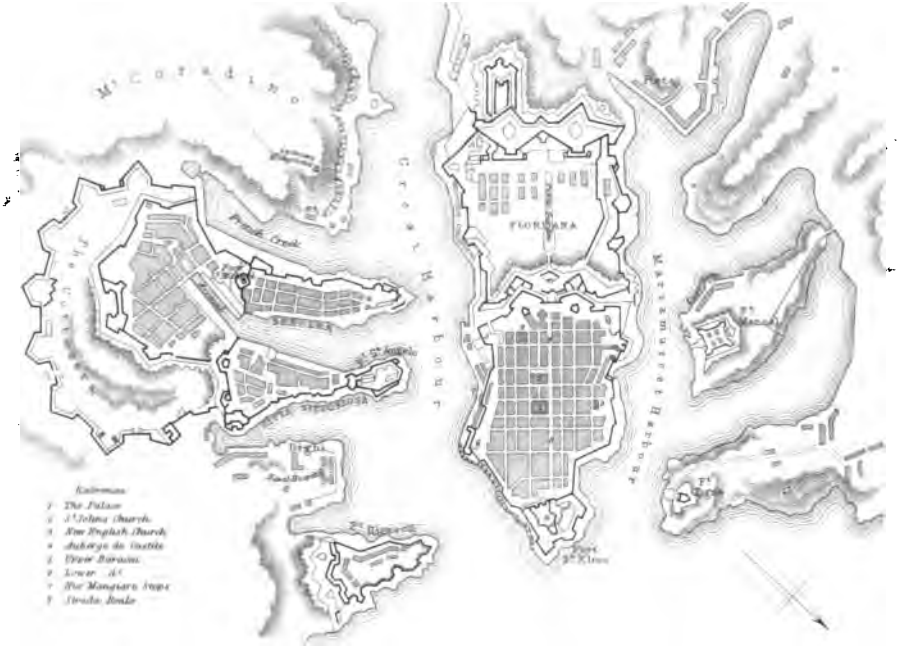
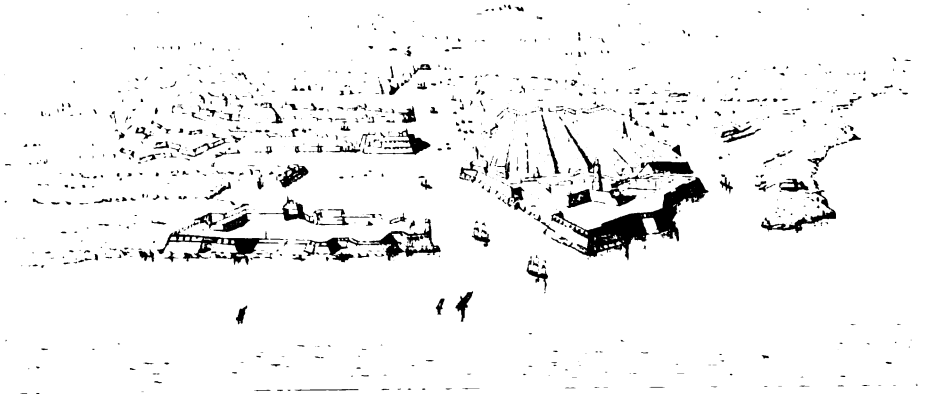


GROUND-PLAN OF VALETTA



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF VALETTA.

[illegible]

[illegible] to the [illegible] R. C. [illegible] Mr. [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

country-people during a siege. Beyond Senglea again is another cove, called French Creek, where a great number of fine merchant vessels are built; and rising above it, marked by an obelisk to the memory of the Hon. Sir R. Cavendish Spenser, is MT. CORRADINO, whence the Turks erected their batteries against Senglea. These are the prominent points on the left or eastern side of the Great Harbour.

The long tongue of land extending from the Great Harbour to that of Marsa Muscet is now entirely covered by the city of VALETTA. When the knights arrived it was called Mt. Ziberass, and entirely uncovered; but its situation was so obviously the fittest for the foundation of a city, that L'Isle Adam intended to erect one, and transfer thither the residence of the Order from Borgo, but was prevented by want of funds and other causes. A fort, however, called FORT ST. ELMO, was built soon after to cover the entrance to the two harbours, which, after figuring gloriously in the Great Siege, was enlarged and rebuilt when La Valette, after its termination, carried out the intention of his predecessor, and built the magnificent city which commemorates his name and exploits. Nothing can be more regular or beautiful than its plan; its well-paved avenues intersect each other at right angles, and everywhere open a view of the harbours. The buildings are of solid stone, spacious, and of admirable architecture, adorned with projecting balconies, painted green, so that at every turn the eye is gratified by a picturesque street view. The city is surrounded by a line of walls, which afford a delightful promenade, and on the land side are cut through the solid rock to a depth in some places of no less than eighty feet. Without this first and formidable line of defence is a second, enclosing the fortified suburb of FLORIANA, containing a beautiful botanical garden and extensive barracks.

The entrance of the second, or QUARANTINE HARBOUR, is defended by FORT TIGNÉ, erected near POINT DRAGUT, so called

from its being the position whence that corsair directed his batteries against Fort St. Elmo. Beyond this is the more extensive FORT MANOEL, and the buildings appropriated to the quarantine. Such is an enumeration of the principal localities of Malta, and it may be doubted whether the world can show within the same compass so stupendous a series of fortifications. Even the most unmilitary eye cannot fail to perceive that from whatever point an enemy may direct his attack he is met with some insuperable obstacle, and that, even could this be surmounted, he has yet to commence the herculean labour anew,—that from all quarters a cross fire can be directed upon approaching fleets or squadrons,—that, in short, a blockade is the only means of reducing such a place—a means which, provisioned as the city is for several years, and relieved as it would be by an English fleet, is entirely out of the question; so that, in short, in its present hands, Malta may justly be considered as an impregnable stronghold and influence of Great Britain in the Mediterranean, and by far the most important of the links of that chain which unites her to her distant empire in the East.

To a stranger there can hardly be a more brilliant spectacle than the Grand Harbour. When his vessel casts anchor, he gazes with admiration upon the ponderous tiers of batteries, and lofty terraces of flat-roofed and green-balconied houses, which, apparently carved out of, rather than built in, the brilliantly white stone, everywhere rise out of the blue of the harbour below, tracing their outline with almost dazzling distinctness upon the blue of the sky above. Crowds of boats, of antique outline and brilliantly painted, and having white awnings, put off from the quays, the boatmen with loud outcries and frantic gesticulations contending for the prize of the baggage, while naked boys endeavour to attract attention by feats of diving, and plunge after any small coin which may be thrown to them. As soon as you step on shore you are lucky if, as a stranger, you are not instantly pounced upon by a host of beggars,

echoing the plaintive whine of "*Nix mangiare,*" or "Nothing to eat," whence the landing stairs derived their appellation, and who continue to stick to your skirts, in spite of a liberal expenditure of halfpence, protestations, or kicks. Hurrying up the steep ascent into the city, you next cross a crowded drawbridge over a deep fosse, filled with bananas and orange-trees, pass under a deep gateway, guarded by English and Scotch sentinels, and, still mounting upwards, pass through a market, abounding at once in odours the most delicious, and stenches the most abominable. Still pushing on, through the midst of a brown, blear-eyed, and most vociferous populace, you arrive, already pretty well blown, at the foot of one of those long flights of steps, of which Lord Byron took leave with the splenetic couplet,—

> "Adieu! ye cursed streets of stairs;
> How surely he who mounts them swears!"

These stair-streets form one of the most curious features of Valetta. Troublesome as it may be to ascend them on a hot day, yet the very nature of the ground left no alternative; and to those who have made their way up the excruciating rugged alleys of a continental city, paved with sharp-pointed stones, the large, flat slabs, and easy, gradual ascent, of these of Malta, are certainly delightful by comparison: and with the annexed sketch before him, the reader may judge of their singularly picturesque effect, and of themotley crowd that wear away the stones with their perpetual passage. Some of the latter we have preferred to keep out of the way, as being rather awkward to group, such as the laden donkeys which are often seen ascending and descending; but the rest of the characters were sketched on the spot, and afford a fair sample of the mixed population of Malta. First and foremost is seen ascending, with elastic footstep, one of the lower order of Maltese, in the ordinary costume of sailor-like trousers, loose and flowing on

the legs, and tightly gathered up to the waist, around which is fastened, as also in Spain, the invariable crimson sash, a sort of link between oriental and modern costume, and surmounted by an equally loose shirt, a brown, open chest, and a head of semi-African form and colour, with black hair and eyes, and covered with a Phrygian-shaped cap, hanging on one side, picturesquely and jauntily arranged. By his side leaps up his pet goat, the nurse and playfellow of his family, as important in a Maltese household as the pig in the Irishman's hovel. Above, at the coffee-house of the "Two Sisters," their favourite place of resort, appears a group of lounging Arab merchants, from Tunis or from Tripoli—grave and majestic personages—arrayed in the voluminous turban and the flowing *haik*, their movements deliberate and stately, their attitudes fine and statuesque—forming at every turn a study for the painter or the sculptor. Next, tripping lightly down the steps behind, is a Maltese lady, enveloped in her elegant black silk mantilla, a costume of which it may be said that it renders even the ugly attractive, while the pretty become positively irresistible: so grave, and yet so piquante, so nun-like, and yet so coquettish, are its rustling folds, tastefully drawn round the head, so as to throw additional expression into a deep dark eye, and to relieve a white-gloved hand and taper Andalusian foot. Further up the steps are two characters which, widely contrasted as they are, flourish with equal luxuriance in this hot-bed—the clean and ruddy English soldier, and the pale and greasy Maltese priest: the former certainly the highest type of his profession; an assertion which may not be perhaps uncharitably reversed of the latter. Sometimes a long procession, to the honour of one of the many saints whose carved effigies look down upon us from every corner, ascends the street with flaunting banners and religious chants, and followed by a crowd of bare-headed suppliants; at others, a jovial band of grog-inspired sailors will come rolling down the steps, and

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sweeping all before them on the way to the harbour, with small regard to the feelings of any unfortunate natives who may happen to be in the way. The shops which border these frequented avenues do a great stroke of traffic, and exhibit a scene of busy industry, many of the handicrafts being carried on in the open street. The Strada St. Christoforo is devoted to the manufacture of chairs, tables, and sofas, in which the natives are very expert, and which, from their cheapness and good workmanship, enjoy a wide market in the Levant. Equally good and extensively used are their light iron bedsteads; and in the Strada Santa Lucia (represented in our sketch) the stranger will be much gratified, and tempted to loosen his purse-strings, by the decorative carvings in stone, representing vases with flowers, birds, &c.; and perhaps even still more by the filagree gold-work, of exquisite workmanship, in both which articles the Maltese may vie with, if they do not excel, any other artificers.

At the head of this stair-street—the Strada Santa Lucia—we emerge upon an open platform, on the right hand of which is the far-famed church of St. John; and the first sight of its flat, unmeaning façade, produces a feeling of disappointment and surprise, that *this* should be the finest church in so fine a city, suggesting the unwelcome idea that these military monks were more solicitous about the splendour of their own habitations, than careful for the honour of the house of God. Push aside the heavy curtain, however, which guards the entrance portal, and a very different impression takes hold upon the mind. The contrast is, indeed, as surprising as it is grateful. From a sunlight almost oppressive from its extreme brilliancy, we suddenly step into a vast edifice, consisting of one noble-vaulted nave, covered with rich marbles and gorgeous painting, blended into a grey, religious gloom, cool to the heated frame, refreshing to the dazzled eye, and almost intoxicating to the sense from its diffused odour of floating incense. On the marbled

and matted flooring are kneeling groups of Maltese ladies in their black silk mantillas, whose dark eyes send forth most soul and sense-subduing glances, half redolent of heavenly and half of earthly passion; while others, gliding in with gentle rustle and almost inaudible footstep, flit spirit-like across the stranger's vision. A dreamy, intoxicating feeling—a blending of romance and of religion, comes over and subdues him. The organ bursts forth with its solemn voice; its divine thrills and gushes of harmony, accompanied by the melodious chant of the priests, roll in sublime volume through the remote recesses of the edifice. If he looks up to the vaulted roof, he beholds the painted figures of heroic knights and of beautiful nuns, in the black robes and white cross of their Order, while as he slowly paces through the gorgeous side chapels — the emblazoned arms of the different lodges—the effigies of distinguished warriors—the trophies and insignia of former conquests —the rusty keys of memorable cities,—of Rhodes, and Jerusalem, and Acre,—arrest his gaze, and add to the fascination which enwraps him. In this vague but delicious reverie past ages seem to revive before him, with all their gallant deeds; the heroic dead, upon whose dust he treads, seem to awaken into life. This is no phantasy—no affectation—for every one must thus feel, in some measure, at least, who is not wholly insensible to the romantic influences of the past, and absorbed in the common-place gratifications of the present.

While indulging in this mood, a sacristan came up, and offered to conduct us to the subterranean chapel beneath the grand altar, containing the tombs of L'Isle Adam and of La Valette—the former of whom was originally buried in the chapel of St. Angelo, whence his bones were afterwards transferred to Valetta. Here, in handsome monuments, repose the ashes of these most illustrious chiefs of the Order, together with one or two of lesser note. On returning into the church, we took a more leisurely survey of the different objects of interest

contained in it. In the French chapel our attention was arrested by a monument to the Duke de Beaujolais, son of Louis Philippe, who died of consumption at Malta, in which the sculptor has beautifully expressed the languor and sinking of that insidious disease, in the countenance of the unfortunate prince. It is one of the numerous memorials of this ill-fated family, some of which the traveller is almost certain to encounter; another and very interesting one which we shortly after visited being the Chapel of St. Louis at Carthage, built by the ex-king over the spot where his great ancestor expired in the last crusade. No pictures of any great value, save one or two by Caravaggio, adorn the side chapels; the frescoes on the ceiling, representing the life of St. John, are bold and masterly, executed by Calabrese, who, refusing any reward, was for his liberality elected a member of the Order. The tapestry is also splendid, curious besides, as having been captured on its way to Malta by the infidels, and ransomed for its original value. There is no architectural character whatever in this edifice, which was built as recently as 1580: it is simply a nobly proportioned vault, resting upon plain and massive piers, but everywhere encrusted by the richest marbles, or covered with tapestry and fresco, and gilding, of which the entire effect is surpassingly gorgeous. In church furniture, as well as curious and valuable relics, St. John's was peculiarly rich, until the invasion of the French, who carried off hence, as they did from Italy and Spain, everything that could gratify their cupidity, or flatter their selfish love of art. Among the relics was the reputed right hand of St. John, from the church of Santa Sophia at Constantinople, presented to the Grand Master d'Aubusson at Rhodes, as a bribe, to get him to deliver up his brother Zizim, who had fled thither for refuge. On the fourth finger of this venerable skeleton was a fine brilliant, which Bonaparte removed to his own hand, sending the consecrated relic itself to the Grand Master, who made a present

of it to the Russian emperor Paul, who erected a church over it at St. Petersburg. Here, too, were the basin and ewer presented by Henry the Eighth to the Grand Master, L'Isle Adam, on the occasion of his visit to England. These also went, together with the sword and dagger, the scabbard of gold, and the hilt adorned with gems, presented by the king of Spain to La Valette, as a tribute of admiration, after the great siege, objects which, it is said, were personally appropriated by Bonaparte. The silver images of the twelve apostles, candelabra, &c. also fell into the rapacious clutches of the French; but the former, being afterwards piously ransomed by a Maltese prelate, still adorn the interior of the cathedral of Citta Vecchia.

Emerging from the solemn interior of St. John's, a few paces bring us into the Strada Reale, the main avenue intersecting Valetta from north to south. Here all is full of brilliancy and life. First, the architecture of the houses is so neat and yet so picturesque, with deep portals and projecting galleries, and oriels of woodwork painted green, all kept in the nicest order, the pavement as good as in London, the shops full of London comforts and Parisian elegancies, intermingled with gay-looking *cafés*. Handsome equipages are seen standing before the magnificent façades of the Auberges of the knights, now occupied by the English officers, others of whom dash past on their well-groomed Arabians. Groups of Maltese ladies in black silk mantillas, and with dark roving glances, contrast with English matrons in neat morning dresses, and with their air of cold propriety. To quote the words of a lively French traveller: "The multitude speaks all languages. With the guttural English you hear the lively chatter of the French, and the Tunisian Arab discourses gravely by the side of the gesticulating Italian. Handsome hotels, excellent and well kept, display their rival signs on every hand. Life in Malta is easy, inexpensive, and carelessly elegant. A large number of young and rich English officers indemnify themselves for their

expatriation by all the enjoyments of luxury, and keep up the jovial customs, which the knights for their part imported before them; while a multitude of travellers, arriving from all quarters and waiting for vessels, create much stir at the hotels, and a great sale of all the little indulgences which compensate for the privations and *ennui* of a long voyage."

The AUBERGES or palaces of the different lodges, which we need not enumerate here, are the principal architectural ornaments of Valetta, each vying with the other in costliness and magnificence. They resemble so many modern club-houses for the members of the respective lodges, who here mess together, the poorer members being provided for out of the general fund. Perhaps the finest is that of Castile, a stately edifice occupied as officers' quarters, with a noble staircase and ornamented portal, opening on the ramparts near the upper Baracca, and conspicuous for miles around; while

that of England is a comparatively insignificant edifice, without any external ornament whatever, now converted into a bakery, and, we believe, shortly destined to be pulled down. We entered and explored it, but were unsuccessful in finding anything particularly curious or interesting.

The English knights were never very numerous, and after the Reformation, those remaining were incorporated with the

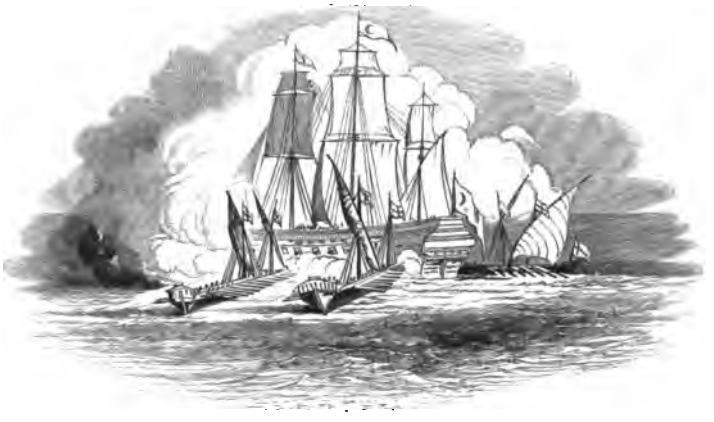
Germans, forming the Anglo-Bavarian lodge; but, although few and uninfluential, they have not failed to secure honourable notice in the chronicles of the Order. Their bravery was conspicuously displayed at the siege of Rhodes. In order to attack the tower of St. Nicholas, which stood on an almost isolated rock at the entrance of the harbour, the Turkish commander had prepared a floating bridge, and in order to affix the end of it to the point of the mole below the tower, an engineer, favoured by night, carried across an anchor, which he attached to a neighbouring rock covered by the sea, and through the ring of this anchor afterwards passed a thick cable, which, brought home, and worked by a capstan, was intended to force the bridge into the desired position. "But an English sailor," says Vertot, "whose name history has not disdained to preserve to us, and who was called *Gervase Roger*, having accidentally been on the spot and viewed without being discovered the manœuvre of the Turkish engineer, as soon as the latter had departed, plunged at once into the sea, adroitly detached the cable, which he left upon the shore, and taking away the anchor, carried it to the Grand Master, who made him a magnificent reward."

During the progress of the siege, the Bastion of England, as being one of the weakest in the place, became the object of incessant attacks. On one occasion Achmet Pasha, at the head of five battalions, after springing a mine beneath the bastion, ascended by favour of its ruins to storm the breach, and penetrated to the entrenchments within, upon which they planted their standards. But a body of English knights, who had at their head a Commander of that nation, instantly sallied forth from behind, and being sustained by Préjan, Grand Prior of St. Giles, and the Commander Valder, of the German lodge, made so furious a charge that the infidels were obliged to give way, though not without the loss of the English and German commanders, and a number of their followers.

Nor did they display less valour at Malta; for when the Turks were ravaging the island, and the greater part of the knights were shut up within the castle of St. Angelo, the chevalier *Upton*, Commander of the English, and, says Vertot, "one of the bravest knights of the Order," at the head of thirty others, and followed by a body of the inhabitants on horseback, presented himself to oppose the embarkation, though compelled to retire by an overwhelming force; and when, shortly after, the castle of Gozo was attacked by the invaders, and the cowardly governor De Sesse retired from his post and concealed himself in the recesses of his apartment, spreading thereby a general consternation among the defenders, there remained at his post but a single English artilleryman, who, pointing his cannon, killed several of the assailants, and prevented the others from approaching the foot of the wall, till falling dead with a shot from one of the Turkish batteries, no one ventured to fill up his post, and the Governor was obliged to capitulate.

The Governor's palace at Malta is externally one of the least interesting of the numerous Auberges, but it will richly repay a visit. Ascending from the court by a very inelegant staircase, we reach a spacious square corridor, running all round the edifice, and communicating with the state apartments. Here, upon the upper part of the walls, are to be seen a long array of frescoes, representing the naval victories of the Order and their allies, and which, by the quaintness of the style and different build and equipment of the vessels represented, carry us back to the time when the Turkish marine, now become so insignificant, required, to keep it in check, the incessant watchfulness of the gallies of the Order, and of the maritime powers bordering the Mediterranean. The naval force of the Knights, as will be pointed out in the Historical Sketch, originated with their expulsion from Palestine; it grew to a great prosperity at Rhodes, but reached its utmost height during their establishment at Malta. Many a defence bravely maintained against

overwhelming odds, and many a gallant attack with far inferior forces, give interest and animation to the pictured surface. One of these is here presented, as giving a good idea of the old war-gallies and their banks of oars, and of the daring style in which they would board an enemy: it represents the capture of a Turkish man-of-war, the "Sultana Benghen," an eighty-gun ship, by three Maltese vessels, under the command of Admiral Spinola.



But what will most richly repay the curiosity of the visitor, are the quaint old frescoes adorning the walls of the three state rooms occupying the N. W. corner of the palace. The antique character of these apartments, erected soon after the foundation of Valetta, has been much impaired by modernising; but the roof is in its original state, consisting of rafters painted over with blue crosses. The frescoes are in a severe and expressive style, often admirable in point of art, with a total absence of everything modern and conventional in treatment, and a rigid attention to costume, that carry us back at once to the period when they were executed, and to the memorable incidents which they were designed to commemorate. As I know of no list of these

curious paintings, perhaps, the one here given will not be without some degree of interest:—

The apartments each contain eight frescoes; beginning the furthest from the angle of the building, the subjects are as follows:—

1. Peter the Hermit embarking to go and preach the First Crusade.
2. Partly effaced.
3. The first Chapter-General of the Order, when Raymond Dupuy was installed Grand Master of the Hospital, A. D. 1120.
4. Raymond Dupuy offering his services, and those of the Order, to Baldwin, the second King of Jerusalem, A. D. 1120.
5. Fulk III., having fortified Bersebea, gives it in charge to the Hospitallers, A. D. 1131.
6. Rout of the Knights at Ascalon, and Miracle of Ismeria.
7. Departure of the Christians bearing their Relics from Jerusalem, when taken by Saladin.

In the second apartment are:—

1. Andrea King of Hungary receiving the Emblem of the Order for his devotion, at the hands of the Grand Master De Montaigu.
2. The Siege of Dalmatia.
3. Frederick III. joining the Templars and Hospitallers.
4. The Hospitallers restoring the Walls of Jerusalem, A. D. 1228.
5. Richard Earl of Cornwall receiving the gift of a Reliquary full of the *blood of Christ.*
6. Rout of the Turks before Antioch.
7. The Hospitallers assisting with their own funds St. Louis to obtain his liberation from the Sultan, A. D. 1250.
8. The Hospitallers covering the Embarkation at the taking of Acre, A. D. 1291.

The subjects in the third room, are principally illustrative of the Grand Mastership of Villiers l'Isle Adam:—

1. The Grand Master Villiers arriving at Limisso in Cyprus, A. D. 1291.
2. Fulk de Villaret setting out from Macri on the expedition against Rhodes, A. D. 1309.
3. Amadeus IV. Duke of Savoy, succouring Rhodes.
4. Siege of Rhodes under the Grand Mastership of Peter d'Aubusson, A. D. 1479.

5. Zizim, the brother of Sultan Bajazet, received at Rhodes by Aubusson, A. D. 1482.
6. A Sortie during the Siege of Rhodes.
7. Departure of L'Isle Adam from Rhodes.
8. Villiers l'Isle Adam retiring to Viterbo with his Knights.

From the corridor with its marine frescoes the visitor passes into the armoury, which, however, cannot be viewed without a previous application at the Ordnance office, and which also contains a host of curious memorials of the Knights. Here, grouped together upon the pillars, may be seen the actual pikes and halberds, multiform and horrid, the bows and arrows, and knotted clubs, with which, as the spectator of the frescoes has just seen, the valiant champions of Christendom used to carry terror and destruction into the Ottoman ranks. Here too is the curious memorial, if genuine, of the celebrated Dragut, as also, among other suits of armour, are preserved those of Villiers de l'Isle Adam and La Valette, and the very splendid one of Wignacourt, whose characteristic portrait by Caravaggio may be seen in the private apartments of the palace. There may also be seen a very early specimen of an air-gun, and many curious pieces of the artillery of the middle ages, besides which the armoury contains 10,000 stand of modern arms ready for immediate use.

Another interesting apartment, also opening from the corridor, is the Council Room, hung with gorgeous tapestry. The Ball Room is magnificent, but entirely modern in its furniture and arrangements. Adjacent to the palace is the Public Library, founded in 1760 by the Bailiff de Tencin, who at his death made over his collection to the Order, which, by various other contributions, has amounted to the number of 25,000 volumes. The Garrison library, which adjoins it, contains in addition a considerable number, and has a news-room attached to it. To these establishments, which are a great resource, strangers can without difficulty obtain an introduction; and here they may fill up their leisure hours by reading the voluminous History of the

Knights by Vertot, the works of Abela, &c., on the "Antiquities of the Island," "Houel's Voyage Pittoresque," "Malte, par un Voyageur Français," and other sources of local information, which the courteous and well-informed librarian is always ready to suggest to an inquirer.

Attached is a Museum, which, although of small dimensions, contains such a collection of antiquities, as is rarely to be met with in the same compass, and never certainly as found upon a spot so limited in extent as Malta. Here may be seen traces of almost every people who have successively occupied the island. First, of the PHŒNICIANS—there is a curious altar with a bilinguar inscription, in Phœnician and Greek characters, together with other fragments; also some clay figures, and a skull dug up from the ruins of Hagiar Chem, with some very ancient sarcophagi in terra cotta, upon one of which the figure is impressed so as to resemble a mummy; as also some very elegant vases. Etruscan vases have been found, and even an

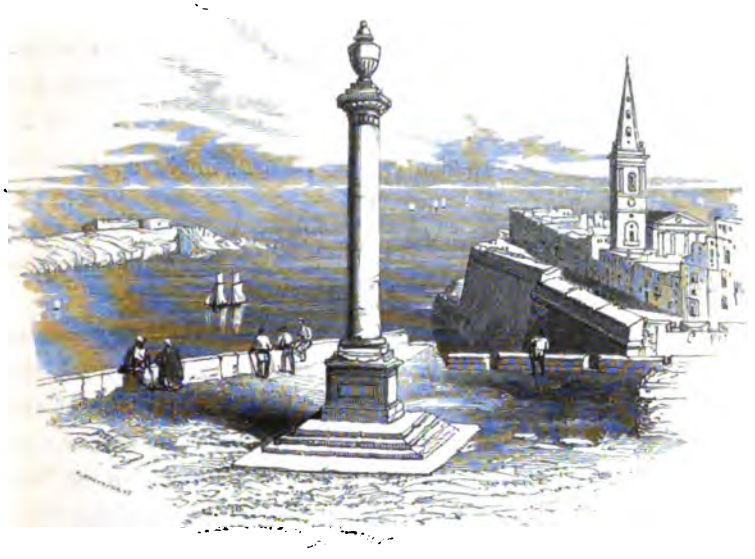
EGYPTIAN group of sculpture has also within these few years been dug up in Gozo.

Of the GREEKS is a very beautiful statue of Hercules, and a number of objects and inscriptions of minor value, especially a curious altar. There is a beautiful bas-relief of the head of Zenobia, executed at a period before the degeneracy of art. Of the Romans and Arabs there are also some memorials of trifling interest, and a cabinet, containing bronzes and coins of all the above-mentioned periods. This collection has given rise to an infinity of learned dissertations, to enter into which would be foreign to the nature of a work like this: suffice it to say that no stranger should neglect to visit it, as he here beholds in small compass a curious evidence of the many mutations of which this little island of Malta has been the theatre.

The ramparts of Valetta afford an excellent promenade, and everywhere command interesting views over the two harbours. Following them westward from Fort St. Elmo, after passing the fine façade of the Anglo-Bavarian Auberge, we reach an elevated and prominent bastion crowned by a lofty column, erected to the memory of Major General the Hon. Sir F. Cavendish Ponsonby, Lieutenant Governor of Malta.

Here the passenger will feel inclined to linger and enjoy the beautiful look-out over the quarantine harbour, on one side of which is seen Fort Tigné, built near the projecting tongue of land, which, from that famous corsair's having established batteries there, as will be related in our account of the siege, received the name of "Point Dragut." And on the opposite side rises a very different kind of memorial, a conspicuous landmark in all directions—the tall spire of the Collegiate Church of St. Paul, erected by the late Queen Dowager Adelaide, who, grateful for the benefit she had derived from her stay, and desirous of providing for the numerous Protestant residents a place of worship more suited to their wants, as well as to the dignity of the English Church and Government, than the wretched and confined chapel within the walls of the palace, erected the present handsome edifice at her own expense, the first stone of

which was laid by her on the 20th of March, 1839, and finally consecrated by Dr. Tomlinson, first Bishop of Gibraltar, (who,



however, usually resides at Malta,) on the 1st November, 1844. The edifice is everywhere well suited to its purpose, the interior, especially, being admirably chaste in design and execution, and it will preserve the honoured memory of its venerated founder to a grateful posterity.

It must not be supposed, however, that this building was erected without every opposition from the bigotry of the Catholic priesthood of Malta, particularly rampant on this occasion. They almost ventured to bully and threaten the Government, and did all that, without committing themselves, they could do, to excite the prejudices of the population. So long as the English Protestants almost continued, as at Rome, to conceal their worship, they sullenly put up with them, but this open establishment of their heresy was more than their

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stand. There is an incessant activity in the basin beneath; among the crowd of merchant vessels, boats are plying incessantly across the harbour, or clustering around some newly arrived steamer or ship of the line, from the earliest morning until the sound of the evening gun, when "Rule Britannia" may be heard suddenly bursting forth, with thrilling effect, from the deck of the noble flag-ship. Such is a glance at the principal characteristics of Valetta, and the chief objects of interest within its confines. But it is the other side of the harbour that is chiefly memorable in the pages of history; and to that, after briefly tracing the events of which it was once the theatre, we shall henceforth direct the attention of our readers.

CHAPTER II.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF MALTA.—ORIGIN OF THE ORDER.—ITS EXPULSION FROM RHODES.—ESTABLISHMENT OF MALTA.—GREAT SIEGE UNDER THE GRAND MASTERSHIP OF LA VALETTE.

FEW islands have known a greater succession of masters than has Malta. The Phœnicians were the first to perceive and avail themselves of its valuable position for commerce, and are believed to have taken possession of it 1519 years before the Christian æra; and—if the singular edifices, both in Malta and Gozo, are, as is most probable, of their construction,—have left behind them more considerable vestiges of their occupation than any succeeding people. Having been in their possession for 784 years, it was wrested from them by the Greeks, who had just founded one of their most important colonies at Syracuse. Of their domination, with the exception of the foundations of a temple at Marsa Sirocco, and a few statues and altars, no traces exist. During the wars between Carthage and Rome, Malta was seized by the former power; these in their turn were dispossessed by the Romans; who, after losing it for a short time, took a lasting possession in about the year 216 before Christ, and retained it for upwards of six centuries. During this period, no incident of any note is related in connexion with the history, except the famous shipwreck of St. Paul in the year 58 of the Christian æra. From the few notices in the narrative of that event, we gather that there was a governor on the island, who resided, most probably, at Citta Vecchia, which from its extensive catacombs and other traces of

antiquity in its vicinity, must at some period, if not then, have been the seat of a considerable population. The apostle made numerous converts during his winter's stay in the island, and it is believed that the above-mentioned catacombs served as places of worship for the early Christians, as we know was the case in other parts of the Roman Empire. During the decline of that power, Malta fell into the hands, first of the Goths, and next of the Vandals, from whose grasp it was rescued by the famous Belisarius. Afterwards came the Arabs, whose sway of two centuries was terminated by the conquest of Sicily under Count Roger the Norman. To the Normans' rule succeeded that of the French under Charles of Anjou, and, finally, that of the Spaniards, which continued for 246 years, until it terminated with the cession of the islands to the Knights Hospitallers of Rhodes, by the Emperor Charles V. The reader will, doubtless, be satisfied with this brief outline of a series of changes, which have left behind so little, curious as that little is, of monumental interest, and furnished, during so long a succession of centuries, scarcely a single remarkable incident to the pages of history, until the arrival of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem was destined to withdraw it from obscurity, and render it memorable in the annals of Europe.

It was in the eleventh century, that a few merchants of Amalphi, now an obscure but romantic town in the vicinity of Naples, but at that time famous for the enterprise of its citizens (by one of whom the Mariner's Compass was discovered), obtained permission of the Moslem Caliphs to establish, under the shadow of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a place of refuge for pilgrims of both sexes, visiting Jerusalem. Two hospitals, one for male pilgrims, dedicated to St. John Elymon, the other to the Holy Magdalene, formed the cradle of the celebrated Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Scarcely had it existed seventeen years, when a terrible irruption of the Turcomans swept Jerusalem with the besom of destruction; the Moslem troops

were massacred, and the tributary Christian population, hitherto permitted to exist uneasily within the walls of the Holy City, were exposed to the most cruel outrages. Peter the Hermit, beholding the sufferings endured by his brethren, overran Europe, inflaming its chivalry to roll back the advancing tide of Mahomedan conquest; the FIRST CRUSADE was undertaken, and ere long Godfrey of Bouillon stood victorious upon the ramparts of the Holy City.

On visiting the Hospital of St. John, soon after his conquest, he was received by the pious Gerard, who, having witnessed the charity of its inmates, had devoted himself and his fortune to their service, and by his benevolent care of the pilgrims, without distinction of sect, and the extension of his bounty even to the infidels themselves, was regarded as a common father by all the poor of the city. His example inspired many of the young nobles with a kindred spirit, who renouncing the idea of returning to their homes, enrolled themselves among the Hospitallers. Godfrey endowed them with lands, and most of the other Crusading Princes following his example, the Order was soon enriched with considerable possessions both in Europe and in Palestine. Hitherto the Hospitallers had confined themselves to an administration merely secular; they now, at the persuasion of Gerard, added to it a religious profession, took the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and assumed a regular habit, consisting of a plain black robe, upon which, on the side next the heart, was attached an eight-pointed cross of white linen. The Pope, approving of this new order, exempted the Hospitallers from the payment of tithes, and bestowed on them the exclusive right of electing their own superior, without the interference of either secular or ecclesiastical power. The wealth and influence of the institution now increased apace; and they founded hospitals, or *Commanderies*, in the principal maritime provinces of Europe, where pilgrims to Jerusalem were succoured and sent forward on their journey.

Such was the origin of this famous Order, first merely a civil, and next, a religious institution for the succour of repairing pilgrims to Palestine. But the establishment of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem brought on a further change in its constitution. A mere handful of Christian Knights, surrounded by hosts of Moslem enemies, could not afford to spare the valiant Knights at present bound by a purely religious vow, and Raymond Dupuy, successor of Gerard, proposed that those who had laid down their arms should assume them again for the defence of their newly founded and precarious state. The body of Hospitallers was now divided into three classes,—the first, of noble birth and approved valour, were destined to military service, the second consisted of priests and almoners, while a third and inferior class, who had no pretensions to nobility of origin, assumed the functions of "Frères Servans," or assistants. And as the number of the order was rapidly swelled by an influx of youthful knighthood from all parts of Europe, it was further divided into seven languages—those, namely, of Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, Germany, and England—a division, which, with the addition of Castile and Portugal, subsisted until the extinction of the Order, except that after the Reformation the English lodge was merged in the German. The government was a pure aristocracy, the supreme authority residing in a council of which the Grand Master was the chief.

This Order of the KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS OF ST. JOHN, together with that of the TEMPLARS, which not long after sprung from it, were the principal support to the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, during the brief period through which it struggled in the midst of peril and uncertainty. Our space will not allow us to dwell upon the many signal proofs of their prowess, which were given during their residence in Palestine. They presented a singular union of military valour with religious fervour and austerity of life. "Scarcely," says Vertot, "had they laid down their arms, than they resumed with

the utmost regularity all the exercises of their first profession. Some devoted themselves to the service of the sick, or were occupied in receiving pilgrims, while others kept their arms in order, or with their own hands mended the harness of their war-horses, and during these various employments maintained a religious silence, like hermits or anchorets, a manner of life hitherto unparalleled, when, without being entirely attached to the cloister, nor engaged in the world, they practised in succession all the virtues of two such opposite conditions." Such were the Hospitallers during the first period of their institution, which may be regarded as the golden age of their order; but this state of things continued for little more than a century: the spirit of the warrior gradually encroached upon that of the monk; the desire for riches, or the ambition of distinction, began to infect an order originally founded on a vow of humility and poverty. Their valour, however, suffered no eclipse; and after bearing a prominent and honourable part in the vain struggle to maintain the Holy Land against the overwhelming hosts of the Saracens, at the final siege of Acre, in 1291, and whilst in the midst of conflagration and carnage, a dreadful slaughter took place of the Templars. John de Villiers, the Grand Master, and a devoted band, covered the retreat of the handful of their brethren who survived, and, getting on board a carrack belonging to their Order, escaped to Limisso, in Cyprus. "And a touching spectacle it was," in the words of their historian Vertot, "to behold these valiant knights, all covered with wounds, descend from their vessels upon a foreign strand, with countenances suited to their altered fortunes, and overwhelmed with sorrow that they should have outlived the total loss of the Holy Land."

Uncertain of their destiny, and deprived of their possessions, the Hospitallers reproached themselves for having survived their brethren; and to prevent the entire extinction of the Order, the Grand Master issued a citation to the members of the different

commanderies in Europe to repair immediately to Cyprus, a summons responded to with the utmost ardour. A council was held, which John de Villiers addressed as follows:—"Fallen is Jerusalem, my brethren, as you know. A barbarous, but formidable power has forced us, inch by inch, to abandon Palestine. For the last century we have had to sustain as many engagements as we have occupied fortresses. St. John of Acre has just witnessed our final struggle, and we have left the greater part of our brethren buried beneath its ruins. It is for you to replace them; from your valour we hope for our return to the Holy Land; and you hold in your hands the lives and liberties of your brethren, and, above all, of the many Christians who groan in the prisons of the infidels." Such an appeal met with an enthusiastic response both from young and old, and all declared their readiness to partake the perils and abide by the fate of their companions. The place of their establishment was next to be settled. The king of Cyprus had assigned Limisso as their residence—a small and ill-defended town, which, however, they were permitted to fortify, and whence numerous vessels soon began to issue, destined to protect pilgrims who might be crossing the seas from the attacks of the infidel Corsairs—and forming the germ of that famous marine which shortly afterwards became the terror of the Turkish power.

Uneasy at their enforced dependence upon the king of Cyprus, it was not long before the Hospitallers began to look around them for a spot where they might re-establish their power without obstacle or interference. Such a place was the neighbouring and fertile island of Rhodes—possessing an excellent harbour, and from its position admirably calculated to form an advanced bulwark of Europe against the assaults of the Moslems. It was at that time, though nominally belonging to the Byzantine emperor, fallen into the power of certain independent seigneurs, who had introduced a Turkish and Saracenic population, and afforded shelter, it was said, at least, to the infidel Corsairs,

when pursued by Christian ships. William de Villaret, with the design of seizing it, had secretly spied out its condition; but before he could repair to Rome, in order to concert the enterprise with the pope, he was seized with a mortal sickness, and Fulk de Villaret, his brother, elected in his place. The new Grand Master immediately set out for France, accompanied by his principal knights, where, with the utmost secrecy, he laid open his plans both to the pope and the French king, who promised him all the support in their power. To mask the design, a general crusade was proclaimed, and a fleet assembled at Brindisi; embarking on board of which, the Grand Master, with a large reinforcement of chivalry, and after taking on board at Cyprus the remainder of his knights, cast anchor in the Gulf of Macri, within a short distance of Rhodes. Hence he despatched messengers to the Emperor Andronicus, to request for the Order the formal investiture of Rhodes, whence they would engage to expel the Saracen intruders, and, holding the island as feudatories, furnish every year three hundred knights, to command his forces upon the Persian frontier. This proposition, however, was but little relished by Andronicus, jealous as he was of the influence of the Latins, and although, in reality, Rhodes was already almost independent of his power, he threw a body of forces into the island, which, co-operating with the Greek and Mussulman population, obstinately struggled for four years against the power of the Hospitallers, whose perseverance was at length crowned with success by the capture of the city of Rhodes, soon afterwards followed by the submission of the island. It was in memory of this exploit, so useful to Christendom, and so glorious to the Order of St. John, that all Europe agreed in conferring upon the valiant Hospitallers the new appellation of the KNIGHTS OF RHODES.

This beautiful island, under the fostering care of the Hospitallers, soon became renowned throughout Europe. The fortifications were restored and strengthened, each Grand

Master vying with the others in adding some noble tower or bastion, which, while it served as an additional defence, should prove a monument of his care and munificence. The neighbouring islands all acknowledged, and soon rejoiced under, the sway of the Christian knights; the harbour of Rhodes was filled with war-gallies, which kept in check the marine of the infidels; while the city was enriched by the commerce attracted to its harbour. The luxuriance of the vegetation, the purity of the air, and the lovely scenery of this favoured isle, rendered it the paradise of the Hospitallers, who reigned supreme over so noble a principality. Not long after their establishment, their wealth was enormously increased by the acquisition of the property of the Templars, of which the principal portion was bestowed upon them by the pope; for that famous body had, by their pride and luxury, even more than by their great possessions, moved the enmity and covetousness of the Christian princes. Horrible accusations were forged against them, and though the Grand Master, with multitudes of his knights, asserted their innocence at the stake, the Order was abolished, and their estates confiscated. The donation of their wealth swelled to the highest point the power and influence of the Knights of Rhodes; but luxury followed in its train; the ancient discipline became much impaired; the preceptors of the wealthy commanderies scattered throughout Europe cared for little else than the quiet enjoyment of their possessions; and the Grand Masters themselves often remained absent for long periods together at the court of the sovereign pontiff.

But a storm was fast gathering from the eastward which was to brace up again the relaxed energy of the Order, and, while it overwhelmed them in inevitable ruin, to cast an additional halo over their renown, by making the last expiring days of their occupation more glorious than the first. The Turkish power was then approaching its zenith; Constantinople had fallen before the arms of Mahomet the Second; and after taking

Negropont, the Ottoman conqueror appeared before Rhodes, swearing that he would put to death the Grand Master with his own hand, and exterminate every knight that fell into his power. His forces were commanded by a renegade of the Greek family of Paleologus, who, taken at the siege of Constantinople, had preferred an infamous apostasy to an honourable death, and from his abilities and zeal in behalf of his Mussulman master, had been endowed with the dignity of a Pasha. He was assisted by a German engineer, who, after directing the external operations of the siege, boldly entered the city, and pretending to be a runaway Christian, endeavoured to spy out the weak points of the fortifications, while he conveyed secret intelligence to his confederates; but being at length detected in his treachery, he was put to death. We cannot dwell upon the details of this siege, under the Grand Mastership of Peter d'Aubusson, in which, after being reduced to the utmost extremities, the desperate valour of the knights compelled their enemies to a retreat. The fate of Rhodes was but for a short time deferred; for Solyman the Great, after the conquest of Belgrade, resolved, at whatever cost, to wrest this thorn out of his path. The following letters addressed by him with this intention to the newly-elected Grand Master, L'Isle Adam, together with the reply made to them by the latter, are truly characteristic and curious.

"SULTAN SOLYMAN, by the grace of God, King of Kings, and Sovereign of Sovereigns, mighty Emperor of Byzantium and Trebisond, most puissant King of Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, supreme Lord of Europe and Asia, Prince of Mecca and Aleppo, and Dominator of the Universal Sea.

"To Philip Villiers de L'Isle Adam, Grand Master of the Isle of Rhodes: greeting.

"I congratulate thee on thy novel dignity and on thy arrival in thy states. I desire that thou mayest reign happily, and yet more gloriously than thy predecessors. It depends but on

thyself to participate in our benevolence. Profit then by our alliance, and, as our friend, be not thou the last to congratulate us on the conquests we have just made in Hungary, where we have rendered ourselves masters of the important city of Belgrade, after having put to the edge of our redoubtable sword all those who dared to resist us. From our camp, this . . . . . and of the Hegira this . . . ."

The reply to this letter is equally ambiguous, and significant of either peace or war, according as it might be interpreted.

"From PHILIP VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM, Grand Master of Rhodes.

"To Solyman, Sultan of the Turks.

"I have thoroughly comprehended the sense of thy letter, which thy ambassador has delivered to me. Thy propositions of peace are as agreeable to us as they will give little pleasure to Cartogli. This Corsair, on my passage from France, omitted nothing in order to surprise us; but, not succeeding in his project, and not willing to leave these seas without doing us some injury, endeavoured to carry off two merchant vessels sailing from our ports. He had even proceeded to seize a bark belonging to some Candiots; but the galleys of the Order which I sent forth from Rhodes forced him to loosen his hold, and fearing to fall himself into our power, he has sought for safety in precipitate flight. Adieu. From Rhodes, this . . ."

Feigning not to have received this letter, although it had, in fact, been transmitted to him, Solyman shortly after forwarded a second to the Grand Master.

"We have been assured," he said to him, "that the letter which our Grandeur had written had been delivered to thee, and that it has occasioned thee more astonishment than pleasure. Rest assured that I content not myself with the capture of

Belgrade, but that I propose to myself very shortly another, still more important, of which thou shalt soon receive notice,—thou and thy knights being but rarely absent from my memory."

As this letter resembled more a declaration of war than a proposal of peace, the Grand Master felt bound to reply to it with equal haughtiness.

"I am not sorry," he wrote to Solyman, "that thou rememberest thee of myself, and of the knights of our Order. Thou remindest me of thy conquest in Hungary, and of thy design to undertake another enterprise, from which thou hopest for a like success: but bear in mind that, of all projects that men can form, none are more uncertain than those which depend on the fate of arms. Adieu."

To prepare for the coming storm, the Grand Master neglected no precaution in his power. The forces of the Order were numbered, and were found to consist of only six hundred knights, and four thousand five hundred soldiers, upon whom must fall the chief burden of resisting the innumerable hosts of Solyman, as the people of the town were but little to be relied on. Every possible provision was laid in, and L'Isle Adam was fortunate enough to secure the invaluable aid of the Chevalier de Martinengue, a celebrated engineer in the employ of the King of Cyprus, who added fresh fortifications to the already formidable ones with which the city was defended. Solyman, at length, thus issued to the Grand Master a formal summons to surrender. "The robberies that you are constantly perpetrating upon our faithful subjects, and the insults which you offer to our imperial Majesty, compel us to command you instantly to give up to us the island and fortress of Rhodes. If you do so with good grace, we swear, by the God who made Heaven and Earth, by the twenty-six thousand prophets, and the four Musaphi that fell from heaven, and by our great prophet Mahomet, that you may go forth from the island, and that the inhabitants may there remain, without the slightest

injury from us. But if you defer not promptly to our orders, you shall all be put to the edge of our redoubtable sword, and the towers, the bastions, and the walls of Rhodes, shall be reduced to the same level as the grass which grows at the foot of these fortifications."

Neither the limits nor the character of our work will allow us to dwell upon the details of this famous siege, during which this handful of brave knights gallantly struggled, against two hundred thousand of their enemies. The Turks were furnished with a formidable artillery, and the breaches made were numerous; but when they mounted to the assault, they found fresh entrenchments erected in the rear, while host after host of the assailants was repulsed and annihilated. Solyman was in despair, and for days together shut himself up in his tent, justly fearing, that while his arms were thus kept in check before the walls of Rhodes, a league of the Christian powers would be formed for its rescue, and for the invasion of his own states. But the divisions of Christendom, and a series of insuperable hindrances, prevented the Grand Master from receiving any assistance from without, and in spite of all his efforts, it became evident that resistance could not be much longer protracted. Together with his knights, he resolved to die in the breach, or bury himself beneath the ruins of the city; but when the Turks had advanced their works even into the body of the place, the terrified inhabitants entreated the Grand Master to avert from them, their wives, and children, by a timely surrender, the horrors of a general assault. A council was accordingly held, and, the engineers declaring the city to be utterly untenable, messengers were detached to the Ottoman camp, to treat of a capitulation, which had already been offered to them by Solyman. The Chevalier de Grolea was honourably received by the Turkish General, who, in the warmth of an entertainment, frankly avowed that his master, the Sultan, had lost forty thousand men by the arms of the knights alone, besides an

almost equal number who had perished with cold or sickness since the commencement of the winter. The articles of surrender were extremely honourable to the knights, to whom, together with such of the inhabitants as chose to share their fortunes, were to be allowed twelve days to embark their effects, and evacuate the island; and if they had not sufficient vessels for this purpose, the deficiency was to be supplied by the Turks. They were to be allowed to carry away the guns of their galleys, the relics of the Saints, the sacred vases of the Churches, which were to be exempted from profanation. Those inhabitants who remained behind were to be released from taxes for five years, and to be allowed the free exercise of the Christian religion.

The closing scene of the siege of Rhodes is one of the most remarkable and touching in the records of history. The proud Sultan desired to behold—perhaps at first to insult—the leader of those heroes who had so long braved his menaces, and defied his power; and lest his refusal should bring down upon his brethren, and the inhabitants of the city, the vengeance of an irritated conqueror, L'Isle Adam magnanimously submitted to what was obviously intended as a personal humiliation. At an early hour he repaired to the entry of the tent of Solyman, and was there suffered to remain almost the entire day, without food, and exposed to the bitter inclemency of the season, until, in the evening, he was invested in magnificent robes, and, together with his knights, introduced to an audience of the Sultan. "This prince," to use the words of Vertot, "was touched with the majesty which shone forth in the person of the Grand Master: in order to console him, he caused his interpreter to remark, 'That the conquest or the loss of Empires was among the ordinary playthings of fortune;' and, desirous to attach so great a warrior to his service, he declared, that there was no charge nor dignity within the compass of his empire that he would not freely bestow upon him, if he would embrace the Mussulman faith. L'Isle Adam, after thanking him for the expressions of his good-will,

replied, that he should be indeed unworthy of his favours were he capable of accepting them upon such terms—that so mighty a prince would be dishonoured by the services of a traitor and a renegade, contenting himself with the entreaty that Solyman would order that he should not be troubled in effecting his embarkation. Notwithstanding the positive promise of the Sultan to this effect, the fury of the Janissaries broke out but a few days after, and they were proceeding to open pillage, when the Sultan caused their Aga to be informed that his head should answer for their further disorders.—Nay, more—he determined himself to pay a visit to the Grand Master, who received him with all the respect due to so powerful a monarch. On this extraordinary occasion, Solyman, after accosting the fallen prince in the most affable manner, exhorted him to bear his altered fortunes with resolution—declared that if the term granted for the embarkation were insufficient, he would willingly extend it; and, after repeating his assurances of inviolable observance of the terms of the capitulation, said, as he left the palace, to the General who accompanied him, "It is not without some pain that I compel this Christian, at such an age, to go forth from his abode."

However he might rely upon the promises of Solyman, yet, learning that he was preparing to return immediately to Constantinople, and justly apprehensive that, with his departure, all security would cease, L'Isle Adam gave orders to his followers to prepare for immediate departure. The embarkation took place with indescribable disorder, and in the midst of the most heart-rending misery. Four thousand inhabitants, rather than remain under the sway of the infidels, and determined to embrace the fortunes of the knights, were hurried on board, and, having watched over the embarkation of his companions, and taken his final leave of the Sultan, the Grand Master, last of all, went on board the great carack, containing the principal commanders, and especially the sick and wounded knights, so that it might be said that this vessel carried with it

all the fortunes of the Order. Fifty ships of different burden composed the rest of the fleet, which set sail on the 1st of January, 1523; and thus the few knights, who remained after so long and murderous a siege, beheld themselves reduced to the sad necessity of abandoning the island, where they had reigned with so much glory for nearly 220 years.

On a visit to Rhodes, some years ago, I was delighted to find the fortifications, and even private dwellings, erected by the Hospitallers, subsisting, in the main, intact, and became at last familiar with every tower and gateway, but especially with the "STRADA DEI CAVALIERI," or "Street of the Knights;" a long and picturesque avenue of gothic houses, formerly occupied by the most distinguished of these military monks, and still bearing the undefaced armorial bearings of the different nations of Christendom, and of that noble family from which the individual tenant was descended. Some pious travellers have even regilt and repainted the fading emblazonry, and thus so complete is everything, that one might almost expect the stalwart champions of the extinct Order, to step forth in mail of proof from their gothic portals, into the street which once echoed with their iron tread; but, though the buildings are fresh as from yesterday's chisel, the streets are silent as the neighbouring cemeteries—rank grass springs up between the interstices of the pavement, and during the long summer days, the twitter of the swallows in the eaves of the carved mullions is the only sound of life. All the vitality of Rhodes, in fact, was suddenly extinguished by the departure of the knights, and it has gradually dwindled down, until a thin-sown population of mingled Turks and Greeks occupies the proud city, once gallant with chivalry, and enriched by commerce. Its lofty towers, around which the storm of battle has so often rung, are silent and tenantless; few and ignoble are the passengers who awaken by their footsteps the echoes of

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its portals; and you may make the circuit of its walls without encountering a living creature but a lizard.

The gothic city of Rhodes may be likened to a beautiful body from which the soul has departed; but nature adorns the island itself with never-fading verdure and loveliness. From the hills above the former, the prospect over sea and land is one of matchless beauty, and the interior is a perfect garden. Almost every inhabitant has a bunch of roses in his hand, thus vindicating the original derivation of the name. No wonder that the knights struggled so gallantly to maintain such a possession—that the decks of the fugitive vessels, as the land faded from their sight, resounded with the tears of the exiles who accompanied their fortunes, and that when, after their long wanderings, they found at length a new home upon the rock of Malta, they bitterly contrasted its arid and forbidding appearance with the terrestrial paradise from which they had been expelled.

But to return from this digression. Compelled to embark in the depth of winter, the fugitives were overtaken by a furious storm, which, after sinking some of their over-crowded vessels, and dismasting others, scattered them abroad in different places on the coast of Cyprus. The Grand Master, on landing, found himself called upon to provide for this unhappy crowd of sick and destitute persons, by whom he was regarded as a father, and with whom he declared himself ready to partake the possessions of his Order. The Governor of Cyprus requested him to make the island his asylum during the winter, but L'Isle Adam, justly indignant at his abandonment of them, resolved to remain no longer than was needful to refit his shattered vessels. This being done, he set sail in March, despatching, at the same time, ambassadors to the different Christian princes, and especially to the Pope, to inform them of the fall of Rhodes, in great measure attributable to their neglect to afford him the necessary succour. Fearful, above all things, lest the loss of their stronghold might be followed by

the general dispersion of the knights, he entreated the pontiff to issue a Bull, enjoining the scattered members of the Order to repair, on pain of excommunication and deprivation, to whatever spot might be appointed as their temporary seat by the authority of the Grand Master. Furnished with this instrument, on arriving with his charge at Messina, L'Isle Adam called together the knights then present, many of whom had openly declared their intention of retiring to their respective countries, and, by a judicious union of authority and tenderness, succeeded in preventing a measure, which must have inevitably entailed the ruin of the Hospitallers, and in engaging his followers to remain together until he should succeed in obtaining some new establishment for them.

We cannot minutely attempt to follow L'Isle Adam through the many years of wandering, which elapsed from the expulsion of the knights from Rhodes until their settlement at Malta. Driven from Messina by the plague, he embarked for the Papal States, and, repairing to Rome, held conference with the pope as to the most eligible spot, upon which to build up again the fallen power of his brethren. The pontiff appointed Viterbo as their temporary residence, and the island of Malta having been proposed as a permanent abode, ambassadors were sent by the Grand Master to Charles V., to solicit their investiture with this possession —a proposal to which that astute emperor listened with secret satisfaction, inasmuch as the establishment of the knights would prove a shelter and bulwark for the island of Sicily, and other parts of his dominions, against the threatening power of the Turks. He consented then to grant the request of the knights, but only on condition that, renouncing their independence, they should swear fealty to himself, as their sovereign prince, that they should garrison and defend Tripoli, in Africa, together with other conditions, so hard and onerous, as induced the Grand Master to listen to propositions made to him for the recovery of Rhodes, which, however, proved eventually abortive.

Meanwhile, L'Isle Adam passed over into Spain, where he was received with distinction by the Emperor and by his illustrious prisoner, Francis the First, between whom his venerable character qualified him to act as an effectual mediator. The first time that Charles visited Francis, he desired that the Grand Master, whom he entitled his father, would accompany him; and it is said, that the two princes having gone forth together, and coming to the passage of a doorway, the emperor desired to yield precedence to the king, which the latter as obstinately refused, whereupon the Grand Master was required to decide between them. "I pray God," said the venerable old man, "that no greater difference may ever arise between your Majesties;" and then, addressing himself to Francis, he said, "No one, Sire, but must admit, that the emperor is the first prince of Christendom, but being in his own states and his own palace, it seems to me that you cannot refuse the honours which he thinks proper to render to the greatest king of Europe." A reply so happy gave satisfaction to both parties, and particularly to the emperor, who honoured L'Isle Adam with peculiar marks of distinction, and at his departure renewed his promises regarding the Isle of Malta, referring to the Pope the final settlement of conditions.

The prudent intercession of L'Isle Adam with the King of Portugal, was next required to prevent a seizure of the estates in that country belonging to the Order, and scarcely had he reentered France, when he learned that Henry VIII. had threatened a similar spoliation of their property in England. This haughty and selfish monarch, without reflecting on the years and infirmities of the Grand Master, considered that he had been wanting to himself in that respect paid to his rivals Charles and Francis, which having been hinted to L'Isle Adam, he immediately prepared to visit England also. After reposing himself some days at the Commandery of St. John, Clerkenwell, he repaired to court, with a gallant cortége of his knights, swollen by

several noblemen of the first distinction, sent forth to meet him by the monarch. It was remarked that Henry regarded him with the attention inspired by the first view of a prince, whom his conduct and valour had rendered equally celebrated both in Europe and Asia. He spoke of the defence of Rhodes as more glorious than the conquest of an entire province, promised him every assistance in his power towards its recovery, lodged him in his own palace, and, at his departure, presented him with a basin and cup of gold, enriched with precious stones, remitted by L'Isle Adam to the general treasury, in which it remained until it was carried off by the French Republicans.

All idea of confiscating the estates of the knights was at present abandoned, and the Grand Master returned to Italy, with the satisfaction of having secured the rights of his Order in Spain, Portugal, France, and England, and in obtaining sufficient assistance to enable him, as he fondly hoped, to succeed in the recovery of Rhodes. But his project having transpired, additional forces were thrown into that island by the Turks, and the obtaining of Malta now became more than ever indispensable. Through the good offices of the Pope accordingly, the free possession of that island was conceded by the emperor, without the obnoxious condition of fealty to himself. All preliminary difficulties having been settled, nothing now remained but that the Grand Master, with the council and all the knights, should embark and take possession of their new territory.

L'Isle Adam, with his council and principal commanders, cast anchor in the Great Harbour, on the 26th of October, in the year 1530, and, after having disembarked, went straight to the parish church of St. Lorenzo. After rendering themselves to Him, whom alone the Order recognised as their sovereign, they repaired to the Borgo, or town, at the foot of the Castle of St. Angelo, which post had been resigned to them by the Spanish commandant, and whither the Grand Master had before despatched a body of workmen. It was with extreme difficulty

the knights found means of lodging themselves, the town consisting of but a few fishermen's cabins. Nor were they any better satisfied with the appearance of the island itself: the sterility of its soil, and the necessity of fetching their very bread from Sicily, the poverty and rudeness of the inhabitants, with the absence of any place of defence in case they should be attacked, painfully recalled to them, by contrast, the recollection of Rhodes, so abundant in grain and fruits, wealthy by commerce, and possessing fortifications all but impregnable.

These disadvantages induced both the Grand Master and his knights to attempt the seizure of Modon, a harbour on the coast of Greece, which might serve them as an advanced post for the recovery of Rhodes, but this plan having failed, L'Isle Adam at length decided upon devoting all his energies to the fortification of Malta. The period was extremely critical. The famous Turkish corsair, Barbarossa, swept the neighbouring seas, and, conscious how unfit were the defences of Fort St. Angelo to maintain a siege, the knights earnestly besought L'Isle Adam to retire himself into Sicily, leaving behind a garrison for the defence of the place; but the generous old man courageously rejected this advice. "Never," he exclaimed, "have I fled before the enemies of the Cross, and never, to preserve the remains of a languishing existence, will I be seen to set so bad an example to my followers." Under his prudent administration, the works were strengthened, new gallies constructed, and Malta, from a weak and defenceless port, soon grew up to be the bulwark of Christendom, and the terror of the African corsairs. But the declining days of L'Isle Adam were embittered by internal disputes, engendered by that laxity of discipline which so long an exile had introduced, and he is said to have regarded it as the greatest of all his misfortunes, that he should have survived the loss of Rhodes, only to become a witness of the violence and insubordination of his knights. His chagrin was further increased by the arrival of many of the English

Hospitallers in a state of destitution, bringing the unwelcome news of the establishment of the Reformation, and the spoliation of the property of the Order. He was seized with a fever, which rapidly consumed his remaining strength, and expired in the arms of his beloved knights, on the 21st of August, 1534.

The suit of armour worn by L'Isle Adam is preserved in the Armoury of Valetta, and shows him to have been of stature somewhat less than the middle height, but of robust and sinewy

frame, capable of enduring greater fatigue and hardship than others of more giant bulk.

Malta now became every day more powerful and formidable, the knights devoting especial attention to their marine; and their galleys were constantly to be seen returning to the harbour, bringing with them valuable prizes taken from the infidels. Thus they delivered the Christian slaves from different nations, who spread abroad in their own country praises of the zeal and

valour of the Hospitallers. Nor did they prove less valuable auxiliaries to Charles V. in his enterprises against the Ottomans in Africa. Solyman was enraged at beholding this handful of men, whose power he had imagined himself to have crushed, growing up again into so formidable an attitude; and his chagrin was increased by the complaints of his subjects, that their commerce was interrupted, their relations carried into slavery, and even the pilgrimage to Mecca interrupted by the galleys of the knights. After wresting from them Tripoli,—a post which they had been reluctantly obliged by Charles V. to maintain with a very inadequate force,—he turned his attention to the reduction of Malta. An army was landed upon the island, which invested Civita Vecchia, and ravaged Gozo, but was eventually compelled to retreat without having accomplished its object. It was not long before he made a second, and a far more formidable attack, destined, however, to meet with a repulse no less disastrous.

During the interval between the first and second sieges, much had been done to strengthen the fortifications of the island. Under the Grandmastership of John de Omedes, a fort had been hastily built at the extreme point of Mount Sceberras, which, projecting into the sea, commanded the entrance of both harbours, and which, after a tower occupying a similar position at Rhodes, received the name of FORT ST. ELMO. The defences of FORT ST. ANGELO, and the adjacent BORGO, had been also rendered exceedingly formidable, while, at the expense of the Grand Master Claude de la Sengle, the tongue of land, upon which had been built the FORT ST. MICHAEL, was surrounded by walls, and, in commemoration of the care of its founder, received the name of the Island of SENGLEA, which it still retains. Between these two fortified tongues of land was a deep creek, the entrance to which, from the Great Harbour, being defended by a heavy chain slung from side to side, served as a secure shelter for the galleys and arsenal of the Order.

The Grand Master at this period was John de la Valette, than whom could no one have been found more fitted to occupy the post of responsibility and peril. He had passed through all the subordinate offices, and his passage to fresh honours had always been the recompense of as many memorable actions, which had eventually raised him, by universal acclamation, to the highest dignity of the Order. On the first information of the purposes of Solyman, he had solicited the assistance of the Emperor Charles V., who ordered the Viceroy of Sicily to send over the necessary reinforcements. The knights, scattered among distant commanderies, and required to return to their posts, were daily to be seen arriving to take their part in the defence. After an exact review of the forces, it was found that there were in the island about seven hundred knights, without counting the Frères Servans, and eight thousand five hundred warriors, consisting of the soldiers of the gallies, foreign troops in the pay of the Order, and militia of the inhabitants of the island. These troops were distributed among the different fortresses, while a body of cavalry was appointed to scour the coast, to watch the landing of the Turkish forces, and to harass their march upon the capital.

On the 18th of May, 1565, the Ottoman fleet appeared in sight, consisting of fifty-nine large ships, carrying a force of thirty thousand men, including the Janissaries and Spahis, the most formidable soldiers of the Turkish army, while a considerable number of vessels followed, laden with the heavy artillery and munitions of war. The Turkish commanders, Piali and Mustapha, were men of approved valour and conduct. The first was a foundling, raised from grade to grade by the favour of Solyman, who had given him his granddaughter in marriage, and constituted him admiral of his fleet. The army was commanded by Mustapha, a veteran officer of sixty-five, renowned for his numerous victories. Hassan and Dragut, Pashas of Algiers and Tripoli, were ordered to join them at the

head of the Barbary corsairs, and especial orders were given by the Sultan that nothing should be undertaken without the participation of the latter of these commanders, who was considered the greatest sea-captain in the Turkish Empire. He had raised himself from the humblest origin by his own native energy of character, become a first-rate engineer and commander of a galiot, with which he wrested considerable prizes from the Christians, until at length himself taken prisoner by the Genoese admiral, Doria. He remained four years in chains, and was only admitted to ransom by the threat of his friend, Barbarossa, to ravage the Genoese territory, unless he were released. The death of that corsair left him the undisputed pre-eminence in naval renown, and he had become the most formidable enemy of the Christian powers, whom he detested with peculiar energy. Already unsuccessful in a first attack upon Malta, he had been particularly urgent with Solyman to undertake a second siege, and he was daily expected to join the squadron. Thus formidable were the forces, and experienced the commanders, who had sworn to effect the reduction of Malta.

They cast anchor in the harbour of Marsa Sirocco, and, having landed their forces, a council of war was held, at which, in order to obtain a better shelter for the fleet, it was decided to reduce the fort St. Elmo, which commanded the entrance of the secure port of Marsa Muscet, an operation which was not expected to require more than a few days, after which the reduction of St. Angelo and Senglea might be more advantageously entered upon.

From the lofty bastions of Fort St. Angelo, La Valette and his companions, looking across the harbour, at length beheld the Turkish forces advancing along the Mount Sceberras, (the site of the modern Valetta,) to the attack of Fort St. Elmo. This bulwark, now so magnificent, although most happily chosen as to site, had been constructed with but limited means, and

was then far too small to resist any lengthened attack by forces so formidable, and garrisoned but by a very small force, under the command of the veteran Bailiff of Negropont. Notwithstanding the rocky nature of the soil, the Turks succeeded, default of regular trenches, in establishing some sheltered outworks, and, having planted their artillery, opened so terrible a fire, that it soon became evident that nothing but a far more numerous garrison could maintain the post. Pressing messages were therefore sent to the Grand Master, to entreat that succour, without which it was declared that the place could not hold out many days longer. La Valette was now in one of the most painful situations in which a commander can be placed. He felt that the brave garrison of St. Elmo might perish, man by man, without being able to preserve the devoted fortress, yet, invested as he was by such an overwhelming force, it was of the last importance to maintain the struggle as long as possible,—to yield up post after post only after the most protracted resistance, in the hope meanwhile that the succours he was impatiently expecting from the Sicilian Viceroy would arrive. Having, therefore, despatched the most urgent requests to that dignitary, to hasten his preparations, he determined, in order to raise the flagging courage of the garrison of Fort St Elmo, to throw himself into it with a body of his bravest knights. This resolution was, however, prevented by the unanimous voice of his brave companions in arms,—a large body of volunteers hastened to assume the dangerous post, and, under cover of the cannon of St. Angelo, succeeded in entering the beleaguered fortress.

While this unequal struggle between the few defenders of St. Elmo and the hosts of their Turkish assailants was at its height, the numbers of the latter were increased by the arrival of the famous renegade corsair, Ulucciali, with six galleys, and nine hundred men, and shortly after by the more redoubtable Dragut himself, with a force of nearly double that amount. His

first work was to establish several fresh batteries, and one especially upon the other side of the harbour of Marsa Muscet, on the extreme point of land which still retains the name of POINT DRAGUT, exactly opposite to Fort St. Elmo, the works of which it thus commanded in flank. In spite of the fresh succours which the garrison from time to time received, and notwithstanding the most desperate resistance, the outworks were reduced to a heap of ruins. The Chevalier de Medran, esteemed for his valour by the Grand Master, was deputed to open to him the deplorable condition of the fortress, and to propose its immediate evacuation by the garrison, and their withdrawal to Fort St. Angelo, since to attempt its further defence was only a waste of valuable lives. A council was held, and the greater number of voices were at first in favour of the proposition—but as the Grand Master, insisting again upon the importance of protracting the duration of the siege, refused to accede to it, Le Medran returned with a message forbidding them to abandon their post. Such a reply might well appear as a sentence of death to the devoted knights, and, deeming it harsh and cruel, and taking counsel only of their despair, they declared to the Grand Master, by another messenger, that they would issue forth, sword in hand, and perish among the Turkish ranks, unless they were permitted to evacuate a fort no longer tenable. Commissioners were now sent to examine into the state of the fortress, who corroborated the account of the garrison. But as one of these emissaries, named Castriot, denied the extreme danger of the fort, and offered to throw himself into it with a body of forces, La Valette, with a view to excite the emulation of its defenders, declared his readiness to accede to their request, and desired them to yield up their posts to this new body of volunteers. "Return to the Convent, my brethren," he wrote to them, "where you will be in greater security, while, on our part, we shall be more at ease as to the preservation of an important post,

upon which depends the safety of the island, and of our entire Order." Stung by the indifference, and even contempt, expressed by these few words, the malcontents determined rather to embrace a certain death, than cover themselves with confusion in the face of their comrades; and they entreated the Bailiff of Negropont to assure the Grand Master of their repentance, and of their resolution to shed the last drop of their blood upon the breach.

And nobly did they redeem their pledge. For several days they repulsed the incessant attacks of their enemies; but the fortifications being totally destroyed, and all further assistance from the Grand Master intercepted by the Turkish vessels, the feeble remnant that survived their fallen companions prepared to meet their inevitable doom. During the night they received the sacrament, and after tenderly embracing each other, having only to surrender their souls to God, each knight retired to his post to die with arms in his hands, and in the bed of honour. Those whom their wounds prevented from walking caused themselves to be carried to the edge of the breach, and armed with a sword, which they feebly wielded with both hands, awaited with heroic firmness the attack of those enemies whom they were unable to seek out. On the twenty-third of June, at daylight, the Turks mounted to the assault with loud shouts, as to a victory which could not be disputed. But they were encountered with invincible courage by the besieged, who for four hours kept off all the assaults of their enemies, dropping, one by one, until reduced to a handful of sixty men. The Turks retired, but only to occupy the rising ground above the breach, and hem in the forlorn remnant with an impassable circle; and the momentary respite thus gained was employed by the survivors in binding up their wounds, far less in order to preserve, than sell dearly, the languishing remains of life. At eleven the Turks came on again with wild outcries to the final assault; the Janissaries picked out those whom they wished to destroy

with their muskets, while the Bailiff of Negropont and the greater part of his knights, with the small remainder of the soldiers, overwhelmed by the multitude of their assailants, perished upon the breach, and that terrible assault ended only with the want of combatants, and with the death of the last of the heroic defenders of St. Elmo.

The loud braying of trumpets, the thunder of cannon, and the cries of the infidels, proclaimed to La Valette the fall of the devoted fort, and more faintly struck upon the senses of the dying Dragut. Shattered by a ball, he had been carried to his tent, and his condition concealed from the army; and he was almost at his last breath, when some of the Turkish officers ran to his tent to announce the taking of St. Elmo. Speechless as he was, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and expired a moment afterwards, in the height of triumph over his implacable enemies. A fragment,

said to be a portion of his coat of mail—axe—sword and dagger, is still preserved in the armoury of Valetta. The Turkish commander entered the fort, in reducing which he had lost at least eight thousand men, and, observing how small was its extent, he exclaimed; "What will not the parent cost us, since the child, which is so diminutive, has occasioned the loss of our

bravest soldiers!" Then, with a horrible refinement of barbarity, he caused the hearts to be plucked from the still palpitating corpses of the fallen knights,—which were afterwards hacked into the form of the cross; and clothing them with their soubrevests, and attaching them to planks of wood, he cast them into the harbour, in order that the current might float them across to the walls of Fort St. Angelo. This atrocity moved the Grand Master to tears of agony, and excited him to take as horrible a vengeance; he immediately caused the whole of his Turkish prisoners to be put to death, and fired their bleeding heads into the midst of the Ottoman camp.

The Turkish General, desirous of profiting by the panic, which he flattered himself was caused by the fall of St. Elmo, despatched an aged Christian slave to the Grand Master, with offers of a composition; who simply ordered him to be marched through the ranks, and after showing him the formidable bastions and deep fosses of St. Angelo, gave him as his sole reply, "Behold the only place which we intend to give up to the Pasha, and that we reserve as a grave for himself and all his Janissaries." Seeing that he could hope to make himself master of the island by force alone, the Pasha now closely invested both the Borgo with Fort St. Angelo, and Senglea with its fort St. Michael, and against the latter, as being the weaker point, he determined to direct his principal attack. The Turkish army now formed a curve around the two cities; and at its extremity, upon Mount Corradino, parallel to, and overlooking Senglea, and divided thence by a second harbour called the French Creek, he established his most formidable batteries; which, with others upon Mount Sceberras, began to thunder upon the walls of Fort St. Michael. He was desirous, moreover, of attacking the fort from the harbour itself, but as the formidable artillery of Fort St. Angelo would have destroyed any of his vessels that should have attempted to come round from the harbour of Marsa Muscet, the Pasha adopted the bold design of transferring his

vessels from the latter port across the rocky neck of Mount Sceberras, into the upper part of the great harbour and the French Creek. This plan was defeated by the timely desertion from the Turkish army of a Greek officer, of the illustrious family of Lascaris; who, touched with remorse, swam at the peril of his life across the harbour, and exposed to the Grand Master the dangerous project of the Ottoman commander. A council was held, at which it was resolved to sink a strong stockade, composed of enormous piles fastened together with chains and timber, across the mouth of the Creek, from the point of Senglea to that of Corradino, thus effectually blockading the entrance; while the walls of Fort St. Michael were strengthened, and batteries planted, so as to sweep the approach.

As the Creek was commanded by the Turkish cannon on Mount Corradino, it was only by night that the stockade could be constructed; but such was the zeal of the workmen, animated by the presence of the Grand Master, that this formidable defence was completed in only nine nights. And now ensued a singular and unparalleled combat. The Pasha, determined to destroy this barrier, sent forth by night a body of Turks, good swimmers, having axes at their girdle, who climbing up on the stockade, laboured hard to open a passage. The noise of their hatchets having reached the sentinels, the artillery of the fort was immediately pointed towards them, but, from the nocturnal obscurity, not taking effect, a counter-detachment of Maltese soldiers, entirely naked, plunging into the water and carrying their swords in their teeth, soon gained the stockade, and after a fierce hand to hand encounter with the Turkish pioneers, forced them off into the water, and even pursued them towards the opposite shore. A second attempt to fix cables to the timber of the stockade, and drag it away by working capstans on land, met with no better success; the Maltese swimmers again issuing forth, and cutting the ropes with their swords.

Unable thus to carry on his attack from the water, the

Pasha opened a tremendous fire from his land batteries, both upon Fort St. Michael as well as Fort St. Angelo; between which bulwarks, in order to throw succours into the former, a bridge had been established by the care of the Grand Master. The Pasha having effected several considerable breaches, only awaited the arrival of Hassan, the Viceroy of Algiers, to attempt a general assault. This leader, the son of Barbarossa, and son-in-law of Dragut, soon made his appearance with a body of 2,500 Algerine veterans. Burning with the desire to distinguish himself, and having obtained leave of the Pasha, he prepared to attack Senglea both by land and water, vaunting himself able to carry it sword in hand. The task of breaking through the boom, and attacking the seaward defences, he confided to an old Corsair named Candelissa, a renegade Greek, who had grown old in the service of Barbarossa; as a preparatory measure, a vast number of boats were now, as the Pasha had first intended, passed over by land into the waters of the upper harbour, while a cannonade of several days opened still further the breaches in the fortifications.

On the morning of the fifteenth of July at daybreak, the fleet of Turkish boats,—which almost covered the upper harbour—under the command of Candelissa, and manned with 4,000 Algerine and Turkish troops, advanced to the attack, animated with wild and thrilling bursts of barbaric music, and preceded by a large boat filled with Mohammedan priests and dervises, chanting invocations and prayers to Allah for victory, and reading from their sacred books terrible imprecations against the Christians. Candelissa's plan was, if possible, to force the stockade, but, if unable to do so, to throw beams of wood aslant from it to the shore within, and upon this precarious bridge to pass his troops over to the attack. But on reaching the spot, a scene of terror and confusion arose which might have daunted a less determined spirit—the stockade resisted his utmost efforts, the beams were too short to serve the intended purpose, while

the artillery of the Christians, opening from all quarters at once upon the exposed crowd of boats, sunk a considerable number, and threw the rest into disorder. This terrible emergency called forth all the energy of the veteran Corsair. He observed that the extreme point of Senglea, which projected too far out into the harbour, was not enclosed by the stockade, but was covered by a battery of six guns which swept the level of the water. Leaping on this rocky point he rushed to the attack of this bulwark, a terrible fire swept away a great number of his followers, and the others prepared to rush back into their boats, when, by forcing the vessels to retire, and leaving to his men no means of retreat, the fierce Corsair thus compelled them to seek in victory their only safety. With the courage of despair they rushed upon the works, sabre in one hand and scaling ladder in the other, and after a long and obstinate struggle, planted seven Turkish standards upon the captured battery. At this sight the knights returned to the charge; they maintained a hand to hand combat with pikes, swords, and even daggers, but were fast yielding to lassitude and numbers, when a fresh body, sent by the Grand Master to their support, preceded by a band of 200 boys, armed with slings and stones, charging the Algerines, precipitately hurled them from their ramparts, and drove them headlong into their boats. Some thus overcrowded, sunk with all their crews, while others were fired on as they passed under the batteries; the whole port was covered with dead and mangled bodies; and of 4,000 soldiers who had advanced so exultingly to a certain victory, scarcely 500 succeeded in saving themselves by an ignominious flight.

Whilst one body of knights was thus engaged in repulsing the seaward attack upon Senglea, another had to repel a still more terrible and continuous assault upon the landward defences of Fort St. Michael, already breached in several places. At the sound of the signal gun, Hassan, with his bravest Algerines,

pressing forward with irresistible ardour, planted their standards upon the crest of the ruined batteries, but were soon driven down again by a tremendous fire of cannon and musketry. Unable to force this breach, the Viceroy led his troops to the attack of a second, where a longer and more obstinate struggle took place; in the midst of which some of the brave defenders of the stockade, who had just returned from the discomfiture of Candelissa, arrived to the assistance of their fellow knights, and obliged Hassan to sound a retreat. The Pasha himself directed a fresh attack, replacing the Algerines by the Janissaries; but the very women and children now crowded to the ramparts, pouring boiling water and hurling stones upon the heads of the besiegers; and this second attack upon Fort St. Michael proved equally abortive with the first.

The Pasha, in despair of carrying the breach, next constructed of timber a sort of bridge, by means of which he hoped to throw a storming party upon the ramparts, covering the operations of the workmen with a cloud of arquebussiers. The peril was so imminent, that two nocturnal attempts were made to consume it, which proving unsuccessful, a body of soldiers sallied forth in open day to drag down the supports of the bridge with ropes, but were driven back by the fire of the arquebussiers. Henry de la Valette—nephew of the Grand Master, and the Chevalier Polastron, hastened to assume the perilous duty, and were both immediately shot dead. A crowd of Janissaries rushed forth to decapitate them,—the Pasha having set a price upon the heads of the knights; but the Christian soldiers, after a fierce struggle, succeeded in bearing the lifeless remains of his relative to La Valette. Suppressing his grief at the loss, he replied to those who sought to console him: "Every one of my knights is equally dear to me, I regard them all as my children, and the loss of Polastron is as painful to me as that of La Valette. After all, they have but preceded us for a few days; for if the succours from Sicily do not arrive, and Malta cannot be saved,

we must all die and bury ourselves under the ruins of the last of its last bastions;" shortly afterwards declaring his resolution, rather than be dragged in chains to Constantinople, to throw himself sword in hand into the thick of his enemies, and perish like the brave defenders of St. Elmo.

The delay of the promised succours had indeed gone heavily to the heart of La Valette. He had despatched repeated messengers to the Sicilian Viceroy, opening to him the desperate position of affairs; but that prince, having secret instructions, while he made much parade of his preparations for their relief, to leave the knights to bear single-handed the whole force of the attack, and only to assist them in case of the uttermost extremity, persisted in a temporising and ambiguous policy, while every day the position of the brave defenders of Malta became more and more precarious.

The Pasha now called a council of war, at which it was decided to attack both Senglea and Borgo at the same time. The batteries from Mount Salvador continually played upon the bastion of Castile, at the north-east angle of the Borgo, which now became the object of a furious attack. But the reduction of Fort St. Michael still continued the principal object of the Turks, and after harassing it with incessant skirmishes and escalades, another general assault was made on the 2d of August, which lasted for six hours, and in which, after leading his troops five several times to the attack, the Pasha was again obliged to sound a retreat. Another and more terrible one took place only five days afterwards, when 3,000 men moved to attack the bastion of Castile, while 8,000 Janissaries advanced with fierce outcries to storm the ruinous battlements of Fort St. Michael. In spite of a storm of cannon balls and musketry which mowed down the foremost ranks, those behind, pressing over the dead and dying bodies of their fellows, forced their way upwards to the height of the breach, where for four hours a desperate struggle took place between the besieged and besiegers, the former deter-

mined to maintain their post, the latter to drive them from it. At this critical period, and in view of the horrors of a general sack, even the women and children rushed into the midst of the combatants, and as before, with boiling water and melted pitch and missiles, assisted to repel the enemy; not a few of them falling victims to their heroic daring. The expiring bodies of men and women confusedly mingled together amidst the ruins of the breach, the booming of artillery and the reports of musketry; the shouts of the Janissaries and the frantic screams of the females, in the midst of a volcano of flame and smoke, presented a scene of indescribable horror. The Pasha ran to and fro at the outward foot of the breach, driving up his Janissaries sword in hand, and killing with his own hand two of them, who, driven back by the fire, had thrown themselves from the top of the breach. "A few more efforts," he exclaimed, "would render them masters of the place;" fresh swarms pressed forward to occupy the place of the fallen, and Senglea was in the most imminent hazard of being taken by assault, when relieved by an accident as surprising as it was unexpected.

The attack upon Fort St. Michael had been watched with anxious interest by the Commandant of Citta Vecchia, and seeing how closely the defenders appeared to be pressed, he resolved to attempt a diversion in their favour. At his command a body of horse galloped down to the Turkish outposts, and began to slaughter the enemies' sick and wounded; the terrified fugitives spread abroad that the advanced guard of the Sicilian army had landed, and was advancing to raise the siege; the report reached the Pasha himself, who, partaking the general panic, and fearful of being taken unprepared, sounded a retreat, called off his forces, and advanced in military order to meet the imaginary succours. His rage was extreme when he discovered the stratagem, but it was too late to return to the attack, and a respite of a fortnight was thus procured for the exhausted defenders of Fort St. Michael.

In the meantime the Turkish sappers were actively engaged in their operations, and although many of their mines were discovered by the Christians, and many a subterranean encounter took place between them, yet, by dint of perseverance, both Fort St. Michael and the bastion of Castile were at length completely undermined. On the eighteenth the Ottoman leader made a fresh assault, resolved to continue it day and night until the town was taken. At the attack of the bastion of Castile the enemy had so nearly effected an entrance that one of the Chaplains of the Order, seeing the Turkish flag planted on the top of the ramparts, ran towards the Grand Master and signalled to him to retreat within the Castle of St. Angelo. La Valette, on the contrary, armed only with a pike, and without a cuirass on, hastened to the scene of danger; a crowd of his knights rushed after him and repulsed the enemy. Seeing that he was exposing himself to the utmost peril, Don Mendoza, who commanded by his side, went on his knee to entreat him not to endanger an existence so precious to them all, but in vain: "Can I," he exclaimed, "at the age of seventy-one, finish my life more gloriously than in company with my friends and brethren, in the service of God, and for the defence of our Holy Religion?"

The assault was repulsed, but only to be succeeded by others. On the nineteenth of August another fierce struggle took place along the whole line of defences. At the attack of the bastion of Castile the Grand Master was wounded in the knee; at that upon Fort St. Michael the besiegers threw into the midst of the besieged a species of barrel filled with deadly missiles, but, before it had taken fire, it was hurled back again upon the assailants, scattering death among their ranks. These successive attacks, abortive as they proved, rapidly decreased the number of the defenders, and after another desperate and bloody onset, which took place on the first of September, the bastion of Castile being all but carried by the enemy, the knights earnestly besought the Grand Master to retire into the Castle of St.

Angelo. This advice he rejected with a generous scorn, exclaiming, "It is here, dear brethren, that we must either die together or expel our cruel enemies;" and, by his indefatigable labours, the Turks, when on the morrow they expected to storm the Borgo, found fresh entrenchments and fresh defenders ready for them. In the meantime other attacks had been made upon Fort St. Michael; every device that ingenuity could suggest was put into effect; a wooden tower was rolled up to the walls, but was destroyed by a well directed cannonade; by dint of incessant perseverance the Turks had become masters of all the outworks, which were levelled nearly with the ground; and in some places nothing but a barricade separated the combatants, so that their very pikes crossed when they engaged in the deadly struggle.

The heroic endurance of the besieged had well-nigh worn out all the patience, and exhausted the resources of their enemies, among whose fearfully thinned ranks want and disease were making rapid progress, when, at length, the long delayed succours were at hand. Some hundreds of the knights hurrying from their distant Commanderies to take part in the defence, were awaiting at Messina the means of passport to Malta, and, at their urgent entreaty, the tardy Viceroy at length put to sea with all his forces. Arrived at the coasts of Malta, a letter was remitted from the Grand Master indicating the proper place for his landing; when, with inconceivable vacillation, he again retired to Sicily, but the mutinous clamours of his entire army forced him to re-embark, and on the morning of the seventh, his vessels entered the bay of Melleha, and landed a large body of troops, accompanied by many noble volunteers, eager to signalize themselves by taking part in so glorious a struggle. No sooner did the news of their landing reach the Turkish generals than they embarked with the utmost precipitation, leaving behind them all their heavy artillery; but scarcely on board, and learning to how small a body of men they had yielded,

they were seized with vexation and shame. At the joyful sight of their retreat, under the direction of the Grand Master, the whole population had laboured to fill up their trenches and destroy their works; nevertheless, at a council of war they determined to land again and renew the siege, but were totally routed and driven back to their ships with severe loss.

The newly arrived chiefs hastened to the city to salute the Grand Master, by whom, as well as his knights and the other inhabitants, they were received as liberators. On looking around them, the Borgo, reduced to a heap of ruins, rather wore the aspect of a place taken by storm than one that had been so gallantly defended. More than 260 knights had been killed in different assaults, with 8,000 soldiers and inhabitants, and when the Turks retired, scarcely were there left—inclusive of the knights themselves—a handful of 600 men capable of bearing arms, the greater part of them covered with wounds. The Chevaliers embraced their brethren with much affection, but when they remembered the loss they had sustained of the bravest and most illustrious members of their Order, when they beheld the deplorable condition of the place, its walls and fortifications crumbling, its artillery dismounted, its dwellings fallen in or tottering, its magazines without provisions, and its inhabitants pale and haggard; when they saw the knights, and the Grand Master himself, their hair and beards neglected, and in foul and tattered apparel, like men who for four months had scarcely ever undressed, and many still bearing the bandages which covered their honourable wounds,—such a sight forced from their eyes tears of mingled joy and sorrow,—sorrow, from the remembrance of such severe sufferings, and joy that Malta at last was saved; and it was in order to maintain the memory of the heroic actions which there had taken place, that they gave to the Borgo, which had been their principal theatre, the name of CITTA VITTORIOSA, or the Victorious City, which name it retains until the present day.

No less than 30,000 of the best and bravest soldiers of the Turkish army had fallen, in the vain attempt to conquer Malta. On receiving the despatch informing him of so ignominious a failure, Solyman, it is said, tore and trampled it on the ground, exclaiming, "that his soldiers were only victorious under his own command;" and, to prevent the murmurs of his people, he was reduced to invent and put forth a fictitious declaration, that his forces had been successful, that Malta had been entirely ruined, and its pestilent Corsairs carried away into slavery.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT TO THE LOCALITIES OF THE SIEGE.—FORT ST. ELMO.—ABERCROMBIE'S TOMB.—FORT ST. ANGELO.—THE CHAPEL AND HOUSE OF THE GRAND MASTER.—THE BORGO.—BURMOLA.—FORT ST. MICHAEL, AND SENGLEA.

Of the numberless visitors to Malta, and even, we may say, of the residents themselves, but few ever make a pilgrimage to the spots rendered famous by the heroism of La Valette and his knights. The objects usually pointed out by guide-books and *ciceroni* are principally of more modern date and interest; and as a permission is necessary to walk over the forts (a permission, which, we believe, may always be obtained upon application to the town major, opposite the palace), the traveller is generally disposed to rest contented with an external view of them.

Our first visit was to the interior of Fort St. Elmo. Descending the Strada Reale, and crossing a platform, beneath which are extensive magazines for corn, we reached the drawbridge, which is thrown over a deep fosse cut in the rock, most probably of a later period than that of the famous siege. Showing our order to the sentinel, and passing beneath the deep gateway, we entered the fort. Its original works, which, as before remarked, were of very limited extent, were almost entirely destroyed by the Turks, and after their retreat, when La Valette built his new city on Mount Sceberras, the fort was repaired and enlarged. The Grand Master Carafa, whose tomb may be seen in St. John's Church, almost entirely rebuilt it; but the external bastions were not added until the com-

bastion.
stormy Ma.
north-east gale,
Great Harbour, oft.
the shipping, but even
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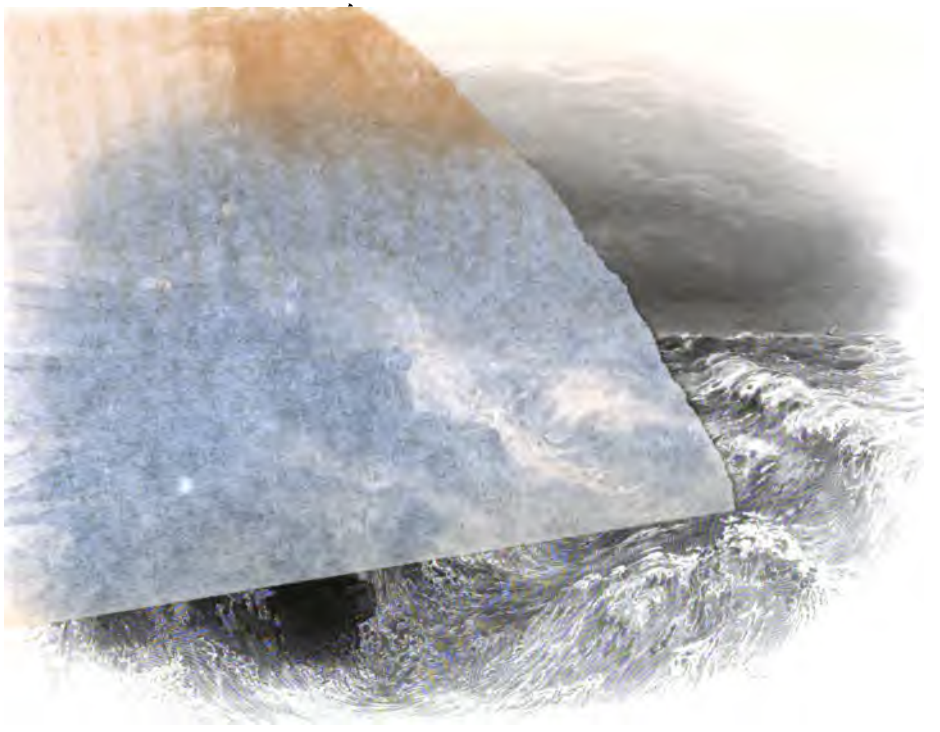
situated quite within the har.
in, and the enormous guns a
waves, while a vessel was sunk a.
As we reached the bastion, the te
Enormous surges of bright green
another, and, bursting in thunder a
flew up into immense sheets of mil
over the very walls of the fort, eleva



The Grace of Abercrombie.

In Fort St Elmo.

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feet above the watery level. We looked down from its edge into deep abysses of foam, churned to and fro into a confusion like thousands of livid snakes intercoiled in mortal struggle. At every roll the emerald breakers displayed new forms of terror mingled with beauty, which riveted the spectator by a sort of fascination. The waves, each more tremendous than the last, seemed, as they burst, to make the rock groan and tremble with the shock—but their fury was all in vain to shake the elevated walls of Fort St. Elmo; and there was a feeling of the sublime in contrasting the broad and noble platform, the firm and solid ramparts, the huge guns, each in its place, the orderly and soldierlike array of everything around us, with the chaotic blindness and frenzy of the unstable element beneath.

Advancing to the extreme point of the bastion, and crouching down for shelter from the hurricane, we discovered the spot which encloses Abercrombie's remains, and felt, as we copied the following inscription, that, in its solitary position, overlooking that sea which washes the shore where he triumphed and died, surrounded by the proud bulwarks of his country's power, guarded by her brave soldiers, and with her meteor-flag waving on the Pharos above, no spot could well have been selected more suitable for the hero's grave.

The epitaph itself, which we do not remember to have seen before, will supersede the necessity of calling to the reader's recollection the prominent events in the life of one of Britain's most gallant chieftains. The spot where Sir Ralph Abercrombie perished, not far from the walls of Alexandria, is often a place of pilgrimage to the Egyptian traveller. The monument placed here by the care of General Pigot, is out of the usual beat of travellers, which will justify us in giving the inscription upon it at full length.

MEMORIÆ

RADULPHI ABERCROMBI, SCOTI,

EQUITIS ORDINIS A BALNEO DICTI;

VIRI

PROBITATE,

MENTIS MAGNITUDINE, ANIMO MAXIMO,

ET ARMIS IN BELLO AMERICANO ATQUE HOLLANDICO

CLARISSIMI.

QUEM GEORGIUS III., MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REX,

POPULIS PLAUDENTIBUS,

BRITANNICI TERRESTRIS EXERCITUS

AD MARE MEDITERRANEUM

DUCEM SUPREMUM DIXIT.

QUO MUNERE

EXPEDITIONEM ÆGYPTIACAM CONFICIENS,

ORAM ÆGYPTI UNIVERSAM,

GALLORUM COPIIS STRENUISSIME UNDIQUE ADVERSANTIBUS,

UNO IMPETU OCCUPAVIT, TENUIT;

IDEMQUE PROGREDIENS

EARUM CONATUS NON SEMEL FREGIT, COMPRESSIT;

DONICUM, SIGNIS CUM GALLO CONLATIS,

CRUENTO PRÆLIO AD ALEXANDRIAM COMMISSO,

ANNO M.DCCC.I. DIE XXI. MENSIS MARTII,

IN PRIMA ACIE, IN IPSO VICTORIÆ SINU,

LETALE VULNUS PECTORE EXCIPIENS,

MAGNO SUORUM DESIDERIO EXTINCTUS EST,

DIE XXVIII. EJUSDEM MENSIS, ANNO ÆTATIS SUÆ LXVIII.

DUX REI BELLICÆ PERITIA,

PROVIDENTIA IN CONSULENDO,

FORTITUDINE IN EXSEQUENDO,

AC FIDE INTEGRA IN REGNI ET REGIS GLORIAM

SPECTATISSIMUS.

HUNC REX, HUNC MAGNA BRITANNIA FLEVIT.

TO THE MEMORY OF

RALPH ABERCROMBIE, A SCOT,

KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH; DISTINGUISHED AS

A MAN

FOR PROBITY, AND

GREATNESS OF MIND, AND CELEBRATED FOR HIS PROWESS

AND MILITARY SKILL IN THE AMERICAN AND DUTCH WARS.

WHOM

GEORGE III., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN,

INVESTED WITH THE SUPREME COMMAND

OF THE BRITISH LAND-ARMY

IN THE MEDITERRANEAN,

TO THE UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION OF THE PEOPLE.

IN THIS CAPACITY

HE CONDUCTED THE EGYPTIAN WAR,

AND BY A SINGLE EFFORT TOOK POSSESSION OF AND HELD

THE WHOLE COAST OF EGYPT,

IN SPITE OF THE STRENUOUS OPPOSITION OF THE FRENCH ARMIES.

WITH THE SAME SUCCESS

HE REPEATEDLY FOILED AND OVERCAME THEIR VARIOUS ATTEMPTS,

UNTIL, ENGAGING IN BATTLE,

AT THE SANGUINARY CONFLICT OF ALEXANDRIA,

IN THE YEAR M.DCCC.I. ON THE XXI. OF MARCH,

WHILST FIGHTING IN THE FOREMOST RANKS; AT THE VERY MOMENT OF VICTORY

HE RECEIVED A MORTAL WOUND IN THE BREAST,

OF WHICH HE EXPIRED, TO THE GENERAL REGRET,

ON THE XXVIII. OF THE SAME MONTH, IN THE LXVIII. YEAR OF HIS AGE.

AS A GENERAL, HE WAS RENOWNED FOR SKILL IN MILITARY TACTICS,

FOR WARINESS IN COUNSEL,

DETERMINATION IN EXECUTION,

AND FOR UNSHAKEN FIDELITY TO HIS KING AND COUNTRY.

LAMENTED BY THE KING AND PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

We wended our way homeward from Fort St. Elmo along the terraces overlooking the waters of the harbour, which, generally so animated, with a crowd of boats passing from point to point, were now tossed into a tempestuous sea. Not a boat was to be seen: they had sought shelter in distant nooks and creeks from the breakers, which would either have sunk them or dashed them to pieces upon the quay of Nix Mangiare, over which the waves were washing up to the doors of the houses. The ships in the harbour, with straining cables, were riding out the storm. It was impossible to pass from Valetta to the other side of the harbour without extreme peril, and two guineas had been demanded by the boatmen for a passage which is usually effected for the same number of pence.

The chronicles of Malta have preserved to us an account of a terrible storm which took place in the Grand Mastership of Claude de la Sengle. On the 23d of September, about seven in the evening, there arose in the harbour a tremendous whirlwind, which, caused by the conflicting violence of several contrary winds, lashed up the waters, sunk several ships, and drove others on shore; and, what was most deplorable, overturned four galleys then being careened, so that the greater part of their officers and crews were either drowned or crushed by the fall of the vessels. The houses bordering the fort were instantly submerged, and even the Castle of St. Angelo shaken; the mast which bore the great standard of the Order being torn down, and carried half a mile from the spot. The whirlwind, rain, and sea combined, seemed to threaten the entire destruction of Malta, when, strange to say, in less than half an hour the tempest ceased as suddenly as it had come on. On the following morning it was found that more than six hundred persons had either been drowned or crushed to death by the upsetting of the galleys. The Grand Master, hearing a noise issue from one of them, caused it to be opened, and some of the planks taken out, whereupon an ape leaped forth, for the first,

and, directly after, the Chevalier de l'Escut and other of the knights were taken out—all of whom, up to their chins in water, had during the night hung on by their hands to the bottom of the hold, where they had scarcely air to breathe. They issued from this horrible place more dead than alive, and were hardly exposed to the fresh air when the greater number of them fainted away. The Grand Master laboured incessantly to recover the galleys; but the greater part remained totally unserviceable; a few only, by great expenditure and the contributions of some of the Christian princes and wealthy knights, being again rendered fit for sea. To repair the loss, the Grand Master built another galley at his own expense, as rowers to which, the Pope, says the Abbé Vertot, "touched with so grievous a calamity, liberally furnished the galley-slaves and condemned criminals from his own prisons"—one of the most remarkable instances of cheap benevolence that history has put on record.

The suddenness with which a gale gets up in the Mediterranean is only equalled by the rapidity with which it subsides. On the morrow after the gregale, Malta had assumed its usual aspect; the surges, but yesterday so angry and formidable, now murmured gently against the quays, and the calm azure of the harbour was studded with its usual number of boats. In one of these we embarked at the Nix Mangiare steps, and flew rapidly across the sunny waters to the portal of Fort St. Angelo. As we approached, its tremendous triple tier of bulwarks, pierced with yawning orifices, through which were seen the muzzles of its heavy artillery, frowned grandly above us, the proudest and most formidable of the many fortresses of Malta. Leaping from the boat upon the edge of the rock on which it stands, we presented our pass to the serjeant on guard, who civilly despatched an orderly to show us our way through the fortress.

A body of blue-coated artillerymen was just about to ascend and relieve guard. An American traveller has remarked that

these are "doubtless the finest of modern soldiers;" and as we scrutinized these gallant fellows, while the sound of their firm and heavy tramp resounded along the paved and vaulted ascent, we could not but echo this Transatlantic estimate with a feeling of pride. To the robust *physique*, the square and martial bearing, and the perfect training which distinguish the British infantry in general, even the common artillerymen superadd an intelligence and propriety, not to say gentlemanliness, of deportment, peculiar to themselves; and to no better or braver custody could this castle of heroic memories be more safely or worthily consigned. A short ascent between magazines and barracks brought us to the platform surmounting the works. The view on all sides was magnificent, and every locality of the great siege was clear and palpable at a glance. We stood, in fact, where once stood La Valette, as he watched with fearful interest the deadly struggle at Fort St. Elmo, which projected, nearly opposite, its batteries and lighthouse into the open sea. Turning round, the eye followed with delight the borders of the deep creek which formerly afforded a shelter to the galleys of the Order, around which arose, in stately amphitheatre, the buildings of the Borgo, Burmola, and Senglea; and it was easy to call up before our imagination the famous attack upon the stockade, and so many other incidents of the siege. Having dwelt awhile upon this superb and historic panorama, we turned our steps toward the small chapel which occupies the point of the platform, and made our way across a bright little flower-garden, neatly laid out, and kept in order by the sentinels of the ramparts, to its round-arched portal, surmounted by the arms of the Order. Another step placed before us a really exquisite Gothic interior. The light fell through the side windows upon what appeared an ancient altar or tomb, and glanced across the time-worn walls and pavement. A column of red and green sienite marble, said to have been brought by the knights from Rhodes, occupied and sustained

[illegible]

[illegible] the finest of modern soldiers" and as [illegible] follows, while the sound of the [illegible] the paved and [illegible] this Transatlantic [illegible] with a [illegible] *physique*, the square and [illegible] the perfect training which distinguish [illegible] even the common [illegible] and propriety, not to say [illegible] peculiar to [illegible] selves; and to no better [illegible] of heroic [illegible]

[illegible] A short ascent between [illegible] the platform surmounting the [illegible] magnificent, and every [illegible] and palpable at a glance [illegible] as he watched [illegible] interest the [illegible] at [illegible] Elmo, [illegible] nearly opposite its bastions and lighthouse into the [illegible] the eye followed with delight the [illegible] formerly afforded a shelter to [illegible] which arose in stately ampl[illegible] the Borgo, [illegible], and Senglea; [illegible] our imagination the [illegible] and so many other incidents of the [illegible] and [illegible] our steps toward the small chapel which [illegible] of the platform, and made our way across a [illegible] and kept [illegible] order by [illegible] Another step [illegible] Gothic [illegible] upon what appeared [illegible] across the time-voice [illegible] and pavement. [illegible] green [illegible] to have been [illegible] Rhodes, [illegible]

Chapel in Fort St. Angelo.

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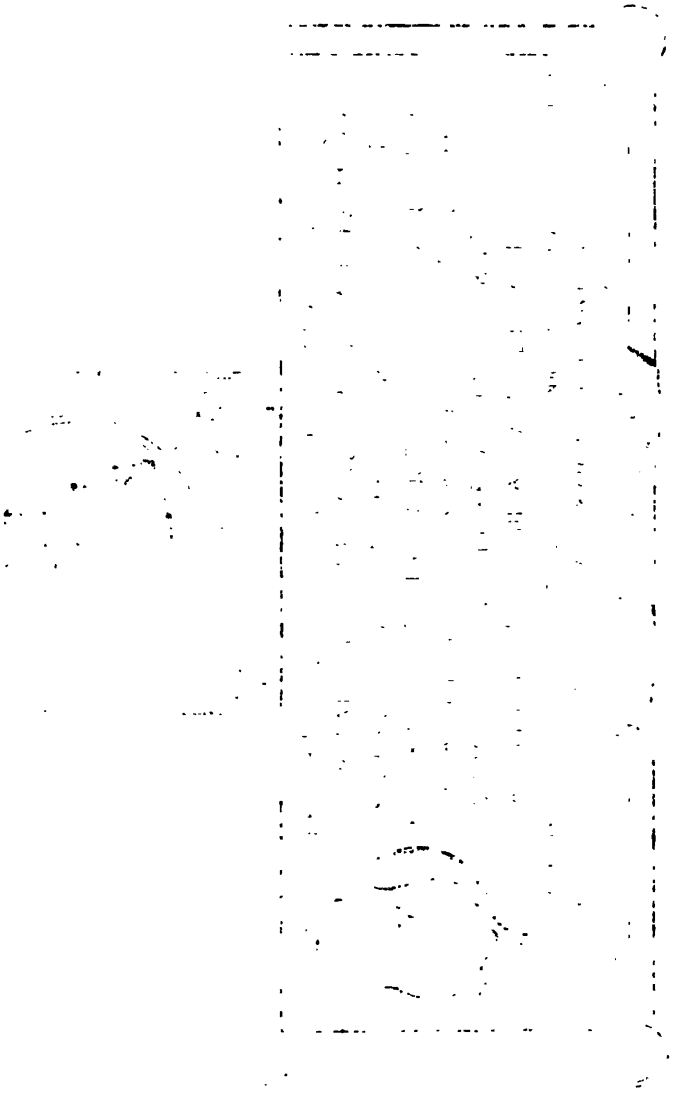

the centre, and from its capital sprang two different arches, round and pointed—a curious peculiarity of the building, apparently proving it to be of different dates, or erected at a period when the two are sometimes found intermingled together. There was something most interesting in this grey old chapel, much older than anything to be seen in Valetta, and built by L'Isle Adam, unless standing when he first established himself upon the heights of St. Angelo. Here he was doubtless accustomed to assemble with his knights, to perform the offices of devotion; and we found, also, that he had selected the spot as his sepulchre. On the side wall of the building, and close to the altar or tomb, is the curious tablet, with a portrait of the founder of Malta, represented on the opposite page, of the inscription upon which the following is a translation:—

Valour the Vanquisher of Fortune.

FRERE PHILIP DE VILLIERS L'ISLE ADAM,
MASTER OF THE HOSPITAL OF MALTA,
HAVING ADVANCED AND RE-ESTABLISHED HIS DECLINING ORDER,
WORN OUT BY A TEN-YEARS' DISPERSION
IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES,
SETTLED AT MALTA,
WHERE HE CONSECRATED THIS LITTLE EDIFICE,
IN THE NAME OF JESUS,
FOR HIS PLACE OF SEPULTURE.
HE DIED
IN THE YEAR OF SALVATION M.D.XXXIV. ON THE XXII. OF AUGUST,
ABOVE THE AGE OF SEVENTY.

FRERE ANTHONY DE GROLEA,
A MOST WARM ADMIRER OF HIS GLORY WHILE LIVING,
SO ALSO OF HIS MEMORY WHEN DEAD,
CAUSED THIS INSCRIPTION
TO BE SET UP.

This Grolea was not improbably the same already mentioned as having negotiated the surrender of Rhodes. The following has been afterwards added :—

JOHN L'EVESQUE CASSIERE,
GRAND MASTER,
WITH THE CONSENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE ORDER,
AFTERWARDS,
IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD M.D.LXXVII. ON THE LAST DAY OF SEPTEMBER,
CAUSED HIS BODY,
TOGETHER WITH THE BODIES OF THOSE WHO SUCCEEDED HIM
IN THE DIGNITY OF MASTER,
AND WERE BURIED IN THIS SHRINE,
TO BE REMOVED
TO THE TEMPLE WHICH HE HAD BUILT, IN THE NEW CITY OF VALETTA,
AND THERE PIOUSLY AND RELIGIOUSLY INTERRED.

This chapel was not the only memorial of the venerable defender of Rhodes that we were fortunate enough to discover—I use the latter word, because, although the guide-books make mention of the house of the Grand Master, they omit to state that it contains any object of curiosity. But chancing to peep through a gateway at the end of the platform, the sight of a very picturesque court, and of a staircase and gallery of gothic architecture, arrested our attention, and induced us to request of the lady of the Commandant, who occupies this interesting residence, permission to explore its interior, which was immediately and courteously granted. The staircase proved to be a very curious architectural fragment, with the same intermingling of round and pointed arches, already remarked in the chapel, and which, with the peculiar detail, is faithfully characterised in the annexed sketch. The architecture of this edifice, probably reared by L'Isle Adam himself, as the vaulting bears the device of the Order, presents a specimen of the transition between the older gothic of Rhodes, and the more modern

[illegible]

[illegible] practically the same already [illegible] the succeeder of [illegible]. The following [illegible] added:—

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Interior.

Grand Master's House.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

palatial style, common in Borgo and Valetta. We were in great hopes that the interior of the building would have answered in all respects to this curious sample, but the spacious apartments, perhaps in part or wholly destroyed in the great siege, appeared to have been entirely modernised or rebuilt. In the garden is a grotto, with the date 1533, being the year before L'Isle Adam's death.

So much more than we had anticipated of architectural and historic interest had turned up in this survey of Fort St. Angelo, that we were not without hopes of finding traces of antiquity no less interesting, scattered through the towns of Borgo and Senglea. A long descent conducted us through the portal to the ditch, twenty-five yards wide, which, admitting the passage of the sea, separates the Fort from the Borgo. Before leaving St. Angelo, a few words are requisite as to its past condition. It is supposed that the spot was built upon at a very early period, the site of this ditch traditionally occupying that of a temple dedicated to Juno. The Greeks and then the Arabs are believed to have here had forts, and when Malta was ceded to the knights by Charles V. the fort was surrendered to L'Isle Adam by the Spanish Commandant. During the great siege it probably suffered less than any other portion of the fortifications, and would still have afforded a refuge to the knights if driven out of Senglea and the Borgo. Already considerably enlarged by successive Grand Masters, the Grand Master Carafa added to it new fortifications in 1686, and it was finished by Wignacourt in 1690. At the period when the French took possession of Malta, its works were in a very neglected state; they are now in perfect order, and constitute, perhaps, the most impregnable bulwark of the place; no less than about eighty cannon being mounted upon its triple tier of batteries, which completely command the entrance of the Great Harbour.

A short ascent from the bridge over the sea-ditch, brought us to the principal street of Borgo, which is narrow, and bordered

by houses, which, though in a similar style, are apparently of greater age than those in Valetta. Passing on our left a gothic portal of the same period as the Grand Master's house, we emerged into an irregular square, in the centre of which is a fountain, with an inscription commemorating the defence. A very short acquaintance with the "Victorious City" sufficed to show that its glory has departed, and passed over to the more favoured and fortunate Valetta. Everything has a dull, bygone, shabby look—no gay equipages and shops as in the Strada Reale, no groups of officers and ladies—no life nor movement are here to be seen—the by-streets would not bear investigation, the houses are dilapidated, the people heavy and torpid, and evidently unaccustomed to the sight of the curious traveller. We were in search of two especial objects of interest, besides any stray gleanings we might fall in with—the ancient Palace of the Inquisition, and the sword and hat of La Valette. The

former is a large edifice now serving as officers' quarters; the lower part, from its ponderous gothic pillars, evidently belonging to the same period as the ancient buildings already described, and serving as a foundation for the more modern edifice above. Finding that it presented but little attraction, we hastened down to the Greek church of St. Lorenzo, in quest of the relics of La Valette. This edifice, contrary to our expectation, proved to

be of a date posterior to the chapel in fort St. Angelo, and is but rarely visited. No traces of the object of our research were anywhere to be met with, and as none of the natives could speak Italian, it was with some difficulty that we made known our wish to see the sexton, who at length made his appearance, and conducted us to a neighbouring chapel, in which, under a glass case, are preserved the hat and sword of the heroic founder of Valetta.

After a glance at the battered ramparts of the Borgo, we passed through its gateway and across its fosse into the adjacent quarter of Burmola, which extends around the head of the creek, joining together the more ancient Borgo and Senglea. The interest here is chiefly, if not entirely modern, this creek of the harbour, from its secure and sheltered situation, being occupied by the principal naval establishments of the English government, as it was by those of the knights before them. The coup-d'œil from the water is really magnificent; on the north side is seen the elegant residence of the Admiral-Superintendant, in front of which is generally moored some colossal man-of-war or steamer; while the Victualling-yard, the Dock-yard, and the Naval arsenal, range around the extremity to the opposite side of the creek. The improvements made since the cession of the island to the English, are commensurate with the extensive demands of the Mediterranean squadron. The flour and biscuit factory occupies the site of three large arches called the galley arches, erected by the Grand Master Wignacourt in 1692. The wheat is washed, ground, and converted into biscuit, and the grain and flour hoisted and moved about, almost entirely by machinery; fifteen thousand pounds of bread, serving as a daily supply for as many seamen, are produced every twelve hours, a quantity which can be doubled by working night and day. The Dock-yard contains everything necessary for the immediate refitting of a man-of-war, and, since the use of war steamers, has received suitable additions and improvements; the latest, a spacious dry dock, the want of which had long been felt, being

brought to a completion in 1848, and has been found of immense utility for heaving down and repairing the steamers of the squadron. These works have given employment to a large number of native artificers, and confer upon the adjacent streets of Burmola an active and business-like appearance.

Through Burmola we finally directed our steps to Senglea, in quest of Fort St. Michael, which bore the brunt of the terrible and oft-repeated assaults of the Ottomans. But it was with no little difficulty, and not until after repeated inquiries, that we could distinctly ascertain its position. Of the soldiers we questioned, some had never heard of such a fort, while others said it was over in Valetta—thus fainter and fainter often becomes the echo of noble deeds, with the progress of time and change! The gallant fellows mounting guard upon the ramparts, little dreamed that they were standing upon a spot, once heaped with corpses, and dyed with blood, which had once witnessed the height of daring, and the extremity of heroic endurance. From

the fort itself, at the N. E. angle of Senglea, we proceeded to trace the course of the wall which defends it on the side opposite Mt. Corradino, and from whence the Turkish batteries kept up so tremendous a fire. Although still presenting a formidable

front, no part of the walls of Malta is so ruinous or neglected. Here the whole scene of the attack was taken in at a glance; the fort, the walls, the position of the stockade which Candelissa vainly endeavoured to force, and the encampment of the Ottoman army. A tide of glorious recollections rushed upon the memory, as it reviewed the past history of the spot, but on looking at its present condition, a very different train of ideas is somewhat too abruptly awakened; for the line of buildings behind these bastions is now become the lowest Wapping of Malta, the favourite home-ashore of the jolly tars of the fleet, and the merchant-sailors from the creek below, to whose revels it seems exclusively given up. Conspicuous afar upon the fronts of the houses are the names of the different "hotels," as, to flatter the pride of poor Jack, they are pompously denominated; such as the "Faith, Hope, and Charity," "the Collingwood," "the Ring of Bells," "the George," "the Lovely Polly;" in reality, so many grog-shops and brothels to drain him of his hard-earned cash, from which, as we passed them, the sounds of rude revelry and angry quarrel burst forth; while women of the lowest order, in tawdry attire and with gin-inflamed cheeks, emerged in broad sunshine from the neighbouring alleys, in loose attire and still looser looks.

We were here in a somewhat uncomfortable dilemma. Fatigued and famished alike with our lengthened ramble, some refreshment became absolutely necessary; but where to obtain it was the difficulty, for not a decent house of entertainment, or tolerable restaurant, could we discover anywhere on our course, from the height of St. Angelo to the point of Senglea. At length, after entering several "hotels," we made our way into one called "the Shepherd," which seemed to promise a little better than the rest, and were shown into an upper chamber redolent of nauseous fumes, with a rickety table covered with a foul cloth,—rude pictures of naval exploits, and favourite ships—of Pollys, and Bettys, and Susans in flaming ribbons, and yet

more flaming cheeks, and a highly coloured print of the virtuous Joseph escaping from Potiphar's wife. After procuring such refreshment as the place afforded, we adjourned to its neglected garden, a curious nook overhanging the harbour, and which, from an inscription that caught our eye on the wall above, not entirely decipherable, had been evidently formed and occupied in former times by one of the principal magnates of the Order. We regretted the more the not being able to make out all the inscription, as its tenor appeared to be somewhat original and facetious, and surmounted by what *appeared* to be a billiard-ball and cue.

Hoc fac, et vives.

VINCENTIUS CARAFA,

SUAE CHRISTIANISSIMAE MAJESTATIS PHILIPPI, HISPANIARUM REGIS,

EQUITUM PRAEFECTUS ITALICORUM,

DUX, ET COMETARILIS CONSILIARIUS.

Hic, ubi pugnavi quondam discrimina vinces,
Hortis delicias nunc mihi jure paro.
1590.

This do, and thou shalt live.

VINCENT CARAFA,

PREFECT OF THE ITALIAN KNIGHTS,

DUKE, AND PRIVY-COUNCILLOR OF HIS MOST CHRISTIAN MAJESTY

PHILIP OF SPAIN.

Here, where I have fought battles, thou wilt conquer,
Now, as is just, I prepare for myself the pleasures of the garden.
1590.

Having followed the bastions, we directed our steps to the main street, which intersects its entire length, and which we were surprised to find broad and handsomely built, vying with any in Valetta in architectural appearance, and nearly so in cleanliness; and having in addition peeped into the churches, which, like the rest of those in Malta, were well built and gor-

geously ornamented, and evidently well frequented, we descended to the ferry at the extreme point of Senglea, and, crossing the waters once ensanguined by the destruction of Candelissa's fleet of boats, landed at Valetta, and ascended the streets of stairs to our lodgings in the Strada Bretannica, well pleased to have traced out the localities, and collected at least some memorials, of the famous siegeof Malta.

Let us now pass very briefly over the subsequent history of the Order, which, indeed, presents no chapter of anything like equal interest. The defence of Malta resounded throughout Christendom, and raised to the highest pitch the glory of La Valette. But the congratulations and presents from the different princes of Europe, which poured in upon him, could not blind him to the perils of his situation, menaced afresh by the hosts of Solyman, or distract his attention from a project he had conceived for the secure re-establishment of his Order. This was, to abandon the Borgo, and, as L'Isle Adam had originally intended, to erect a new city upon Mount Xiberass, which commanded both the harbours, fortifying it with the utmost resources of art. The Pope, the kings of France, Spain, and Portugal, and the different Italian potentates, contributed largely to this noble design, to further which, in addition, many of the Commanders of the Order also bestowed the greater part of their possessions. Having engaged the most able engineers, La Valette, on the twenty-eighth of March, 1566, surrounded with all his Knights, laid the first stone of the new city, which, in his honour, received the appellation of VALETTA. The works were pushed with the utmost ardour, the Grand Master himself for two years never quitting the spot, but often taking his repasts, and even giving his orders and audiences, in the midst of his workmen. But, although he had the satisfaction of seeing the rapid growth of a city, which was to bear his name to posterity, he did not live to

witness its entire completion, being cut off by a *coup de soleil* in August 1568.

In the armoury of Malta may be seen the suit worn by La Valette. It is of richer material, and more elaborately orna-

mented than that of L'Isle Adam; and, as far as we are enabled to judge, belonged to a man broad at the chest, and slender in the limbs, elegantly proportioned, and of the middling stature.

His funeral obsequies were of extraordinary magnificence. The corpse was placed on board the chief galley, disarmed and with her masts lowered, towed by two other armed vessels, which trailed in the sea the numerous standards and banners taken by La Valette from the Turks. These galleys were followed by two others, also covered with black cloth and funeral trappings, on board of which the reigning Grand Master, with his Council and Knights, having embarked, the procession

issued slowly from the Great Harbour, and entered that of Marsa Muscet. The household of the departed, with his officers and servants in deep mourning, descended first on shore, the greater part carrying torches, while others bore standards taken from the Turks. Next came the clergy, bearing the body, and chanting the solemn prayers of the Church, immediately followed by the Grand Master, and the great body of his Knights. The corpse of La Valette was borne into the chapel of Notre Dame de Victoire, which he had built at his own expense, and interred with all the solemn ceremonial justly due to the memory of so illustrious a man. It was afterwards, with that of L'Isle Adam, transferred to the vault beneath St. John's Church, in Valetta.

Under the Grand Mastership of Pierre de Monte, the city of Valetta was completed, and the residence of the Order transferred thither from the Borgo in 1571, memorable for the glorious sea-fight of Lepanto, in which Cervantes distinguished himself, and was taken prisoner. Although this was a severe blow to the naval power of the Turks, they had not yet renounced the favourite idea of wiping out their past disgraces by the reduction of Malta; but the formidable attitude assumed by the Knights in their new stronghold led them rather to direct their assaults against the fort of Goletta and the city of Tunis, of which they succeeded in rendering themselves masters. In 1615, sixty of their ships appeared before Malta, and landed 5,000 soldiers, who were, however, unable to carry off any of the inhabitants into slavery. These hostilities were as vigorously reciprocated by the galleys of the Order, which, sometimes, attacking by themselves, succeeded in capturing a far superior force; at others, joining their forces to those of the Venetians, rendered good service to Christendom by keeping in check both the Turkish marine and the Barbary corsairs, at a period when as yet the naval forces of the great European powers were but very imperfectly developed. But, as the marine of France and England became more powerful, while the Turkish empire,

once so formidable, gradually sank into insignificance, the occupation of the Knights of Malta was gone. Secure in their impregnable bulwarks, and covered with the *prestige* of former exploits, they became rather a corporation of wealthy princes than a body of hardy warriors. Their luxurious habits and their scandalous dissensions rapidly undermined their power, and paved the way for a downfall as ignominious as their rise was full of glory. The island, however, has much to thank them for. They applied themselves to the development of its resources, and carefully fostered the cotton manufacture, which greatly enriched the population, increased nearly tenfold under their flourishing rule. Those stupendous fortifications which attract the wonder of the stranger, were, under the rule of the successive Grand Masters, also carried to completion; but the heroic spirit that should have defended them was gone.

Such was the altered position of Europe, and of the effete Knighthood of Malta, at the breaking out of the French Revolution. Their property in France was confiscated, and the Order, as regards that country, annulled. Their revenues in Italy and Spain shortly afterwards followed, and the possession of their impregnable stronghold became the next object of the policy of the Republicans. Emissaries were accordingly sent to the island, who secretly fomented the divisions already existing among the knights, and also successfully laboured to form a party favourable to the pretensions of the French. Bonaparte also despatched a ship of war, which, under pretence of repairs, was permitted to enter the port for the purpose of refitting, but, in reality, to take such observations as might facilitate a conquest: a measure soon followed up by the sudden appearance of the French fleet, having on board the grand army destined for the reduction of Egypt. Bonaparte immediately sent a summons to the Grand Master, Hompesch, to demand the free entry of all the ports for the whole of his fleet and convoy; a proposal equivalent to a surrender. It is said by Alison that

"the capitulation of the place had been previously secured by secret intelligence with the Grand Master and principal officers." It is at least certain that, a powerful party being ready to back the pretensions of the French, the city was a prey to dissension at a moment when unanimity was indispensable. The preparations for defence had been neglected; and in the midst of panic and confusion the terms of capitulation were hurriedly arranged. To the Grand Master was secured a principality in Germany, or a pension for life of 300,000 francs; the French knights were to receive a pension of 700 francs; and a promise was given that the property of the inhabitants should not be invaded, nor their religion disturbed. Thus ignominiously came to a close, on the 12th of June, 1798, the once illustrious Order of St. John of Jerusalem, having subsisted for more than seven hundred years. At this time its members consisted of 200 French knights, 90 Italian, 25 Spanish, 8 Portuguese, and 5 Anglo-Bavarian—in all, 328, of whom 50 were disabled by age and infirmities; and the force under arms amounted to 7,100 men, which might easily have been increased to 10,000.

The French might well congratulate themselves upon the facility with which they had acquired such a stronghold. It is said that Bonaparte, on the evening of his arrival, on walking round the bastions, suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, "What sublime fortifications!" to which Caffarelli replied, "It is well, general, that there was somé one within to open the gates to us; we should have had more trouble in working our way through, had the place been empty." The greatest activity was displayed in putting the works into an effective state of defence, and a thousand guns were soon mounted upon the bastions. Leaving General Vaubois, with a garrison of 3,000 men, and liberating and carrying off with him the Turkish galley-slaves, in order, as Alison remarks, to produce a moral influence upon the Mahometan population in the countries to

which their course was bound, Bonaparte set sail for Egypt on the 19th of June, after rifling St. John's, and carrying off with him the sword of La Valette, and such treasure as could be readily obtained from the public edifices and churches. When asked, upon his departure, to give his instructions as to the defence of the fortifications, he contented himself with laconically desiring Vaubois "*to lock the gates, and put the key in his pocket.*"

The indignation of the Maltese people was excessive at finding themselves thus sold to these new masters; and several of the treacherous knights were massacred by them in a tumult that arose on the surrender. Their discontent was soon carried to its height by the conduct of the French, and shortly after receiving the news of Nelson's victory at Aboukir, they broke into open insurrection. A detachment of soldiers was engaged in rifling a church at Citta Vecchia, when the exasperated populace fell upon and exterminated them; and the flame spreading over the whole island, the French were soon compelled to shut themselves up within the walls of Valetta, where they were closely hemmed in by the insurgents. The distress of the Republicans was consummated by the appearance of an English fleet, which landed arms and ammunition for the people, and established a rigorous blockade, which was sustained by the French garrison for a period of two years, with an heroic constancy far worthier of the L'Isle Adams and La Valettes of old than of their degenerate descendants, so recently expelled. After enduring the utmost extremity of famine, and without the slightest prospect of relief from France, the French commandant at length obtained an honourable capitulation from General Pigot, who had assumed the direction of the siege. Only a few quarters of wheat were left in the place, insufficient for more than a day's provision. The English commissioners were received by General Vaubois with a dinner which exhibited all the refinements of the *cuisine*. Dishes which *seemed* to be composed of every variety of

animal food were duly set before them; nor could they help expressing their surprise at being treated to such a repast, at a period when the garrison were supposed to be in want even of bread; whereupon the general assured them that the *matériel* of the dinner consisted entirely of some tame rabbits, together with a couple of quails, accidentally taken upon the ramparts, and skillfully disguised by the inimitable skill of his *artiste.*

Besides co-operating with their ships and forces in the restoration of Malta to its inhabitants, the English had assumed, with their entire consent, the civil direction of its affairs; and on the 15th of June, 1802, the members of the congress, elected by the free suffrages of the people, solemnly made over the sovereignty of the island to the king of Great Britain and his successors. It was not without great reluctance that the French were compelled to give their assent; and Bonaparte is reported to have said that he would as soon see the English in possession of a fauxbourg of Paris as of the fortress of Malta. An attempt was made at the peace of Amiens to reconstitute the Order upon an independent basis, under the protection of all the great powers of Europe; but the solemn protest of the Maltese themselves caused it to be renounced, and at the congress of Vienna the possession of the island was finally confirmed to the English, her national arms placed over the gates, and the following inscription put up above the Main Guard in the Square of St. George, opposite the palace:—

MAGNÆ ET INVICTÆ BRITANNIÆ
MELITENSIUM AMOR
ET
EUROPÆ VOX
HAS INSULAS CONFIRMAT,
A.D. 1814.

CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSION TO ST. PAUL'S BAY.—DISSERTATION ON THE APOSTLE'S VOYAGE, AND SCENE OF HIS SHIPWRECK—CITTA VECCHIA—BENGEMMA, ETC.

ANOTHER excursion was marked out for us to-day, and to a spot which as far surpassed in interest that of the preceding, as the footsteps of the missionary are more sacred and venerable than the traces of the warrior,—we mean St. Paul's Bay, where, according to very ancient tradition, the Apostle of the Gentiles suffered shipwreck on his voyage into Italy. Most of my readers, we may safely presume, would set out on such an excursion with feelings of no ordinary interest, which, in my own case, was greatly increased by the following consideration:—

During several preceding journeys in the East, it had fallen to my own lot to follow upon the track of St. Paul, from his birth-place at Tarsus, even to his prison in Rome. I had traced his footsteps from Jerusalem—where we first hear of him, as a zealous persecutor of the Christians, consenting unto the death of the martyr Stephen—to Damascus, the scene of his conversion—and thence to Antioch, where "the disciples were first called Christians." I had followed his devious missionary course to the shores of Crete and Cyprus, and the coasts of Asia Minor, through the beautiful islands of the Archipelago, to Athens, to Corinth, and to Italy; often sailing, with the New Testament in hand, upon the very same track, looking upon the same headlands, passing through the

same straits, threading the same passes, and travelling over the same highways. I had stood on the top of Mars' Hill, where still remain the stone seats of the Areopagus, and the platform from which he delivered his celebrated oration,—climbed upon the slippery sea-beat wrecks of the quay of Cæsarea, whence he took his final departure from the land of his forefathers, and with no less interest looked down upon the ruined mole of Puteoli, where first he landed upon the shores of Italy. This visit to the scene of his shipwreck, then, was another and interesting link in the chain of personal recollections of the Apostle's course.

After an early breakfast we started in a caleche, and passing out at Port Bomb, reached the summit of the hill at Casal Nasciar, where, between two antique small forts, an extensive view suddenly opened over the greater part of the island, St. Paul's Bay being among the most conspicuous features. A little distance on the left was a deep rocky dell with a cavern, the spot to which the Apostle traditionally retired after his shipwreck for prayer and meditation—a tradition which, smacking as it does of the cave mania of Palestine, and being in manifest opposition to the practical tone of the Apostle's mind, which would rather have led him to dwell among his fellow-men, than to seclude himself in an ascetic retirement, did not induce us to deviate out of the direct road to the Bay. Before us, like beacons, were two white buildings, marking the opposite sides of its shores; the nearer one a flat, small tower, and called St. Paul's; more distant, on a bold ridge, an enormous and showy pile, called the Palace of Selmoon, erected at a great expense, and for some incomprehensible purpose, and at present tenanted only by a few peasants.

Before entering into a more minute description of the spot, it will be well to introduce to the reader the following interesting dissertation, for which we are indebted to the pen of Mr. Samuel Sharpe, the learned historian of Egypt.

ON THE SHIPWRECK OF THE APOSTLE PAUL, AND THE HISTORIAN JOSEPHUS.

The doubt that once hung over the island on which the Apostle Paul was wrecked, has been gradually giving way to the inquiries of travellers and critics. They have each helped the other; and we consider that it is quite proved that it was Malta.

The traveller, when he visits the island, now looks with pious interest for the beach on which the ship was stranded, for the shape of the land which made the two currents, and for the harbour in which was wintering the second ship, that afterwards carried the Apostle to Italy. Biography is naturally more engaging than history; our feelings are more warmly moved by the success or suffering of one man than of a crowd. If the person about whom we read was a great and good man, our interest rises higher. If his adventures have been told with faithfulness and minuteness, we imagine ourselves present with him at the time, and form pictures in our minds of the scenery and outward circumstances that may have accompanied the events told. Such is the case with the simple but most careful history of the voyage and shipwreck of St. Paul, written by his fellow traveller, the Evangelist Luke, in the last two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles.

In the case of some early voyages and travels, we have very little to compare them with but the geography and natural history of the places mentioned. Such is the march of Moses out of Egypt. And in the case of St. Paul's voyage, though it is mentioned in other writings, yet it is highly interesting to compare it with the map, and with the accounts of other voyagers in those seas. They help us to fill up particulars as to the winds and coasts, which Luke has left out; and they enable us to understand more exactly the difficulties in which the ship was placed during the storm. Every autumn the same winds

are met with by the sailor in those seas, the same storm is to be dreaded, the same rocks and quicksands must be shunned, the same course is to be run by his vessel, and the same harbours are at hand for his shelter. Every natural feature that the traveller has seen and related to us, adds life to the Evangelist's narative, explains it when necessary, and at the same time proves its accuracy.*

Rightly to understand the shipwreck, and the direction in which the ship was being driven before the storm, it will be worth while to begin at the beginning of this interesting voyage. Indeed, without it we could hardly prove that Malta was the island on which the Apostle was wrecked; as critics used to think that it was the island of Melita in the Adriatic Gulf.

It was when Nero was emperor of Rome, and Felix was governor of Judea, that Paul, while preaching in Jerusalem, was taken up and thrown into prison on the charge of breaking the Jewish law. Lysias, the Roman governor of the city, heard what his accusers had to say against him, and was puzzled both by the trifling nature of the charge, and by the excitement it caused among the Jews. He was alarmed both for Paul's safety, and for the peace of the city, if he released him; and therefore he sent him to Cæsarea, where the governor of the province dwelt, that the charge might be heard by Felix himself.

About that time, perhaps, A. D. 60, though the year is uncertain, Porcius Festus came into Judea, as governor of the province, to succeed Felix. Festus also heard the charge against Paul; and on Paul's refusing to go back to Jerusalem to be tried, and saying, "I appeal unto Cæsar," Festus determined to get rid of the difficulty by sending him to Rome. This privilege of appealing to Rome, Paul gained by being born at Tarsus. Accordingly, he was to be sent as a prisoner, but with

* No author has contributed so much to explain the last two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles as Mr. James Smith of Jordanhill, in his "Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul," from which the writer has borrowed freely.

as little severity as possible; and his high character for learning and virtue gained him kind treatment from those who had him in charge. Here we will begin with the words of the Evangelist, though it will be necessary to employ a more exact and more correct translation than that in common use.

"And when it was determined that we should sail to Italy, they delivered Paul, and some other prisoners, unto a centurion, named Julius of the Augustan Band." The eighth or the Augustan Legion was stationed on that coast, as may be learned from the coins of Beyroot. "And entering a ship of Adramyttium," that was sailing homeward, "we launched, meaning to sail to the coasts of Asia, Aristarchus, a Macedonian of Thessalonica, being with us." He was accompanying Paul in love and reverence; for as the centurion had put his prisoners into a merchant ship, he, and Luke, the writer of the narrative, and many others of Paul's friends could take their passage in the same ship, and accompany him. "And the next day we touched at Sidon," having sailed about seventy miles. "And Julius treated Paul mildly, and gave him liberty to go to his friends to refresh himself. And when we launched from thence we sailed under the lee of Cyprus, because the winds were contrary." Had the wind been favourable, the pilot would have laid his course in a straight line from Sidon to Rhodes, passing on the south side of Cyprus; as it was, he kept nearer the coast, and passed on the north side of Cyprus. "And when we had sailed over the sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia," between Cyprus and the mainland, "we came to Myra in Lycia. And there the centurion found an Alexandrian ship sailing to Italy, and he put us therein." Had the wind been easterly, the Alexandrian pilot would hardly have been on that coast, he would have sailed from Alexandria along the coast of Africa to Cyrene, and thence have crossed to Sicily. But the westerly winds had made him take the longer course by the coast of Asia, and he had anchored in the bay of Myra. The Alexan-

drian ships were of a very large size, and had a particular merit in the eyes of the Hebrew passengers. By the law, the Jews were forbidden to drink out of wooden vessels, as being unclean; but in the Mishna, an exception is made in favour of the large well of water in the Alexandrian ships. "And when we had sailed slowly for several days, and were scarcely come to Cnidus," an island near the south-east point of Asia, "the wind not suffering us, we sailed under the lee of Crete, by Salmone," the most easterly point in that island. "And hardly passing it, we came to a certain place called Fair Havens, nigh whereunto was the city of Lasea," in the middle of the south side of the island. There the pilot waited for a change of wind, which was still blowing from the west.

It is not improbable that in Crete Paul may have been kindly allowed to land, as he was at Sidon. The other passengers might please themselves. If the Apostle landed, we may be sure that he employed his time in preaching the Good Tidings, which had been declared by Jesus, of forgiveness to those who repented. Here he would endeavour to found a Christian Church. Two years afterwards, when released from his chains in Rome, he writes an Epistle to Titus, whom he had left behind in the island of Crete, to appoint elders in the several cities. In this, and the Apostle's other Epistles, there are difficulties respecting his own movements from country to country, and the movements of his friends. To remove these difficulties, some critics have supposed that he made a second voyage to Rome, and touched a second time at the island of Crete. But this seems a very unnecessary supposition. It is more natural to believe that Titus was one of the friends who, with Luke and Aristarchus, accompanied the prisoner on his voyage, and that it was while the ship was detained by westerly winds in the harbour of Fair Havens, that Christianity was first preached in Crete, and that when the ship sailed Titus was left behind, "to set in order the things wanting."

The gales of the autumnal equinox, which blow from the north-west, and were called the Etesian winds, are usually followed by a quiet October. But this year the Etesian winds continued longer than usual. "And when much time was spent, and the voyage was already dangerous, because even the fast," which with the Jews began on the 5th of October, "was already past, Paul advised, saying, Men, I perceive that the voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and the ship, but also of our lives. But the centurion believed the pilot and owner of the ship rather than what was said by Paul. And because the haven was not commodious to winter in, the greater number gave advice to set sail thence also, if by any means they might reach Phenice, a haven of Crete, facing away from the south-west wind and north-west wind, and winter there. And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, loosing thence they sailed close by Crete." This year, however, the stormy season, which is looked for in November, began earlier than usual. "And not long after there beat against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon," or more correctly Euroquilon, east-north-east, which the Alexandrian sailors called a Typhonian wind, as though it were sent by their wicked god Typhon. This made it impossible to reach the port they were aiming at, though only fifty miles from Fair Havens. "And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up against the wind, we gave up and were drifted. And running under the lee of a certain island called Clauda," about ten miles from Crete, "even while so far sheltered, we were scarcely able to get hold of the boat. And when they had taken it up, they used helps, undergirding the ship," with cables, to save it from going to pieces in the rougher sea they were to meet when they lost the shelter of the islands. The storm was driving them towards the coast of Africa, into the large bay called the Syrtis, or *quicksand*, to the southward of due west. The aim of the

pilot was to run the ship to the northward of due west; but he might well doubt how far he could keep the desired course under such a storm. "And fearing lest they should fall into the Syrtis, they lowered the sail, and so were driven. And as we were exceedingly tossed by the tempest, the next day they lightened the ship," throwing some of the cargo overboard. "And on the third day they cast out with their own hands the tackling of the ship," that is to say, the great yard of the main-sail, and perhaps the main-mast itself, a work which would require the help of all hands on board. "And when neither sun nor stars appeared for many days, and no small tempest overhung, at last all hope of our being saved was taken away."

The Apostle now stood forth to give comfort to the despairing crew. He had before warned them of their danger, and advised that they should remain in Fair Havens. He now told them that he had been assured by an angel from God in the night, that though the ship was to be wrecked, not a life would be lost. "And when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven along in the Adriatic," as that part of the Mediterranean was then called, "about midnight the sailors deemed that some country drew near to them. And they sounded and found twenty fathoms; and when they had gone a little further, they sounded again, and found fifteen fathoms. Then fearing lest we should fall upon rocky places, they threw four anchors out of the stern, and wished for day. And as the sailors were about to flee out of the ship, and had let down the boat into the sea, under colour as though they would carry forth anchors out of the foreship, Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers, Unless these men abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved. Then the soldiers cut off the boat's ropes, and let her fall off."

"And while day was coming on, Paul besought them all to take food, saying; This is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried and continued fasting, having taken nothing." During such a storm the men could hardly be able to light a fire or to

cook food. They must have been on very short allowance. "Wherefore I pray you to take food, for this is for your safety; for not a hair shall perish from the head of any of you. And when he had thus spoken, he took bread, and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all; and when he had broken it, he began to eat. Then were all of good cheer; and they also took food. And we were in all in the ship, two hundred and seventy-six souls. And when they were satisfied with food, they lightened the ship, casting out the corn into the sea." As they had determined to run the ship aground, the cargo of wheat would be lost at any rate; and by making the ship lighter, they would be able to get nearer to the shore before it struck.

"And when it was day, they knew not the land, but they discovered a certain creek with a beach, into which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust the ship. And having cut off the anchors, they threw them into the sea, at the same time loosing the bands of the rudders; and hoisting up the foresail to the wind, they made toward the beach. But falling into a place with two currents, they ran the ship aground; and the fore-part stuck fast, and remained immovable, but the stern was broken by the force of the waves. And the soldiers' counsel was that they should kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out and escape. But the centurion, wishing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose; and commanded that those who could swim should throw themselves off first and get to land, and the rest, some on planks, and some on things out of the ship. And so it came to pass that all came safe to land. And when they were saved, then they knew that the island was called Melita," or Malta.

Thus this large Alexandrian ship, at first heavily laden with corn, but lighter as the cargo was thrown overboard, had run before the wind, with its sails at first lowered for safety, and then with its main-yard and sail thrown overboard, from Clauda, near Crete, to Malta, about 470 miles in thirteen days.

The wind had been blowing east-north-east, but the captain, bearing up as well as he could to the northward, to avoid the African coast, had reached Malta from the east-south-east. He had found soundings in the dark, and was running along the north-east coast of the island without seeing it, and in the morning had run aground, in a bay open to the east-north-east, from which quarter the wind blew. Tradition and nautical criticism agree in pointing out the spot where the Apostle was saved from the dangers of shipwreck, and it still bears the name of St. Paul's Bay.

"And the barbarians showed us no common kindness." They were to be called barbarians only because of their language; for being of a Phœnician race, they could not speak Greek. The Apostle spent his time on the island in works of piety. He laid his hands on the sick, and prayed over them, and healed them, and in return "they presented us with many presents, and laded us as we set sail with things for our wants.

"And after three months," that is, in the February of next year, "we set sail in an Alexandrian ship, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign," or figure-head, "was the Children of Jove." This ship had, no doubt, left Alexandria earlier in the season than that in which the Apostle sailed. It, very probably, had sailed in a direct course from Alexandria, coasting Africa, till it came to Cyrene, and thence crossing over to Malta. "And coming to Syracuse, we tarried there three days. And from thence, going round, we came to Rhegium," on the coast of Italy, a port in the Straits of Messina. "And after one day that the south wind blew, we came on the second to Puteoli," on the bay of Naples. This was the end of the voyage, as being the nearest port to Rome in which the large Alexandrian ships could anchor. "There we found brethren," of the Hebrew nation, "and were asked to tarry with them seven days, and so we went toward Rome. And from thence, the

brethren who had heard of us came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage. And when we came to Rome, the centurion delivered the prisoners to the captain of the guard, but suffered Paul to dwell by himself with a soldier that kept him."

The year in which Festus came into Judea to succeed Felix in the government of the province is, as we have remarked, uncertain. So, also, is the number of months that Paul remained at Cæsarea before his voyage after the arrival of Festus. The time of his shipwreck is, therefore, doubly uncertain. It may have been in the autumn of the year 61, 62, or even 63. The Jewish historian Josephus, tells us of himself, that he was born in the first year of Caligula, and that when he was in his twenty-sixth year, or A.D. 62, he also was shipwrecked in the Adriatic on his voyage to Rome, in company with some countrymen who had appealed to Cæsar. His account of the voyage was written forty or fifty years afterwards, in his old age, and, therefore, it wants all those little particulars, which we have been dwelling upon in Luke's history. It is boastful, as to himself, like his other writings, and from them we may suppose that it exaggerates in the numbers, and is careless of accuracy. But he agrees with Luke, so far as to prove that the two writers sailed and were shipwrecked in the same ship. His words are as follows:—

"But when I was in the twenty-sixth year of my age, it happened that I took a voyage to Rome, on the occasion which I shall now describe. At the time when Felix was procurator of Judea, there were certain priests of my acquaintance, and excellent persons they were, whom on a small and trifling occasion he had put into bonds, and sent to Rome to plead their cause before Cæsar. These I was desirous to procure deliverance for, and that especially because I was informed that they were not unmindful of piety towards God, even under their

afflictions, but supported themselves with figs and nuts. Accordingly I came to Rome, though it were through many hazards by sea; for, as our ship was drowned in the middle of the Adriatic sea, we that were in it, being about 600 in number, swam for our lives all the night; when, upon the first appearance of the day, and upon our sight of a ship of Cyrene, I, and some others, eighty in all, by God's providence, prevented the rest, and were taken up into the other ship: and when I had thus escaped, and was come to Dicearchia, which the Italians call Puteoli, I became acquainted with Aliturius. He was an actor of plays, and much beloved by Nero, but a Jew by birth; and through his interest became known to Poppea, Cæsar's wife, and took care, as soon as possible, to entreat her to procure that the priests might be set at liberty; and when, besides this favour, I had obtained many presents from Poppea, I returned home again."

The only real difference between the two accounts is, that Josephus does not mention the stay of three months on the island of Malta. He writes as if the ship were wrecked in the open sea, and he was saved by being at once taken up into the second ship. This very great disagreement in the two narratives we must set to the account of Josephus's inaccuracy. The second ship he rightly calls a ship of Cyrene, for the Alexandrian vessel, in a favourable voyage, may have touched at that port. He adds to the Apostolic history, the interesting information, that it was through the Jewish actor, Aliturius, that he, and, we may add, the Apostle and Christianity, gained an introduction into "Cæsar's household." * That Josephus sailed in the same ship with Paul, we may hold for certain. No Jews born in Judea had the privilege of Roman citizenship; of Jews who had that privilege, the number was so small, that it is not probable that two such appeals to Rome, by Jews from the province of Judea, should have been allowed in the

* See Phil. iv. 22.

[illegible]

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The *traditional* scene of the shipwreck, as marked in Smith's plan, is on the left extremity of the picture, under the distant headland. Near it is the bold island of Selmoon, surmounted by a colossal statue of St. Paul, with its range of rocks, over which the surf breaks heavily, extending out to the mouth of the bay. The two currents between the island and the open sea, and that flowing direct into the bay, are, it is presumed, the "two seas," at the meeting of which the ship was stranded.

A little to the east, across a small cove which serves as a landing-place for a few fishing-boats, we visited a little white-washed chapel, dedicated to St. Paul, containing nothing of interest, and decorated with some poor paintings of the shipwreck and other incidents in the life of the Apostle. Afterwards, retracing our steps, and following the bay towards its extremity, is another spot of legendary interest, called in the old Arabic language, now out of use at Malta, "Ain Resool," or the Fountain of the Apostle, picturesquely planted on the road-side by the very margin of the bay, and within a stone's throw of the only place of entertainment on its shores, a rude little *cabaret*, where bread and cheese and wine may be obtained in case of necessity. It is singular that the people on the spot should have pointed out the hollow below, as the place where the shipwreck took place; nor did this seem in itself improbable to us at the time, the beach being better, and the surrounding crags less precipitous than those beneath the promontory of Selmoon. In the sketch facing the following page is seen the extremity of the bay, a sandy beach, where, as it seemed, a vessel might be driven ashore with comparatively little injury. Such are the few objects which give character to the rugged shores of St. Paul's Bay, which seem wild and but thinly inhabited; but in such a spot this loneliness is not without a charm.

The specimen of the *gregale*, given in a preceding chapter, will serve to show how tempestuous are the seas that break

[illegible]

[illegible] and [illegible] across [illegible]
[illegible] Seas, which [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] exposed by [illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] shipwreck [illegible] of the shore, which
[illegible] inside in the face of [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] shore and was lost on the [illegible] of
[illegible]

[illegible] the island, [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] that it was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] village, [illegible] [illegible] below St. Angelo,
[illegible] and [illegible] according to [illegible]
[illegible] times. It is obvious that Malta was
[illegible] of a ship from Alexandria to [illegible],
which [illegible] [illegible] is altogether as much out of it.
[illegible] of this ship after St. Paul had [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] Syracuse and then by a tack to Reggio, a [illegible]
[illegible] Malta, as it is impossible
[illegible] the Adriatic Gulf.
[illegible] of St. Paul's shipwreck naturally fixes
[illegible] the great capital of [illegible],
old [illegible], almost in its centre, to which
[illegible] Valetta a day or two after [illegible]
[illegible] "Grotto of St. Paul," which is [illegible]
[illegible] during his winter's sojourn in
[illegible] to say the least, [illegible]
[illegible] have [illegible] so much under [illegible],
[illegible] spent the winter at Citta Vecchia, [illegible]
[illegible] place in the island, is in itself extraordinary.
[illegible] traditional cavern is distinguished by its [illegible]
[illegible] larger, in spite of [illegible]
[illegible] subjected by innumerable pilgrims, [illegible]
[illegible] contains some [illegible] relics, and here, if [illegible]
[illegible] with faith, the visitor may [illegible] the sight [illegible]

St Apostle's Fountain.

St Paul's Bay.

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piece of the true cross, some milk of the Virgin Mary, and a fragment of the bone of St. Paul's arm; while in the subterraneous chapel is a statue of our Saviour in wood, *said* to be the work of St. Luke. Whatever the visitor may think of these and similar valuables, he will not fail to be struck with the immense extent of the adjacent catacombs, which are believed to have been used as places of worship by the early Christian converts. Not far off, at Ghar Barca, have also been found some Phœnician sarcophagi and vases, now in the museum at Malta. In the neighbouring mountain of Bingemma, in the side of a rather romantic ravine, are excavated a considerable number of tombs, affording, together with the preceding, abundant evidence of the former existence of a large and cultivated population.

CHAPTER V.

APPEARANCE OF THE ISLAND—CASALS—MACLUBA—PHŒNICIAN TEMPLES—HAGIAR CHEM—EL MNEIDRA.

AFTER breakfast, on a brilliant morning, according to previous appointment, we found a *calèche* waiting for us at the door of our lodgings, in the Strada Bretannica, to take us to Hagiar Chem.

This vehicle is an odd old-fashioned affair, with hangings and trappings, and like other old-fashioned things, more comfortable than appears at first sight, experience having demonstrated its suitableness for the roads of the island. By its side is the bare-footed driver, or rather *runner*, who, in loose trowsers and jacket, and girt around the loins with a crimson sash, trots merrily along for miles, occasionally, when over-fatigued, leaping up on one of the shafts. At first starting the movement of the machine, half shuffle half jolt, is not a little uncomfortable—but one soon gets used to it; and with these few words as to our conveyance let us at once jump into it, and jog off, at a quiet easy-going pace of four miles an hour, towards Macluba and Hagiar Chem.

A more lively scene is hardly to be found than the *sortie* from the walls of Valetta into the interior of the island. Rumbling under the long echoing gateway, with its guard-house and red-coated sentinels, we emerge upon the bridge, which spans the tremendous ditch of the fortifications, cut through the solid rock, and averaging from fifty to eighty feet in depth. Hence the road descending a long glacis or slope, passes through another

rock-hewn line of defence, and emerges into the suburb of FLORIANA, within which has grown up another scattered town, with its usual complements—churches and convents, a beautiful botanical garden, and an extensive esplanade. All through these extensive lines of defence and suburbs, flows a perpetual and animated stream of life. The old-fashioned caleches, rolling along at every moment, strikingly contrast with the more modern equipages of the English residents and officers—nor are their respective occupants more curiously dissimilar; the former containing, as it may happen, a quiet old-fashioned family of Maltese, from some country casal—brown-skinned, black-eyed, and ugly women, enveloped in the unchangeable black mantilla; while upon the latter are to be seen bright blue eyes and rosy cheeks and pretty faces of a northern clime, and the scarlet jacket of the officer, or fashionable *négligé* of the Bond Street lounger.

On clearing the fortified enclosure, we issue into the open country, over which an extensive and striking view suddenly bursts upon the eye. On a hot dry day, and under a glaring sun, it looks almost like an arid desert of white stone, thinly veiled here and there with a patch of feeble verdure, or sparsely dotted over with round black-looking carob-trees; and one is utterly perplexed as to the sustenance of the dense population with which it evidently teems; for—look which way one will—large villages or *casals* everywhere salute the eye, solidly built, and invariably overtowered by large and handsome churches. After the rains, however, this bare surface is suddenly carpeted with a most vivid green; and then, although there is nothing worthy of the name of scenery to be met with, it is really pleasant to peregrinate the island—the pleasure being mainly derived from the spectacle of industry triumphing over natural obstacles. A mere rock, to which, from its central and important position, a crowded population has been attracted, every practicable nook has been laboriously cultivated—the

rugged soil cleared of the stones with which it was covered; the "crop-rock," which formed the surface, broken up; and the bed of subsoil which is beneath it brought out and industriously laboured, while the more impracticable portions have been covered with a coating of foreign soil. The island has thus been rendered extremely productive—cotton, still extensively grown, being the great staple in the time of the Grand Masters, under whom its manufacture was a source of immense wealth. But the fields of beautiful *silla*, or clover, indigenous to Malta, are what will more especially strike the eye of the stranger. It grows from three to five feet from the ground; its luxuriant leaves, surmounted by a large crimson flower, have at a short distance all the beauty of a plantation of China roses. Groups of broad-leaved fig, or carob-trees, thickets of prickly pear, and gardens filled with pomegranates and vines, and evidently cultivated with extreme care, at intervals also relieve the general meagreness of the landscape, which, after all, gives us the idea of a desert, only to be maintained from lapsing into its native sterility by that same laborious industry which originally reclaimed it from barrenness.

But by this time we are entering one of the casals, with which, as we have said, Malta is studded. As the isle is one great quarry, so all the houses are well and solidly built of stone. Lines of plain flat-roofed houses, of fair dimensions, border the neat clean streets, intermixed with a few others of the same material, and only distinguished by superior size and ornament. In a large open space is the church, also solidly and handsomely built, with a good deal of decorative carving, in which the Maltese excel,—always kept in the nicest order, and evidently regarded with a feeling of pride by the inhabitants. And here it should be remarked that, if the Maltese are not in general possessed of any great superfluity of this world's goods, in spiritual things they are blessed indeed. Everywhere by the roadside, votive altars and crosses offer the opportunity

of devotion, and furnish a plenary indulgence, upon the favourable conditions of a few paters and aves.

Few marks of poverty strike painfully upon the eye in passing through one of these well-built casals. If any there be, it is veiled from observation: that external neatness and cleanliness, too, everywhere enforced by the English, has, perhaps, banished it from the open highway into the recesses of the habitations. The beggars, however, are both numerous and persevering; and there is a more plausible description of mendicancy, which, at first, is very provoking to the traveller, until he gets fairly teased into a sort of sullen acquiescence. As we rumbled out of the streets of the casal, we observed behind a ragged little urchin, with naked feet, and encumbered with the slenderest amount of clothing, following our equipage at a trot; and, disliking this description of escort, we ordered the driver to pull up, and send him off. He continued, however, to linger in the rear; nor, with all our efforts, could we get rid of his troublesome importunities. As the door opened, and we stepped out, he made a rush at our sketch-book and guide-book, and triumphantly bore them off; and, having once established himself as a necessary appendage, it was in vain to attempt to shake him off, till we dropped him on the return at his own casal, made happy with a few stray halfpence. It is, indeed, a redeeming feature in this sort of persecution, that the poor Maltese is always indefatigable in his efforts to be of service, and always contented with whatever is offered him; and I have heard of a man's dogging an officer a distance of twenty miles about the island, on the chance of getting his horse to hold, and a sixpence for his day's trouble.

Conducted by our officious imp, together with an old woman bearing a key, we descended a steep and narrow pathway, and, on the unlocking of a door at its extremity, were startled by finding that we were on the edge of a yawning abyss, called Macluba, sunk, as by some sudden earthquake, in the shape of a deep

round cauldron, beneath the level of the land above, walled round with perpendicular precipices, and having, at the very bottom, a little neglected garden of the Hesperides, filled with tangled shubs, flowers, and trees, the deep shadow and refreshing coolness of which, contrasted with the bare hot country above, presented one of those startling effects more commonly met with in eastern than northern climes. In the heats of summer such a place is beyond all price; and is accordingly much frequented by picnic parties from Valetta.

Impatient to reach the ruins, after a brief delay in this pleasant spot, we re-entered the caleche. The road was wild and rough, the country at every step poorer and more rocky; and the blue sea, seen through the openings in the hills, was a welcome relief from the wearisome monotony of the scenery. Much further, it was clear, we could not go, having nearly crossed the island; and we looked out impatiently for some indications of Hagiar Chem. In front of a small hovel the driver drew up his caleche, telling us that we could proceed no further but on foot; at the same moment a fresh brace of guides, in addition to our little familiar, upstarted out of the shade of a pent-house — the roughest and wildest-looking denizens of the island whom we had hitherto encountered. We followed them, however, without hesitation, and in a few moments obtained our first view of the temple—if temple that could be called which seemed, at a short distance, to be no more than a confused heap of the same grey boulders which everywhere lay scattered around. If the first view was but little promising, we felt, as we hastened towards the edifice, that anything so anomalous, so unlike anything else, our eyes had never before rested on. The stones, which a little way off seemed shapeless, now assumed a shape, but only to puzzle and perplex us. The external enclosure was formed by immense upright blocks, placed side by side, above which towered a few, of enormous dimensions, and weather-beaten, ghastly aspect—wrecks that

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had outlived ages of convulsion and change—relics that time had once almost entirely buried in the surrounding soil, and had been disinterred again, like the gigantic skeletons of an earlier world. The portal of this primeval edifice simply consisted of an opening left between two of the above-mentioned blocks: we entered, and gazed upon the scene around with an increasing feeling of surprise, so evidently artificial was the structure, yet so utterly unintelligible its plan. With some difficulty we contrived to get rid of our guides, directing them to return again after a couple of hours, and proceeded undisturbed to survey this extraordinary spot.

If the patient reader gaze diligently upon the plan* upon the following page, he will be in some measure enabled to participate in our own bewilderment. Was anything ever seen so strange and inexplicable—so unaccountably intricate and eccentric—so unlike any known monument, from the rude Druidical circle up to the consummate proportion of the Grecian temple? Or, to form a somewhat clearer idea, let him clamber upon one of the highest blocks (marked A in the plan), and cast with us a bird's-eye glance over the interior of the enclosure. Even then he will not be much the wiser. These strange irregular circles, formed of upright stones, surmounted, Stonehenge-like with transverse ones—these doorways and passages and flights of steps—these rude altars—this odd jumble of nooks and niches—this enormous enclosure of colossal stones, battered and disintegrated by time and tempest, till all trace of the shaping-hammer is gone; what are they—and who reared them? The mind insensibly associates them with some religious purpose—with the rites of some dark and debasing creed. These weird-looking circles once resounded perhaps with the orgies of extinct superstitions; and

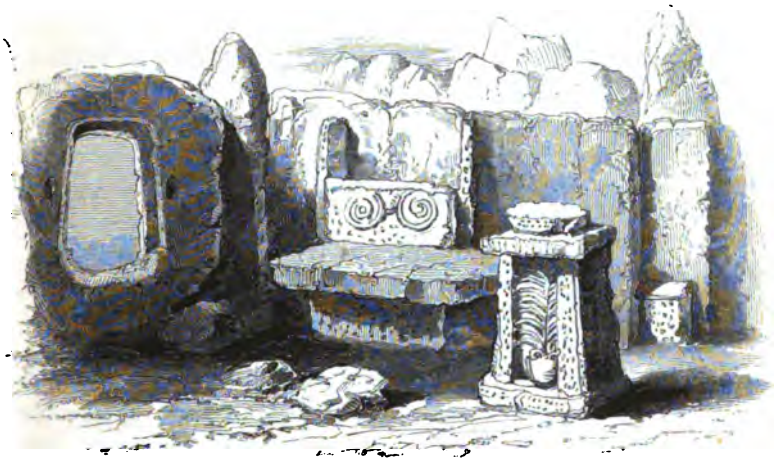
* Drawn by Lieut. Foulis, 59th Regt. and published in the "Malta Penny Almanac."

upon these altars the blood of innocent victims may have poured forth in sacrifice; or, as some suppose, the structure may have been intended as a burial-place, since in this edifice, and another presently to be noticed, are chambers evidently sepulchral, and bodies, urns, and pottery, have been dug up within. Perhaps they may have served for both purposes,—have been at once temples and tombs. But, whatever they were, no one could look upon them as we did, in the profound stillness of a summer noon—unbroken but by the hum of the gilded fly, or the rustle of the lizard as he furtively stole forth, and then disappeared again from among the chinks of the masonry—by the soft waving of the scented wild-flowers and silken rye-grass,—or wandered about their grey avenues of stones, with the wild and desolate landscape around, and the blue sea, upon which imagination pictures the barks of the

roving Phœnicians, to whom tradition assigns the structure,—without a feeling of intense curiosity, and almost of awe, which perhaps no other description of edifice is, in an equal degree, calculated to call forth.

But, little as we may be able to assign with certainty its origin and object, it may be well to enter into a little more detailed description, which the plan and view combined may serve to render tolerably intelligible to the reader. It should be observed, that, until lately, but a few feet of the masonry were visible above ground, when, in 1839, it having been suspected that what was concealed was well worthy of investigation, Sir H. Bouverie, then governor of Malta, caused the site to be completely excavated and explored.

On passing through the outer wall, which averages ten feet high, by the principal entrance on its south-east side, A, we enter an oblong rhomboidal enclosure, divided into three portions, B, C, D, by walls, composed of enormous slabs, having apertures through them for doorways. In the central of these compartments we now stand, and before us is a small altar,



ornamented with a rude palm branch, springing out of a pot, while on one side of it is a large slab, on which is a relievo of what appear to be two serpents clinging round a vase; a combination of objects, which, we can hardly doubt, was

connected with the performance of some religious rites. By another doorway, E, in a line with the entrance one, we now pass into another rhomboidal division of the edifice, terminating on our right in a semicircle, composed of huge upright slabs, F, within which is one of oblong shape and much smaller dimensions, with a narrow aperture towards the body of the building, from which, lower down, is an ascent into another oblong chamber, G, on a higher level than the others; while three others, H, I, J, of different form, dimensions, and arrangements, branch off to the right, together with a small niche, K, occupied by two stone tables or altars; two others, of similar character, stand at the entrance of the passage leading into it. Some stone hemispheres were dug up in this last apartment, and the bones of men and animals disinterred during the progress of the excavation. One of the human skulls, evidently of the Ethiopian type, is here represented, as also a group of grotesque images of females,

eight of which were dug up, and are now deposited in the museum at Valetta. The rudeness of the style speaks for itself; we may observe, that in the hollow of the necks of three of the figures are holes, by which the head might be fixed on at pleasure, by means of strings. Some pottery is also preserved in a shed attached to the enclosure.

It would be unnecessary to dilate further on the peculiar arrangements of the edifice, which can be perfectly gathered

from the plan, as the mode of construction is clearly exhibited in the illustrations. We may observe, however, that the extreme area measures one hundred and five feet by seventy, and that the three large stones, seen in the view at the extremity of the building, are no less than from fourteen to twenty feet in height, as is also the tooth-shaped one appearing on the right hand of the picture, like the tusk of some enormous pre-Adamite monster, dug up and planted on its base.

In general, it may be said that this singular edifice appears to be a curious stage between the most primitive style of building —the mounds, and earthworks, and Druidical circles and avenues of stones, found in our own country and elsewhere — and the earliest forms of masonic architecture known to us.

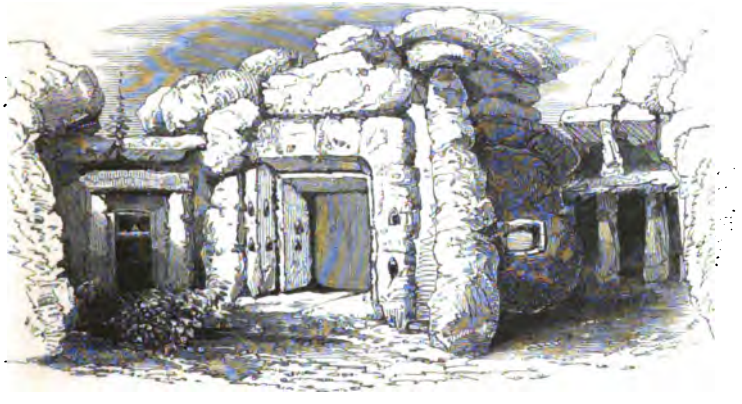
Two hours and more had slipped away in the examination of the ruins before the head of our guide was seen, cautiously peeping over the grey stones of the enclosure. We hailed him at once, and, now that the satisfaction of our curiosity left us at leisure, were not a little struck with his appearance. Such a figure, in fact, harmonized well with the scene around him—a venerable man, with marked features of the true semi-African stamp, burned almost to blackness with exposure to the sun, and eyes, restless and fiery like burning coals, glaring from beneath the overhanging pent-house of his grey, shaggy eyebrows, with a grizzled neglected beard, the whole surmounted by a dark red Phrygian cap; while his bent but sinewy frame was loosely invested in a striped shirt and trowsers, and his waist girt tightly round with a faded crimson sash. Upon our questioning him as to his past career, it appeared that he had passed through many and strange vicissitudes, having, in his youth, served as a soldier under the last of the Grand Masters, thus witnessing the final extinction of the Order, the temporary occupation of the French Republicans, their blockade by the English, and the establishment of the latter as possessors of the island. Old as he was, he dashed

along with naked feet over the stony soil and prickly herbage, at a rate with which we found it difficult to keep up, and in a few minutes conducted us to a second mass of ruins, commonly called El Mneidra, in general appearance similar to the first.

The external enclosure of this edifice is similar to Hagiar Chem. On entering we found that if the edifice was less extensive, it, on the other hand, was far more symmetrical than the other, and displayed a higher degree of arrangement and constructive skill. The interior consists of an area of an irregular circular form, with recessed chambers; and, seated in the welcome shadow of one of the stones at its extremity, we had leisure to survey the impressive scene. Two august portals, formed by the simple juxtaposition of huge upright slabs, surmounted by heavy transverse blocks, with steps

formed in like manner of large flat layers, and lateral seats covered with *tapia*, with small ornamental indentations of the same pattern as in Hagiar Chem, form an august intro-

duction to the body of the enclosure, which is terminated by a circular space, surrounded with upright slabs, above which impended large stones, gradually overlapping each other, somewhat in the form of a vault. The breadth and simplicity of the design, equalled by as admirable construction, the immense size and venerable antiquity of the stones composing the rude but majestic edifice, were more strikingly impressive than any separate portion of Hagiar Chem. On a further exploration, we discovered what there can scarcely be a doubt was a sepulchral chamber, communicating with the principal area by a doorway, well carved in an enormous



slab, having grooves, by which the door itself was formerly suspended. On the left of the entrance, overhung by a rude slab, is seen a tomb, cut deeply into the rock, in which a skeleton was discovered in a crouching position, when the edifice was first explored. Another recess of different construction, also apparently intended for the same purpose, occupies an angle of the irregular space. These chambers, confirming as they do the indications already noticed in Hagiar Chem, seem fully to establish the fact, that sepulture must have been one object, if not the sole one, of these singular edifices.

The position of El Mneidra is almost on the brink of the precipices overhanging the outspread expanse of sea, broken only by the wild volcanic-looking islet of Filfla, rising like an enormous marine monster out of the sunny azure: the surrounding coast is bare and desolate, studded only by one or two solitary watch towers, formerly erected as look-outs for the Barbary corsairs. The sea breeze that has, by the action of ages, disintegrated the massive stones of the edifice, blew up fresh and invigorating—flocks of long-haired goats browsed among the odoriferous wild plants, that, starting out of every crevice among the rocks, adorn the grey wrecks of a remote antiquity with a chaplet of green leaves and brilliant flowers, which flourished wild and free when the Phœnicians raised these primeval temples with solemn chant and sacrifice, and which, after the revolutions of ages, still enchant the sense of the solitary wanderer, still flourishing on when his insignificant existence shall have passed away. After spending some hours of unusual gratification, and casting behind a longing lingering look, we made happy our venerable conductor with a shilling, and jumping into the caleche jogged homewards towards Valetta, which we reached as the sun was setting, after about a couple of hours' drive.

It being the object of this publication to dwell rather upon a few prominent and characteristic scenes, than to describe in detail every minor though interesting object, it will be sufficient briefly to indicate the latter. Those who have time may visit the island of Gozo; either by means of a sailing vessel from Valetta, or what is better, crossing over from Marfa to Migiarra, at which place donkeys and caleches may be obtained to take them to Rabatto, where comfortable accommodations may be found. The citadel above Rabatto is supposed to have been founded by the Phœnicians. Not far distant is "The Giant's Tower," the principal object of interest in Gozo, which has

been excavated not long since, a building of the same character as Hagiar Chem and El Mneidra, and well worthy of a careful survey. The "Fungus Rock" is also a singular spot, detached from the mainland, with which it is connected by a box slung upon ropes; the fungus, formerly sent as a present from the Grand Masters to the princes of Europe, is a powerful styptic, of a dark red, and in shape like a cucumber. The so-called Grotto of Calypso in Gozo, is hardly worthy the trouble of a visit. Gozo, from its greater elevation above the sea, enjoys a remarkably fine climate, is famed for its breed of asses, lambs, and poultry, its honey, and its pretty women; and what is singular, the dyers on the island still obtain the hue of the Tyrian purple from the *orchilla* weed; an art believed to have been handed down to them by the Phœnicians, of whose occupation the island contains such numerous traces.

Numerous excursions may be also made about the island of Malta. The Boschetto is a woody valley not far from Citta Vecchia, much frequented by picnic parties, on account of its shade and verdure. Still nearer to the city are the Governor's Palace, and Gardens of St. Antonio, which also afford a delightful variation from the drought and dust of Valetta. The port of Marsa Sirocco is but a short distance from the city; above it were formerly to be seen the remains of a Temple of Hercules. The excavated cavern, called the Grotto of Calypso, and the votive chapel of Melleha, a little beyond St. Paul's Bay, might afford the material of an excursion, or be taken on the way to Gozo. The tombs of Bengemma have been already mentioned; to these it was necessary, at the period of our visit, to go on foot for the last mile or two. For more minute details respecting these places, consult the Guides and Almanac published by Mr. Muir, who is always ready to afford, in the most obliging manner, any general information of which the traveller may stand in need.

It is not in the nature of our plan to give an exact topographical and statistical account of Malta; yet we must pause to

throw together a few of its prominent peculiarities. First, it is the southernmost land in Europe, so near to Africa, and with so similar a soil, climate, and population, the language of the natives being, in fact, a dialect of the Arabic, that it has been regarded by some as more properly belonging to that continent than to Europe. It is also very singular, that though it is at first sight one of the most arid and unpromising spots on earth, its relative population should be greater than that of any other country, exceeding 100,000 souls;—being at the ratio of 1,200 to every square mile. It must be evident, that notwithstanding the proverbial industry of the Maltese, and the endeavours of benevolent individuals, as well as the government, to open to them fresh channels of employment, the population must be far beyond the resources of the place; and accordingly we find large bodies of emigrant Maltese, settled in different cities of the Mediterranean, and, what is strange, often giving, by their turbulent behaviour, as much trouble to the British Consuls under whose jurisdiction they are placed, as, when at home, they are orderly and submissive to the authorities of the island. Although the pasturages are so limited the breed of cattle is remarkably fine; the oxen, asses, and mules are of superior size and quality, and the mares were formerly sent by the Grand Masters, as valuable presents to the sovereigns of Europe.

The importance of Malta to England can hardly be overrated,—her possession of such a stronghold enables her to counterbalance the otherwise preponderating influence of a rival power, and to prevent the Mediterranean from becoming "a French lake." It is the stepping-stone to Egypt and the Dardanelles, the post of observation against the designs of France or Russia in the East, and an impregnable station for the Mediterranean squadron, which can be directed hence upon any given point, with the despatch, that, in certain cases, might be of vital importance to our interests. It is of the greatest use as a coaling depôt for the steamers carrying the India Mail; and it

is of no less value as a centre to our commerce in the Mediterranean. While it is, on so many grounds, thus invaluable to Great Britain, her occupation cannot be considered otherwise than highly advantageous to the Maltese. The immense sums expended by Government must enrich the island, and the public works give employment to a large body of redundant population, while the commercial resources of the island are increased. Whether the administration of affairs has always been carried on in the spirit best fitted to conciliate the feelings of the Maltese, is a question into which it is not our province to enter. Grievances there no doubt have been, and still may be, which we sincerely believe it to be the object of the English Government to redress; and it is consolatory to know, that, in spite of the political rancour and religious bigotry with which the Maltese press unfortunately teems, the mass of the population would be sorry indeed to exchange the sway of Great Britain, for that of any other nation.

CHAPTER VI.

VOYAGE FROM MALTA TO GIBRALTAR—RUINS OF CARTHAGE—SPANISH COAST—SMUGGLING VESSELS—APPROACH TO GIBRALTAR.

On the evening of March 25th we took leave of our comfortable quarters at Madame da Costa's, in the Strada Bretannica, and crossed the harbour of Marsa Muscet to the quarantine station at Fort Manoel, where lay the screw steamer Bosphorus, Captain Vine Hall, on board of which our passage was taken to Gibraltar. This vessel then hoisted a yellow flag, the livery of the plague; and at sight of that detested ensign, I could not but congratulate myself at having lived to see the period of quarantine reduced from three mortal *weeks*, which I had myself accomplished in that very Lazaretto, to a period of as many *days*. This term was to expire at midnight, when the captain, on receiving a clean bill of health, would instantly proceed towards his destination.

As soon as we had got on board he called me aside to communicate an unexpected piece of information. The ship's course was to Gibraltar direct, but a large party of Tunisians, who had fled from their city on account of the cholera, and had been spending some months at Malta, sick of the delays of sailing vessels, had earnestly besought him to go a few hours out of his course in order to convey them to their homes. This trifling delay, he averred, would be more than compensated by

the opportunity—so rarely occurring—of paying a few hours' visit to the site of Carthage. "The very thing," I replied, "that I have long particularly desired;" and I absolutely hugged myself at so unusual a piece of good fortune.

My satisfaction, however, was somewhat damped, as the parties to be conveyed began to present themselves alongside. The vessel was most comfortable but of moderate size, and the best of the berths, our own of course among them, had been already secured. But now a long string of boats successively appeared, laden almost to sinking with men, women, and children, and infants with their nurses, and piles of carpets, and bedding, huge boxes, baskets, bags, mats, and paraphernalia of all descriptions —a mass of live and dead stock, which, huddled in a heap on deck, entirely blocked up the gangway, and made the gallant captain stare aghast at the dilemma in which he had involved himself. Perhaps a more curious company too were never seen. They consisted of French, Italians, and Germans, who had long settled as doctors and merchants at Tunis, and had become so *acclimatés* that they could hardly be distinguished from the natives themselves, whose dress and habits they had partly assumed, while their children were attended by African servants. So odd was the jumble of costumes that we were really puzzled at first as to the sex of more than one of the party. Besides these mongrel Africans, we had on board, as deck passengers, a collection of genuine *Hadjis*, returning to Barbary from a pilgrimage to the tomb of their Prophet, (a distance of more than 2,000 miles from their homes, many hundred of which must be performed at the toilsome foot-pace of the camel,) and whose ashy countenances and meagre frames, enveloped in large loose drapery, eloquently told of long months of fatigue and privation on the burning desert. These men crouched together in a circle upon the forecastle of the ship, and avoided all intercourse with the new-comers and the rest of the passengers.

How all these people found room is a mystery, but by close packing and the exertions of the captain they at length settled down,—shortly after midnight we left the harbour, and by day-break Malta had diminished to a faint speck upon the verge of the horizon. The day was fortunately calm, but a slight breeze sprung up at night, and the treble of the mammas and infants in the agonies of the *mal de mer,* with the deep basso of their male companions, the monotonous thumping of the screw, and the pathetic quavering of a flute, with which the captain was endeavouring to deaden the surrounding discords, formed a combination of sounds which effectually scared away sleep from our eyelids. Happily it was but for a night, for next morning the magnificent promontory of Cape Bon loomed in sight, and we ran along the coast in the direction of Tunis. The sea being calm, the woe-begone sufferers now crept successively on deck. Nothing could equal their delight at the thoughts of returning *home,* a word which awakens the same associations on the torrid shores of Africa, as among the green fields of England. We could not but sympathise with their joy; the children, their miseries forgotten, frolicked joyously about the deck, and as we opened the bay of Tunis, and the white fort of the Goletta, the distant city, and the chapel of St. Louis, became visible,—objects as familiar to them, as St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey were to ourselves,—their glee at the prospect of getting on shore was only equalled by that of the captain at getting so speedily rid of them.

How strange seemed all these common places on a spot, which sounds to us at home so remote, so surrounded with a halo of antiquity as Carthage—and how difficult at the place itself to look out of them, and realize that the seat of a dead empire lay outstretched before our eyes! Yet so indeed it was. From the promontory still called Cape Carthage, which forms the western termination of the deep and noble bay, to the fort of the Goletta in its centre, we could trace with difficulty, all along

the sea line, the shapeless ruins of what was formerly the great emporium of the Mediterranean, and so long the rival of imperial Rome. Could this be, we asked, the scene of our school-boy memories of Regulus, of Scipio and Hannibal, of Marius and Cato, of Dido and Æneas? The site of the city is an undulating plain, now green with corn, swept clean of the magnificent piles which once covered it so thickly; the thousand keels which thronged the harbour are also gone, and the daughter of Tyre sits as lonely upon her rock by the sea-shore, as does the progenitor of her commercial greatness. Two buildings alone stand up conspicuously on the site—the Chapel of St. Louis, and the fort of the Goletta, memorable for the siege it sustained against the Turks. Tunis is faintly seen at a distance of five miles inland, a mass of white buildings on the side of a hill; and a lofty range of mountains forms a fine termination to the magnificent, but solitary gulf.

While engaged in making out the different points of the view with the assistance of our friends the Tunisians, some boats came off from the Goletta, near which we had cast anchor among a few war-ships and merchantmen; whereupon, taking leave of our fellow-voyagers, we jumped into one of these, and in a few moments stepped upon the shores of Africa. We advanced along a ruinous quay into an equally ruinous collection of buildings, crouching at the foot of the dilapidated fort of the Goletta, sentinelled by some miserable native soldiers clad in a half European uniform. Certain shabby cabriolets stood ready for the conveyance of passengers to Tunis; but being a party of four, and having abundance of time before us, we preferred to set forth on foot, and leaving Goletta behind us, in about half an hour reached the Chapel of St. Louis. On the brow of a green hill overlooking the entire plain of Carthage, is a high octagonal wall, and in the centre of the enclosure within arises the small gothic Chapel, built, as is believed, on the site of the tent where the sainted

Crusader died in the midst of his dying soldiers, and bearing an inscription which informs us that it was erected by Louis Philippe, to the memory of his pious ancestor. The garden around is neatly kept, and adorned with statues and fragments of antiquity dug up from the neighbouring plain, the most remarkable being a colossal female head of Greek workmanship, which must have belonged to a statue rivalling those of Egypt itself in magnitude, and raising bewildering impressions of the past extent and magnificence of Carthage. The place is consigned to the custody of an old native of France, in the pay of the consul of that country at Tunis. Recent events have thrown over it a still more touching interest than that with which it was originally invested; we see in it, so far as we can tell, a memorial of the last unfortunate monarch of a glorious line, with whose future fortunes history, nevertheless, may yet some day be busy.

Stepping out of the walled enclosure, the eye ranged over the whole extent of Carthage. The plain, the shores of the inland lake communicating with the sea, and probably the original harbour, everywhere bear traces of the site of buildings; deep and dangerous vaults yawn beneath the feet of the careless traveller, and fragments of walls and columns are embedded in a luxuriant growth of wild flowers. Our afternoon was wearing away as we descended to the borders of the sea. The beach of Carthage! it is one of those places that, like the Colosseum of Rome or the ruins of Thebes, tower up in the memory of a traveller above a host of inferior spectacles. Here, however, it is not the monumental grandeur, but the utter desolation of what was once so great and renowned, that powerfully affects the mind. For more than two miles we followed the shore, everywhere lined with the continuous ruins of the buildings of the city, huge blocks of which, of a sort of conglomerate formed by the mixture of mortar and pebbles, are strewed upon the soil, intermingled

with reefs of rock, and marble columns, and fragments half embedded in the sand; while over what seem to be the traces of piers as well as the foundation walls of buildings, the waves broke grandly, sometimes covering us with spray as we climbed over some jutting fragment, while their melancholy monotone kept up an incessant requiem over this scene of fallen magnificence.

The sun was setting as we returned to our vessel—her steam was up, and we were off instantly. Everything on board looked very different from what it did in the morning; the deck had been washed and scrubbed, the cabins put to rights, and every trace of our Tunisian passengers erased. "She looks like herself again," said the captain, rubbing his hands—a weight was relieved from his mind; an excellent dinner awaited us below, over which we amused ourselves with laughing at the tribulations of the last twenty-four hours, and in conning over our Carthaginian experiences. By the time we were again on deck the Punic shores were lessening; Utica, where Cato, confiding in the reasonings of Plato, fell by his own hand, was the last point of the African coasts which faded from our vision. By starlight the ship kept her course outside the islands, and we conversed in low tones of the unfortunate fate of the "Avenger," steam frigate, which, keeping too near the shore, struck upon a sunken rock, and went down with nearly all on board—a catastrophe which made a deep sensation, and has hardly yet passed out of the memory of Mediterranean sailors.

We had now, for three or four days, an alternation of calms and light breezes, the very perfection of Mediterranean weather. The former, though propitious for a sea-sick passenger, are lifeless and tedious. The sea is of a sickly azure, reflecting the hot glare of the cloudless sky, and breaks in faint long swells against the side of the vessel, the sails of which flap to and fro with a lazy lulling motion. Shoals of porpoises cut through the level brine, leaving behind them a lengthening trail

of silvery light. The pitch oozes through the seams, and it is too hot to keep the open deck. Some doze under the shadow of the awning, others bury themselves in their cabins, or loll upon the saloon sofas, listlessly turning over the pages of a novel. Lord Bacon expresses his surprise that men do not keep journals at sea, where they have so much time on their hands: but then there is nothing to chronicle, and if there were, one is not in the mood. A landsman at sea is in a state of interregnum, and incapable of every sort of occupation. Nothing in him but "suffers a sea change."

> "His only labour is to kill the time,
> And labour dire it is, and weary woe."

A ship in a calm, is like some floating "Castle of Indolence" enchanted upon the waters. But when the wind awakens, and the vessel, like a conscious and living creature, springs into activity upon the dancing surges, how beautiful she is with her tall pile of snowy canvas swelling and straining in the freshening breeze! The studding-sails are rigged out, and, projecting from the ship's side, dip, as she dashes along, into the laughing waves. Then is the time to bestride the bowsprit, and see the panting vessel, like a spirited racer, tear through the seething waters, casting up from her bows huge clouds of snow-white foam; or to watch the rolling waves as they break playfully against her weather side, tossed up into transparent spray, glistening like showers of diamonds. Then the sea wears the "innumerable smile" spoken of by the poet: its waves chase one another along, like rapid coursers contending in the race; and the sun flashes through the transparent green of their crested summits, more beautiful than all the gems of Golconda: white sea-birds dive wildly into the tumbling swell, and skim the breaking billows: a spirit of glory and of joy is shed abroad, which enkindles the spirit of the spectator, whose ecstasy unconsciously arises into adoration.

The splendours of Mediterranean sunsets are beyond description, nor can anything be more singular than the effect of the phosphoric light after dark. Off the Spanish coast we were called forward one night to witness it in rare perfection. The wake of the vessel was like a submarine illumination, stuck full of stars, and, what we had never before remarked, the path of the fish, sporting in all directions around our bows, was marked by trails and jets of light, of the most magical brilliancy, beneath the darkened waters.

As we came on deck one morning, we found ourselves close off Cape de Gatt, the eastern headland of Spain, infamous to the mariner for the squalls that come suddenly down from its lofty crest. Romantic Spain was now before us—brown, stern, rugged mountains, broken into profound glens and chasms, and indented with deep coves and bays, at the bottom of which appeared some white town or solitary watch-tower. We had just left the grave of an extinct people, that of another was now before us. As we ran along the coast, a cloud-capped series of white peaks rose above the inferior ranges, towering to a height only a few hundred feet lower than that of Mont Blanc itself—the *Sierra Nevada* or *Snowy Range*, the centre of the Moorish kingdom of Granada, of which it was the crown and ornament, and of whose fertile valleys it was the never-failing reservoir; while the intervening mountains were those Alpuxarras, which figure in the wars between the Spaniards and the Moors, the last to fall into the hands of the latter, and the last too from which, after a deadly struggle, the lingering remnant of that people was finally expelled.

These rugged fastnesses were in sight all day, and the setting sun cast over them the same roseate glow that Swiss travellers have so often admired upon the snowy summits of the Alps. Cities and strongholds of the Moors, famous in history, lining the shore, or on some lofty mountain peak, had successively been descried and passed, the last of them being Velez

Malaga, where Cervantes, after his long captivity at Algiers, enjoyed the felicity of again setting foot upon his native shores.

As we were now approaching the straits, our passage was animated by an increasing number of vessels; among others, as twilight came on, we fell in with a suspicious-looking felucca-rigged craft. "That fellow's a Gibraltar smuggler," exclaimed the captain; "he is standing on and off until a signal is made him from the land." Almost as he spoke, a tall column of fire suddenly arose about half way up the black side of the mountains, and another on a promontory near the shore. They disappeared, and then as suddenly blazed forth again; while the vessel, shifting her sails, ran in towards the land, and was shortly lost sight of in the increasing darkness.

This circumstance requires a few words of explanation. The reader may not be aware that Gibraltar is the grand depôt for British goods intended for Spanish consumption, without the intermediate process of paying the heavy duties with which they are loaded. In fact, it is quite the business of the town, and contrary to express stipulation; a fact, the knowledge of which increases the bitter feelings with which our possession of the fortress is already regarded by the Spaniards. Nor is it, in truth, a very dignified, if it be even an honourable proceeding on our part, to wink secretly at this illicit traffic, if not to countenance it openly. The smuggling boats, felucca-rigged, and carrying a heavy gun concealed under their netting, take in their cargoes at the Rock, and watch their opportunity to effect a landing on the neighbouring coasts, where the "contrabandistas," a daring body of mountaineers, are ready to carry the goods into the interior, assisted, it is said, by the co-operation of certain Spanish officials, who find their account in encouraging them. The Spanish Government maintains a number of fast-sailing *guarda costas*, or revenue cutters, which keep a sharp look-out, and will sometimes cut the smugglers from under the

very batteries of Gibraltar, at the risk, however, of being sunk by our guns, if invading the jurisdiction of our waters; a fate which has befallen more than one of them before now. This system, disliked, as there is reason to believe, by the military authorities, is said to be greatly on the wane in the vicinity of Gibraltar, owing to the increased vigilance and trustworthiness of the Spanish preventive service. Endeavours have been made to do away all temptation to it, by inducing the Spanish government to admit our goods at a reasonable duty; but the influence of the Barcelona manufacturers and merchants, anxious for a protective tariff, has, hitherto, prevented this desirable result. It has been stated, in a recent publication, that the signal station at Gibraltar is used for the purpose of conveying information to the smugglers; a statement which we believe is unfounded in fact, though, as another writer well observes, "few signals made are more exciting to the people of Gibraltar, than that of 'a smuggler pursued by a guarda costa.'"

"The Rock ahead!" was the joyful sound that saluted us next morning, as soon as we turned out of our berths. We hurried on deck: there it was, sure enough, not yet having taken off its nightcap of white sea-fog—a huge, indistinct, mysterious monster—looking as it might have looked to the first Phœnician navigator whose daring keel first broke the stillness of a sea to him unknown. As the sun rose higher the mists gradually dispersed, and disclosed every detail of the majestic spectacle. Europe and Africa, hitherto separated by a wide extent of sea, were seen gradually approaching each other, till they almost appeared to embrace. On the right we admired the romantic shores of Spain, rising from gentle corn-covered slopes into bold brown hills, swelling into purple mountains. On the African side, more dimly seen, were the rock and fortress of Ceuta, backed by the tremendous precipices of Mons Abyla, or "Apes' Hill," forming, with the Rock of Gibraltar,

which boldly occupied the centre of the view, the two "Pillars of Hercules," the entrance of the strait connecting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic Ocean. This was the sight I had so often wished to see. As we approached the eastern side of the rock, connected with the Spanish shore by a low, sandy isthmus, it towered above our ship in one long unbroken precipice of fourteen hundred feet in height. At its foot, near its northern extremity, crouched the little village of Catalan Bay, the only one in view, with its white houses, looking as if it must inevitably be crushed some day by falling masses of rock. Running rapidly along the eastern side of the rock, we turned its southern corner along its western side, which fronts the deep Bay of Gibraltar, when, Proteus-like, it assumed an appearance entirely different. Ranges of batteries rising from the sea, tier above tier, extend along its entire sea-front, at the northern extremity of which is the town; every nook in the crags bristles with artillery; white barracks and gay villas, embowered in green gardens and groves, occupying the midway ascent; while above towers in rugged grandeur the summit of the Rock itself. No contrast could possibly be more striking,—on the one side a scene of crowded life, on the other an absolute solitude. The whole prospect is one of the most exciting description; and our first impression of Gibraltar altogether surpassed even the highly wrought anticipations we had been led to form of it.

We dropped anchor before the town in the midst of a crowd of shipping, and were immediately visited by the health officers, not without uncomfortable apprehensions that our communication with the Goletta might involve us in that insupportable nuisance—a three days' quarantine. Our papers were taken off by the officer, whose movements to and fro we watched for some time with intense anxiety. When he returned, every head was over the ship's side, and every eye fixed on the dry-looking little man who was to be the arbiter of our fate—when

the magic word, "*pratique*," bursting from the delighted captain, was communicated like an electric shock to the whole of our line, causing a tumultuous delight, in the midst of which we made ready to go ashore. And so good-bye to the "Bosphorus," and her amiable, intelligent captain: may every cruise he makes be as pleasant as that which he rendered so agreeable to ourselves!

CHAPTER VII.

TOPOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL SKETCH OF GIBRALTAR.—GREAT SIEGE UNDER GENERAL ELLIOTT.

BEFORE we endeavour to convey to the reader an idea of the scenery and peculiarities of Gibraltar, it will be better to give him a few notices of its topography and history, which will explain the subsequent descriptive details. By looking at the annexed map, then, he will catch at a glance the peculiar formation of the rock. It is composed of marble and limestone, so perforated with caverns, that some have even derived its ancient name, Calpe, from *Calph*, which in Phœnician signified "the caved mountain." Its length is about two miles and three-quarters, with a breadth nowhere exceeding three-quarters of a mile, and its circumference is about seven.

The promontory, as before said, is divided by a ridge, the eastern side of which is almost perpendicular, while the western is more gradually sloping; and this ridge is broken into three prominent points—Rock Mortar in the north, being 1350 feet in height; the Signal, in the centre, 1276; and Sugar-loaf Point, on the south, 1439. The north front of the rock rises perpendicularly above and across the neutral ground, except at the north-west angle, when the lines intervene between it and the shore. On the south, the ground sinks steeply from Sugar-loaf Point to an oval platform, called Windmill Hill, below which is a second, called Europa Point, itself elevated above the sea on a range of perpendicular crags. Such is the general

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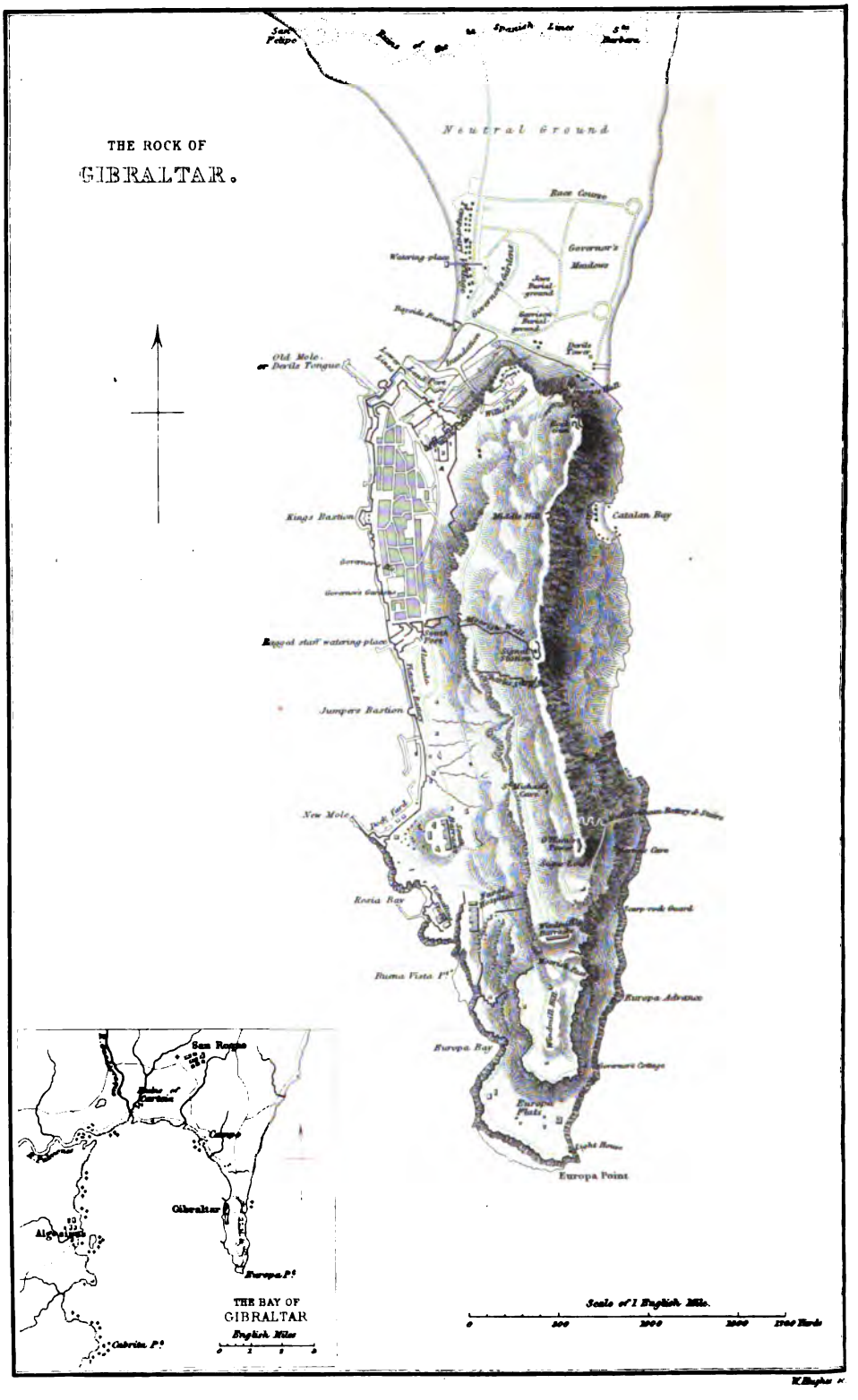
THE ROCK OF
GIBRALTAR.
Neutral Ground
Spanish Lines
Race Course
Governor's Meadows
Watering place
Old Mole or Devils Tongue
Kings Bastion
Catalan Bay
Jumpers Bastion
New Mole
Europa Advance
Europa Bay
Europa Point
San Roque
Gibraltar
Algeciras
Europa Pt
THE BAY OF
GIBRALTAR
English Miles
Scale of 1 English Mile.
0
500
1000
2000
3000 Yards

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Turning now to its history, we find that the earliest accounts of the rock are misty and confused. Its form and position could not fail to arrest the attention of those earliest of navigators, the Phœnicians, who built the neighbouring Carteia, and who called the rock itself "Alube," supposed to be corrupted by the Greeks to Calpe; and this was said to be because it projected into the sea like *a bucket*—certes, a most improbable derivation. This rock, with the opposite Mons Abyla, received the appellation of the Pillars of Hercules from some vague and mysterious connexion with that mythical demigod of antiquity. It is singular that so strong a position should have remained unoccupied during the long ages of Phœnician, Carthaginian, Roman, and Gothic dominion in Spain, and that the Moors should have been the first to avail themselves of its natural advantages. The circumstances of their invasion of Spain are almost too well known to need recapitulation. The story goes that Roderick, the last king of the Goths, seduced the daughter of Count Julian, governor of Ceuta, who, in revenge, invited Musa, the Saracen governor of Western Africa, under the Caliphs, to attempt the conquest of his native country. Musa, after obtaining the consent of his master, sent over a small body of troops, under Tarif ebn Zarca, a famous chieftain, who landed at Tarifa, and, after making a predatory sweep over the vicinity, without encountering opposition, returned with such flattering accounts of the beauty of the country, and the facility of subduing it, that either he himself, or, as some assert, *another* chieftain bearing the name of Tarik, was sent across, the following year, with a force of 12,000 men.

The first object of the invader being to obtain a stronghold whither he might retreat, in case of repulse, and also maintain his communication with Africa, he advanced towards the rock, and, after encountering some slight opposition, succeeded in seizing and fortifying it. There he was shortly afterwards invested by a Christian force, which having routed, he advanced

into the interior of Spain, where, in the battle of the Guadalete, he gave the death-blow to the Gothic empire in Spain. The rock, now called after him Gebel Tarik, or "the Mountain of Tarik," after remaining so long unnoticed, became, with the more important Algesiras, on the opposite side of the bay, the object of eager and frequent contentions between the Moslems and the Christians. In the year 1310, Ferdinand, king of Castile, then besieging Algesiras, though unsuccessful against that city, first wrested Gibraltar from its Moorish possessors; and it remained in the hands of the Spaniards until Abomelique, son of the emperor of Fez, being sent with succours to the Moorish king of Granada, who ceded to him the possession of the surrounding country, attacked and took the place; but had scarcely done so before Don Alonzo the Eleventh—who, at the period of its surrender, was within four days' journey of the fortress—made a desperate attempt at its recovery; but, after a siege of two months, was compelled by famine, and the approach of the king of Granada, with his forces, to listen to an accommodation, and withdraw his troops —Abomelique soon after perishing miserably in a surprise by the Christians. His father avenged his death by totally destroying the Spanish fleet; but, shortly after, crossing with an immense army to besiege Tarifa, was totally defeated by Alonzo, who thereupon formed the memorable siege of Algesiras, and, after the capture of that city, again turned his arms to the reduction of Gibraltar. His sudden death, however, in the midst of a career of glory, compelled the Spaniards to raise the siege; and the place continued to remain in the hands of the descendants of Abomelique until, dissensions arising among the Moors themselves, the fortress was for a while seized by the king of Granada, and held by him, in spite of a powerful relief sent over from Morocco. The next attempt made to recover it by the Spaniards was under Henry de Guzman, Count de Niebla, who himself perished on the occasion; but

his son, who escaped, returned in 1462, with a considerable force, and finally wrested Gibraltar from the hands of the Moors, after it had remained in their possession for 748 years.

The capture of this stronghold was so agreeable to Henry IV. king of Castile, that he added to his titles that of "King of Gibraltar," and gave it for arms, a castle *or*, with a key, (in allusion to its position, as key of the Mediterranean,) in a field *gules*, a style which has subsisted unaltered. It remained under the government of Castile until the union of that crown with that of Arragon, in the persons of Ferdinand and Isabella. In 1540, it was surprised and pillaged by Piali Hamet, who carried off some of the principal inhabitants as slaves, but they were rescued by some Sicilian galleys. In 1589, during the reign of Charles V., the fortifications of Moorish origin were so modernised by Speckel, the emperor's engineer, that the place was considered impregnable.

We now come to the period when Gibraltar fell into the power of the English. When William III. engaged to assist Charles III. of Spain against Philip V., the cession of Gibraltar to the English was the secret condition of the compact; and thus the interests of the Spanish *nation* were sacrificed to a quarrel for its throne. In the following reign Sir George Rooke having been sent into the Mediterranean with his fleet, finding himself unable to accomplish anything of importance, held a council of war near Tetuan, at which it was resolved to surprise Gibraltar. The place mounted at that time a hundred guns, but the garrison was totally disproportionate, consisting of but 150 men, under the command of the Marquis de Saluces. The English fleet arrived in the bay on the 21st of July, 1704, when 1,800 men, under the command of the Prince of Hesse D'Armstadt, were landed on the isthmus, while the ships under the command of Admirals Byng and Vanderdussen took their station in front of the town and New Mole. The governor having been in vain sum-

moned to surrender, an animated attack was made on the 23d, and in five or six hours the garrison were driven from their guns near the New Mole Head: whereupon the admiral ordered Captain Whitaker to advance and take possession of that point. Captains Hicks and Jumper, however, who were somewhat nearer with their pinnaces, arrived first at the work, which the Spaniards, no longer able to maintain, blew up as soon as the besieged had landed, killing two lieutenants and forty men, and wounding sixty; notwithstanding which, the remainder still kept their post, and, being joined by Whitaker, advanced and took a redoubt, halfway between the Mole and town, which obliged the Spanish governor to capitulate. The flag of Charles III. was at first hoisted, but soon replaced by that of England. Leaving the Prince of Hesse as governor, Sir George shortly after engaged the French fleet in a drawn battle, and after returning to Gibraltar to refit, and leaving what men and provisions he could spare, sailed home on the 4th of September, leaving eighteen men-of-war at Lisbon, under the command of Sir John Leake, to advance, if needful, to the assistance of the English garrison.

The wisdom of this provision was shortly after rendered apparent, for scarcely had Philip V. heard of the loss of Gibraltar, than the Marquis of Villadarias, a grandee of Spain, received orders to attempt its recovery. Sir John Leake was now summoned to repair to Gibraltar with his forces, but before he could arrive, a fleet of French ships had landed six battalions, which joined the Spanish army. On learning that a superior force was getting ready to attack him, Sir John sailed back for reinforcements which he had prepared at Lisbon, and suddenly returning, captured three frigates and other vessels, and landed 500 sailors with a six months' supply of provisions. Thus baffled, the Spaniards attempted to surprise the place by scaling the back of the rock, but the forlorn hope, who actually made their way to the summit, were driven over the precipice by

the garrison. A body of near 2,000 men were shortly after conveyed from Lisbon on board some transports, convoyed by four frigates, who, perceiving a fleet under English and Dutch colours, and supposing it that of Sir John Leake, when it was in reality that of the Spaniards, would have been captured but for the circumstance of its being a calm, which enabled them, being lighter, to escape by the exertions of their boats. The Spanish general, being also reinforced, made a desperate attack upon the King's lines at the north-west angle of the Rock, into which a body of his troops succeeded in forcing their way, but were so vigorously charged by the garrison as to be compelled to retreat. The English government now sent reinforcements under Sir Thomas Dilkes and Sir John Hardy, to join Sir John Leake, who, with a force thus increased to 28 English, 4 Dutch, and 8 Portuguese men-of-war, captured several of the French vessels, compelled the rest to retreat to Toulon, and so well supplied the garrison, that the French Marshal Tessé, who had superseded Villadarias, thought fit to withdraw his forces, of whom 10,000 were lost during the course of the siege.

Gibraltar was formally but reluctantly ceded to England by the Spanish king, on the 13th July, 1713. Its value appears to have now been very differently estimated both by parliament and the nation, than at the period of its capture, when, after a debate, it was considered a useless acquisition, if not an actual encumbrance, and unworthy of a vote of thanks to admiral Sir George Rooke. Philip the Fifth, on afterwards acceding to the Quadruple Alliance, made it a condition that Gibraltar should be restored to him; and there is little doubt that George the First would have acceded to his wish, had he not feared to awaken the opposition of the house and the country to so unpopular a measure.

In 1720 an attempt was made to surprise the place by the Marquis de Leda, who had assembled a force in the bay with the ostensible purpose of relieving Ceuta, then besieged by the

Moors; and so weak was the garrison at the time, that it might have succeeded but for a timely reinforcement by General Kane, governor of Minorca. The Count de las Torres with 20,000 men invested it again in February, 1727, but as the works had been greatly strengthened by the erection of Willis's batteries and other improvements, and the garrison were kept well supplied with provisions, this siege proved as abortive as the former, and, in the following July, a peace was signed between the two countries. It was at this period that the Spanish lines were first drawn across the isthmus, terminated on the east by Fort St. Barbara, and on the west by Fort St. Philip.

The Spaniards impatiently watched for another opportunity of recovering Gibraltar. England, in the year 1779, was in the midst of her struggle to prevent the independence of North America,—the disastrous surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga had recently taken place, and France had now openly, as she had long in secret, espoused the cause of the revolted colonies. Such a conjunction of circumstances was too favourable to be neglected. Spain accordingly, after offering her mediation between Great Britain and France, and proposing conditions which she knew would be refused by the latter power, made common cause with France in the attempt to humble the enemy of the Bourbons.

The Governor of Gibraltar at this critical period was General George Augustus Elliott, under whom, as Lieutenant-governor, was Lieutenant-General Boyd. The garrison consisted of a corps of 428 artillerymen, under the command of Colonel Godwin, 106 engineers under that of Colonel Green, together with the 12th, 39th, 56th, and 72d regiments, and three Hanoverian brigades, amounting in all to 5,382 men. The intentions of Spain having been long suspected, the garrison had been privately put into a position of defence. But as no overt acts of hostility had yet occurred, General Elliott, on the 19th of June, accompanied by several of his officers, paid a visit of congratulation to the General Mendoza, lately appointed to the

command of the Spanish lines; for up to this period, it should be observed, a friendly intercourse had subsisted between the garrison and their Spanish neighbours, and mutual visits and parties of pleasure were constantly taking place. But on this occasion the Spanish general was evidently in a state of embarrassment, and, on his return to Gibraltar, General Elliott received from Mr. Logie, his Majesty's consul at Tangiers, certain information of the intended rupture. Two days afterwards the communication with Spain was closed by an order from Madrid; and the English residents in San Roque and the neighbouring villages received peremptory orders to depart at a moment's notice. It was not until the 6th of July, however, that a formal announcement was received from England by the garrison, of the actual commencement of hostilities between that country and Spain.

On the 16th of July the port was blockaded by a Spanish squadron, which interrupted most of the boats attempting to come in with provisions, although some contrived to elude all the vigilance of the cruisers and throw in some trifling supplies. At the same time the enemy were seen from the top of the rock forming an extensive camp at San Roque, which every day received reinforcements, soon swelling their numbers to 18,000 men, as well as mounting fresh guns on their lines, and commencing the construction of new and formidable works. The garrison on their part were diligently employed in putting the fortifications into repair, and on the 23d of August was made the first successful experiment with *red-hot shot*, to which Gibraltar afterwards owed its salvation. The Governor now began to open fire upon the Spanish lines, which, however, rapidly advanced by night as well as by day, until they began to assume an appearance truly formidable.

The consequences of the blockade now became every day more and more distressing. Many of the inhabitants had fled to Barbary upon the commencement of hostilities, but there yet

remained the great bulk of the population, upon whom the brunt of privation principally fell. No precaution had been neglected by the Governor to mitigate, if he were unable to prevent, the pressure of distress; the standing orders of the garrison had long required that every inhabitant should be provided with six months' provisions, but the precaution had been generally neglected. All horses, excepting those belonging to field or staff officers, were ordered to be turned out of the place, unless the owners could show 1,000 lbs. of food for each horse; the Governor, to set the example, directing that one of his own horses should be shot. The famine soon became extreme,—the small remaining stock of provisions was sold at exorbitant prices,—the allowance of bread was reduced to such a pittance, that some actually perished from want. To aggravate this calamitous state of things, the Spaniards, having completed their works, now began to throw shot into the unfortunate town.

Months had thus passed without any prospect of relief, and the spirits of the besieged were a prey to the most gloomy forebodings, when one day a brig, which with other vessels seemed to be passing to the eastward of the rock, suddenly changed her course, and, spite of the guns of the enemy, anchoring under the walls of the garrison, displayed the British flag. So unusual was the sight, that almost the whole garrison were assembled at the south of the rock to watch her approach; but what was their joy in finding that she was but the forerunner of a large convoy, then almost on the point of arrival. The distressed inhabitants were frantic with joy, provisions instantly fell two-thirds, and the alarming intelligence received by a deserter, that the Spaniards were preparing to bombard the town, was forgotten in the general transport, which was increased by the glorious news that Admiral Rodney, after capturing some Spanish men-of-war, was on his way with twenty ships of the line, and a large convoy of merchantmen. Every day's news seemed more important than the last, till the flood

of excitement was carried to its height by the arrival, first of some Spanish prizes, next, of the convoy itself, and finally of the Apollo frigate, bearing the intelligence of a complete victory, with the capture of the Spanish admiral, with three of his squadron, by Rodney, whose fleet shortly afterwards made its appearance in the offing.

We must not here omit to record an interesting anecdote of Prince William Henry, afterwards King William IV. His Royal Highness served as a midshipman under Admiral Digby, in the Prince George. The Spanish admiral Langara, then a prisoner to the English, on visiting Admiral Digby, was introduced to his Royal Highness, who retired during the conference, and when it was concluded, reappeared as the midshipman on duty, respectfully informing the Spanish admiral that the boat was manned. "Well does Great Britain merit the empire of the sea," exclaimed the Spaniard, "when the humblest stations in her navy are occupied by princes of the blood!"

There was now for the while a lull in active operations. During the presence of the English squadron the Spanish admiral had strongly fortified himself at Algesiras; but on its departure he issued from his confinement and resumed the blockade. As yet the garrison had succeeded in drawing occasional supplies from Morocco; but Spanish influence now prevailed upon the emperor of that state, not only to discontinue them, but also to expel from his territories the English consul and residents. Although some small supplies were yet thrown into the garrison by light vessels from Majorca, which, stealing along the enemy's coast, and eluding the vigilance of the cruisers, contrived to make the rock about sunset, and work round to the bay under cover of the night, the distress soon became even more severe than that which preceded the arrival of Rodney's fleet.

Rumours of fresh succour had however reached the garrison. "At daybreak, on the 12th of April," says Drinkwater, "the

much-expected fleet, under the command of Admiral Darby, was in sight from our signal-house, but was not discernible from below, being obscured by a thick mist in the Gut. As the sun, however, became more powerful, the fog gradually rose, like the curtain of a vast theatre, discovering to the anxious garrison one of the most beautiful and pleasing scenes it is possible to conceive. The convoy, consisting of near a hundred vessels, were in a compact body, led by several men-of-war: their sails just enough filled for steerage, whilst the majority of the line-of-battle ships lay to under the Barbary shore, having orders not to enter the bay lest the enemy should molest them with their fire-ships. The ecstasies of the inhabitants at this grand and exhilarating sight are not to be described. Their expressions of joy far exceeded their former exultations. But, alas! they little dreamed of the tremendous blow that impended, which was to annihilate their property, and reduce many of them to indigence and beggary."

As the convoy approached the bay, fifteen gun-boats advanced from Algesiras, and forming in regular order under the batteries at Cabrita Point, began a smart cannonade on the nearest ships, seconded by the gun and mortar batteries on the land; but an English line-of-battle ship and two frigates soon obliged them to a precipitate retreat, and enabled the convoy to land their supplies.

The Spaniards had threatened to bombard Gibraltar, if a second time relieved, and no sooner in fact had the van of the convoy come to an anchor off the New Mole and Rosia Bay, than they began to fire upon the town from the entire range of their landworks. A hundred and fourteen pieces of artillery thundered against the fortifications, and showers of shells, falling with murderous crash into the dwellings of the crowded town, spread consternation among the unfortunate inhabitants. A promiscuous crowd of men, women, and children fled in terror to the southward, to get out of range of the shells,

while others took refuge in the bomb-proof casemates, which soon were so choked up, that it became necessary to enforce their removal to the southward, where tents were erected for their accommodation. As the shells burst open the magazines of the spirit merchants, the soldiers, who had become exasperated against them for keeping back their goods in order to enhance their value, gave way to a spirit of revenge and license. Bodies of men, carrying off the spoil, barricaded themselves in their quarters, where scenes of mad inebriation and quarrel took place; and, as an instance of their reckless and vindictive extravagance, a party was seen roasting a pig before a fire of cinnamon. A dangerous spirit of licentiousness and insubordination rapidly gained ground, which was only arrested by a garrison order, that any soldier found drunk or asleep upon his post, or convicted of marauding, should be *immediately* executed. Whilst an unslackening rain of missiles was showered down from the land-batteries, the Spanish gun-boats distressed the craft occupied in landing the stores; which operation being at length effected, the fleet departed to the westward. Next, ranging to the southward of the town, they greatly distressed the neighbourhood of New Mole, South Barracks, and Windmill Hill; some of their shells ranging as high as the Signal station, and even passing over the top of the rock.

The town was by this time reduced to a heap of ruins, the northern part having scarcely a house standing; but the northern batteries, though severely damaged by the tremendous fire directed against them, were as continually repaired by the labours of the garrison. So far, in fact, were the besiegers from profiting by this wanton and cruel destruction of life and property, that the garrison, now accustomed by a bombardment of months to the discharge and effect of heavy artillery, had discovered the weak points of the fortifications, which they had so indefatigably strengthened, that they had never yet been placed in so effectual a state of defence.

The enemy had long been occupied upon the construction of an advanced range of batteries, which now assumed, in spite of the continual fire of the garrison, a tremendous and formidable appearance. At this conjuncture, two deserters came in from the Spanish camp, who gave such private information to General Elliott, as led him to conceive a daring enterprise, which was not disclosed to any one until the very moment selected for its execution. On the evening of the 26th of November, as the gates were shut after first gun-fire, a strong detachment were ordered to assemble on the Redsands, (now the Alameda,) at midnight, armed with fire-faggots and implements to make a sortie upon the enemy's batteries. The officers to be employed upon this hazardous service in the meanwhile were convened, and every particular of the attack arranged with the greatest precision. At midnight the entire military force was assembled, together with a hundred sailors, and distributed into three columns, which marched out as soon as the moon had gone down, to the points of attack respectively assigned to them. They passed under the dark shadow of the rock in the most profound silence; but, spite of all their precautions, the right column was seen approaching by the Spanish sentinels, who, after challenging, fired. Forming his attacking columns, the officer in command pushed on without hesitation, and without the loss of a moment, for the extremity of the parallel, the point assigned him; where, meeting no opposition, the pioneers began to dismantle the works. Another body, in the obscurity of the morning, mistook their way, and found themselves in front of the formidable St. Carlos battery, which they gallantly stormed, while the rest of the works were carried with equal success by the rest of the assailants. The defenders, taken by surprise, fled with the utmost precipitation, and while the attacking corps and reserve formed, in order to cover their operations, the pioneers and artillery men set desperately to work. The batteries were soon prepared for the operation of the

fire-faggots, which, being ignited, involved the whole line of works in one vast column of fire and smoke, which, glaring over the bay, the rock, and the troops, formed a spectacle which transcends all power of description. The Spaniards, although their lines, which mounted 135 guns, were so short a distance in the rear of their advanced works, seemed infected with the panic caused by the fugitives, and made no effort to drive back their English assailants, who, in less than one hour, completed the work of destruction by laying trains to the magazines, which, almost before the troops had regained the rock, blew up with a tremendous explosion. And thus, in a single hour, by this brilliant achievement, were brought to nothing the labours of many weeks.

The Spaniards, for some time totally stupified by this recent disaster, resumed their operations in a very languid manner. Hitherto they had reaped nothing but disgrace; but the Spanish monarch, piqued at this mortifying result, in order to avenge his discomfiture, determined, in concert with the king of France, to bring to the operations of the siege such a force as should render resistance perfectly hopeless. Large bodies of French troops, it was rumoured, were to reinforce the Spaniards already encamped; and the Duke de Crillon, fresh from the conquest of Minorca, was to assume the entire direction of the siege.

The garrison from their lofty citadel watched with the most intense interest the progress of these new and formidable preparations. Fresh regiments were seen continually arriving by land and sea, until the whole shore of the bay appeared like one vast encampment, from the heights of San Roque to the ruins of Carteia. Loud noises were heard by night, arising from thousands of artificers actively engaged in pushing the advanced works still nearer and nearer to the fortress; while the huge ships of the line at Algesiras were evidently being converted into some new and formidable description of batteries. Two French princes of the blood—the Count of Artois and the

Duke of Bourbon arrived at the camp, eager to witness and to share a triumph which all but the besieged themselves now regarded as certain: all eyes were now fixed upon Gibraltar, a crowd of military amateurs hastened thither from distant parts of Europe, and even the Moors from Africa, partaking the general excitement, crossed over to witness the termination of the struggle.

The confidence of the besiegers was only to be equalled by the constancy of the besieged. General Elliott, on seeing the arrival of a flag of truce, before its purport was known, said that he supposed the Duke was arrived, and had sent to summon the garrison to surrender; but he should give him a short answer, No—No—and hoped the gentlemen (addressing himself to the officers present) would all support him. Nothing could exceed the courtesy of the Duke de Crillon. He wrote to Elliott to inform him of the arrival of the French princes, and to express, in their name, their high respect for his character and valour. At the same time he begged his acceptance of a present of fresh fruits and vegetables, as well as ice, game, and other refreshments for the use of his staff; adding, that as he was aware that the Governor lived entirely upon vegetables, he should be happy to know what description he preferred, in order that he might furnish him with a daily supply. The reply of the Governor to the French commander was no less complimentary and courteous; but, while he accepted his presents, he begged him in future to abstain from sending him any more, as he made it a point of honour to partake both of plenty and scarcity in common with the lowest of his brave fellow-soldiers.

The preparations, now verging to a completion, surpassed anything ever witnessed in similar circumstances. But, lest the forces attacking by sea should be destroyed by the batteries of the Rock before they could be brought into action, it became the great object of the besiegers to devise some fireproof vessels, which should be able to maintain their position alongside the

water front of the fortress, in spite of the heaviest fire directed upon them by the garrison. Such was the origin of the famous battering ships contrived by M. D'Arcon, a French engineer, who in their construction seemed to have exhausted all the resources of his art, so that they were considered as being equally *impregnable* and *incombustible*. Ten of these enormous vessels, mounting upwards of 150 guns, were now in a state of completeness in the port of Algesiras. They were first built six or seven feet thick on the larboard side, of green timber, bolted with cork, iron, and raw hides. Their interior was furnished with a bed of wet sand, and in case of their taking fire in spite of these precautions, the engineer had introduced currents of water, which, by means of pumps and numerous tunnels, circulated like the blood in the veins of the human body—says Botta—so that, should any red-hot ball penetrate the vessel and burst open some of these conduits, the water would gush forth instantly and extinguish the flames. It was regarded as an admirable piece of mechanism, that the evil should thus carry its own remedy along with it. The vessels were in addition covered with slanting bomb-proof roofs, from which the balls would roll off harmless into the sea, and which could, by means of machinery, be raised or lowered, or receive a sharper inclination, at pleasure; and, notwithstanding their peculiar and ponderous construction, were masted and rigged so as to sail almost as well as frigates.

The besieged on their part had not been idle. Every portion of the fortifications had been strengthened, new works added to them, a fleet of gun-boats had been prepared, a fresh supply of ammunition thrown into the fortress, and a nephew of General Paoli, with a body of Corsicans, had arrived to offer his services to the Governor. The garrison reposed the most entire confidence in their heroic leader, who awaited the attack with calm determination; and their spirits were raised to the highest pitch by the news of the entire defeat of the French

fleet in the West Indies, by Admiral Rodney, with the capture of the Ville de Paris, and the French admiral the Comte de Grasse. After calmly watching for some time the progress of the Spanish land works, which, since their destruction, had been gradually established in a far more formidable position, the Governor resolved to take the initiative by attacking them; and at the suggestion of Lieutenant-General Boyd, so heavy a cannonade of red-hot shot was opened upon them, that, in a few hours, by far the greater portion a second time was in flames.

Piqued and annoyed by this unexpected insult, the Duke de Crillon was tempted to retaliate before his works were in a state of completeness, and the next day commenced the cannonade with a volley of about sixty shells from the mortar batteries, succeeded by a general discharge of all his cannon, amounting to the then unparalleled number of 170 pieces, heavy calibre; while nine line-of-battle ships threw in their broadsides as they sailed along the sea front, an attack which was repeated again on the following day. "It seemed," says Drinkwater, "as if they hoped to confound and overwhelm us by presenting destruction to us under such various forms, and by the enormous quantity of fire which they poured in upon the garrison." While the besieged were exposed to this tremendous cannonade, a cloud of sail was seen approaching from the westward, which proved to be the combined fleets of France and Spain. "This great accumulation of force could not fail to surprise, if not alarm the garrison. It appeared as if the enemy meant, previous to their final efforts, to strike, if possible, a terror through their opponents, by displaying before us a more powerful armament than had probably ever been brought against any fortress. Forty-seven sail of the line, including 3 inferior two-deckers, 10 battering-ships, deemed perfect in design, and esteemed invincible, carrying 212 guns; innumerable frigates, xebeques, bomb-ketches, cutters, gun and mortar boats, and smaller craft for disembarking men; these were

assembled in the bay. On the land side were most stupendous and strong batteries and works, mounting 200 pieces of heavy ordnance, and protected by an army of near 40,000 men, commanded by a victorious and active general of the highest reputation, and animated with the immediate presence of two princes of the royal blood of France, with other dignified personages, and many of their own nobility. Such a naval and military spectacle most certainly is not to be equalled in the annals of war. From such a combination of power, and favourable concurrent circumstances, it was natural enough that the Spanish nation should anticipate the most glorious consequences. Indeed their confidence in the effect to be produced by the battering ships passed all bounds, and in the enthusiam excited by the magnitude of their preparations, it was thought highly criminal, as we afterwards learned, even to whisper a doubt of success."

At length, on the morning of the 13th of September, the grand and decisive attack commenced. The ten battering-ships bore down in admirable order to their several stations, the admiral, in a two-decker, mooring about nine hundred yards off the King's Bastion; the others successively taking their places in a masterly manner, the most distant being 1,100 or 1,200 yards from the garrison. Along the walls, the grates and furnaces for heating shot had been lighted, and, from the instant that the ships dropped into position, a constant fire of red-hot balls was directed upon them from the garrison. "The enemy," continues Drinkwater, "were completely moored in a little more than ten minutes, and their cannonade then became in a high degree tremendous. The showers of shot and shells which were now directed from their land-batteries, the battering-ships, and, on the other hand, from the various works of the garrison, exhibited a scene of which perhaps neither the pen nor the pencil can furnish a competent idea. It is sufficient to say that upwards of *four hundred pieces*

of the heaviest artillery were playing at the same moment: an instance which has scarcely occurred in any siege since the invention of those wonderful engines of destruction."

"After some hours' cannonade, the battering-ships were found to be no less formidable than they had been represented. Our heaviest shells often rebounded from their tops, whilst the 32-pound shot seemed incapable of making any visible impression upon their hulls. Frequently we flattered ourselves they were on fire; but no sooner did any smoke appear than, with the most persevering intrepidity, men were observed applying water from their engines within, to those places whence the smoke issued. Though vexatiously annoyed from the isthmus, our artillery directed their sole attention to the battering-ships, the furious and spirited opposition of which served to excite our people to more animated exertions. A fire more tremendous, if possible, than ever, was therefore directed from the garrison. Incessant showers of hot balls, carcasses, and shells of every species flew from all quarters; yet, for some hours, the attack and defence were so equally well supported, as scarcely to admit any appearance of superiority in the cannonade on either side. The wonderful construction of the ships seemed to bid defiance to the powers of the heaviest ordnance. In the afternoon, however, the face of things began to change considerably: the smoke, which had been observed to issue from the upper part of the flag-ship, appeared to prevail, notwithstanding the constant application of water, and the admiral's second was perceived to be in the same condition."

"As night came on," to quote the nervous language of the historian, Botta, "the flames regained the ascendant. The confusion which reigned on board of these vessels, soon communicated itself to the whole line. The fire of the battering-ships gradually slackened; that of the garrison, on the contrary, seemed to become more animated and tremen-

dous. It was kept up during the entire night. At one in the morning the two ships were entirely a prey to the flames. It was not long before the others alike caught fire, either from the operation of the red-hot balls, or, as the Spaniards pretended, because they set them on fire themselves, when they had lost all hope of saving them. It was then that trouble and despair broke out in all its violence. Every moment the Spaniards made signals of distress, and fired off rockets to implore assistance. All their boats were immediately sent off, and surrounded the floating gun-ships, in order to save their crews—an operation executed with extreme intrepidity, in spite of perils of every sort. Not only was it necessary to brave the artillery of the besieged, but also to expose oneself to almost inevitable combustion in approaching the burning vessels. Never, perhaps, did a spectable more horrible—more deplorable — present itself to the eyes of men. The profound darkness that covered the distant earth and sea, relieved, with a frightful clearness, the fire which devoured such numerous victims, whose shrieks were distinctly heard by the garrison between the intervals of their cannonade."

"A fresh incident arose to interrupt the succour carried to them, and to redouble the terror and confusion. Captain Curtis, a sailor as daring as he was skilful, suddenly advanced with his gun-boats, which had been constructed to confront those of the Spaniards, and carried in front an eighteen or twenty-four pounder. Their fire at water level rendered them exceedingly formidable, and they were disposed by Captain Curtis so as to take the line of floating batteries in flank. From this moment the position of the Spaniards became horribly critical—the boats no longer dared to approach them, but were constrained to abandon those enormous machines, so lately the object of their admiration, to the flames, and their companions in arms to the mercy of an enraged enemy. Several of them were seen to founder, others only escaped

by forced rowing; a few sought shelter by the land during the night, but on the appearance of daylight were captured by the English."

"Then might be witnessed, in all its horrors, the scene of which a portion had hitherto remained concealed. In the midst of the flames appeared the unhappy wretches, who with loud shrieks implored compassion, or precipitated themselves into the waves. Some, on the point of drowning, clung with weakened grasp to the sides of the burning vessels, often floating at hazard on fragments they chanced to encounter, and, in the agony of desperation, convulsingly implored the compassion of their very victors."

"Touched at this deplorable spectable, the English listened to humanity alone, and ceased their fire to occupy themselves solely with the rescue of their enemies; a proceeding, the more generous on their part, as they thereby exposed themselves to the most imminent hazard. Captain Curtis, in particular, covered himself with glory, in prodigally risking his own life to save that of his fellow-creatures. He daringly advanced with his boats up to the blazing vessels, to rescue the wretches on the point of falling a prey to the fire or the waves. He was seen himself, clambering on board the battering-ships, to help down, with his own hands, the Spaniards, who loaded him with blessings. Destruction, nevertheless, hovered incessantly around him,—sometimes the guns, heated by the conflagration, discharged their balls in all directions; at others, the fire, communicating with the powder, blew the ships themselves to atoms. Some of his own men were killed and wounded in this honourable enterprise; and he narrowly escaped from partaking the fate of a ship, which blew up at the moment when he was about to board her. More than four hundred of the allied troops were rescued by this intrepid sailor from inevitable death." It was in allusion to these efforts, that a French officer, an eye-witness of the scene,

while repudiating alike "that Anglomania which exaggerates the merits of the British nation, and that national hatred that obscures them," asserts it to be "a grateful satisfaction on his part to offer to the English—saviours of the unhappy wretches left on board the battering-ships—that tribute of praise deserved by their courage and humanity;" while he declares that "Spain and France ought ever to show themselves grateful for so unparalleled an act of generosity."

The greater part of the battering-ships were either blown up or burnt. The Spanish Admiral Moreno quitted the flag-ship, "The Pastora," a little before midnight, as did M. D'Arcon the "Tailla Piedra," on board of which he had embarked to witness the triumph of his contrivances. The "King's Bastion" will always be celebrated in the annals of Gibraltar as the spot where General Elliott stood during the hottest of the enemy's fire. It had been founded by General Boyd, (who took up his own post on the south Bastion,) in 1773, who, on laying the first stone, "expressed his desire that he might live to see it resist the united efforts of France and Spain. He did so—and, moreover, now lies buried in the southern angle of the Bastion, where the traveller will not fail to notice his tomb. The enemy's loss was estimated at not less than 2,000 men, while that of the garrison was extremely trifling, being in inverse proportion to the respective artillery; the enemy having in play 328 pieces of heavy ordnance, whilst the garrison had only 80 cannon, and a few mortars and howitzers.

The chiefs of the enemy reproached each other, not without reason, for several grave faults which tended seriously to compromise the success of their efforts. The battering-ships, it was alleged by M. D'Arcon, had been precipitately brought into action, before their internal arrangements for resisting the effect of the red-hot balls were completed. Neither, it was said, did these formidable machines occupy the position at first intended, off the Old Mole; but were injudiciously spread

over the entire space between that and the New—thus weakening the effect of their fire, and exposing themselves in detail to that of the enemy. The wind and swell also prevented the Spanish gun-boats from co-operating to any extent in the attack, as was also, indeed, the case with those of the English, until after the termination of the attack. However this may have been, never was a more glorious defensive victory known in the annals of warfare; and though the enemy still from time to time kept up their fire, they seem to have relinquished henceforth the hope of taking the Rock by force, trusting to a continuance of the blockade as the only means of reducing it.

Meanwhile the most intense anxiety as to the fate of Gibraltar prevailed in England, and Admiral Lord Howe had set sail from Portsmouth, with a convoy containing fresh troops and provisions, and a fleet of thirty-four ships of the line. Relieved of all apprehension by the news of Elliott's victory, which he learned off the coast of Portugal, he directed his flotilla towards the mouth of the straits. It was now the great object of the enemy to prevent him from throwing succours into the place; but, instead of going forth to meet him with a superior force, they determined to await his arrival in the bay itself, where an engagement appeared inevitable. Before his arrival a severe hurricane had occasioned considerable damage to the combined fleet, one of which, the St. Michael, of 72 guns, was driven ashore and captured by the garrison. Shortly after, the fleet of Lord Howe was seen approaching in order of battle, together with the convoy under its protection, which was swept by the current to the eastward, with the exception of three or four transports, which succeeded in making the Rock. No opposition was offered in time to the passage of the English fleet and convoy; but, as they worked their way back to Gibraltar with an easterly wind, the combined fleet bore down to intercept them, and for two or three days the two fleets were seen from the garrison manœuvring in different directions,

while the transports by degrees contrived to attain their destination. This operation being effected, the English admiral, favoured by an easterly wind, set sail, the combined fleet following on his traces. Disagreeable as it might be to the feelings of the garrison, excited to the highest pitch to witness a British fleet retiring before that of an enemy, they could not but feel, that having successfully accomplished his mission, it would have been highly imprudent, in a space so confined, and close upon an enemy's coast, to have risked a decisive action against a force so far superior to his own.

Henceforth the operations of the besiegers and besieged were but desultory, until, on the 2d of February, the Duke de Crillon informed the Governor that the preliminaries of a general peace had been signed between England, France, and Spain. When the boats bearing the intelligence came in, the Spaniards rose up with transport, exclaiming, "We are all friends!" Nor was the satisfaction of the garrison less lively at the conclusion of a tedious siege, which, gloriously as it had terminated for them, had interrupted the amicable relations between themselves and their Spanish neighbours. Visits and presents were shortly afterwards exchanged between the two commanders; General Elliott dining with the Duke de Crillon at San Roque, and the Duke, shortly after, returning the visit at Gibraltar.

He was saluted with a discharge of seventeen guns, and, as he entered the walls, the soldiers received him with a loud huzza, with which he was at first confused, until, learning the reason, he seemed highly pleased with the good old English custom. The ruinous appearance of the town attracted much of his observation. When the officers of the garrison were introduced to him at the convent he particularly noticed those of the artillery, observing in the most flattering manner, "Gentlemen, I would much rather see you here as friends, than on your batteries as enemies, where," added he, "you

never spared me." He next visited the northern works, at which he expressed his astonishment, and remarked, as he passed the "Devil's Tongue," that it was against *that* point he should have directed all his efforts, had he not been overruled: after dinner, when he paid many compliments to the Governor and garrison, he passed through the camp to Europa, and was everywhere received with three cheers, taking his departure in the evening with the same honours that he had received on his arrival. Soon afterwards he returned to Madrid.

On the 23d of April, being St. George's day, the "King's Bastion" became the scene of a most impressive ceremony. His Majesty having been pleased to confer upon the Governor the most honourable order of the Bath, and signified his pleasure that Lieutenant-General Boyd should act as His Majesty's representative in investing General Elliott with the insignia of the order, the troops being previously assembled upon the Red Sands, his Excellency, after officially communicating to them the unanimous acknowledgment of their heroic efforts, made by both Houses of Parliament, addressed to them a speech, in which he reminded them that "no army had ever been rewarded by higher national honours, or by more great, universal, and spontaneous rejoicings throughout the kingdom, at the news of their success; and that "the nations of Europe and their late antagonists were struck with admiration of their gallant behaviour. Forgive me, faithful companions," he concluded, "if I humbly crave your acceptance of my grateful acknowledgements. I only presume to ask this favour as having been a constant witness of your cheerful submission to the greatest hardships, your matchless spirit and exertions, and on all occasions your heroic contempt of every danger." A grand *feu-de-joie* was then fired, and three British cheers closed the introductory ceremony, after which the commander-in-chief withdrew. An imposing military procession now moved slowly to the King's Bastion, upon the ramparts of which a colonnade

had been erected. "When the procession arrived, the general and field officers placed themselves on each side of the throne. The commissioner desired his secretary to read the commission: which being done, he addressed the knight elect in a short complimentary speech, taking the riband at the conclusion, and placing it over the shoulder of the Governor, who was no sooner invested than the music struck up 'God save the King.' The grenadiers fired a volley, and a grand discharge of 160 pieces of cannon took place from the entire sea-line. The procession then passed forward through the colonnade, and returned in the same order. The officers and privates were liberally supplied with meat and wine, and the generals, with their suites, and the field officers, dined at the convent. In the evening the colonnade was illuminated: and Sir George Augustus Elliott, with the Lieutenant-governor and principal officers, assembling at the King's Bastion about nine o'clock, there was a display of fire-works from the North and South Bastions, and the Spanish church; and thus," says Drinkwater, "in festivity and with honour, ended the labours of the garrison of Gibraltar, who, during a period of three years, seven months, and twelve days, (that is, from the commencement of the blockade to the cessation of arms,) had experienced a continued series of watchfulness and fatigue, the horrors of famine, and every harassing and vexatious mode of attack which a powerful, obstinate, and revengeful enemy could devise."

The accompanying view of the King's Bastion is taken close to the tomb of General Boyd, and displays the line of walls extending northward to the Old Mole, or "Devil's Tongue," which is seen projecting into the bay. It was along this portion of the walls that the greatest injury was inflicted by the battering-ships, and from which the hottest fire was kept up against them. This part of the town, having been completely destroyed by the bombardment, has since been rebuilt, and, unfortunately, on the same confined plan. The Moorish

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castle is seen rising above it, with the path to the Signal station. The entire sea-line of batteries has been greatly strengthened since the siege, and is further defended by a reef, part of which appears in the view, which is being studiously enlarged for the purpose of preventing the near approach of ships.

Since this period Gibraltar has remained in the quiet possession of England. Among its governors were the well-known Generals Braddock and Cornwallis. The only incident that requires mention is the mutiny under the governorship of the Duke of Kent, the father of her present Majesty, Queen Victoria; and as this transaction has been much misunderstood, the reader will not be sorry to have a few words of explanation, extracted from Neale's recent Life.

Edward, the fourth and not the *favourite* son of George III., having chosen a military career, was injudiciously sent to learn his profession in the obscure town of Luneburg in Hanover, where he imbibed a love of the "pipe-clay pedantry" observed in the German army. Hence he was sent to Geneva, where, his allowance being totally inadequate to the decent maintenance of his rank, he soon fell into debt, and returned to England to obtain an interview on the subject with his royal father, from whom, after a few days' stay, he received an order to repair, in twenty-four hours, to Gibraltar, where he received the appointment of colonel of the 7th Fusileers. Notwithstanding that his German rigour of discipline rendered him somewhat unpopular with the common soldiers, he appears to have been universally respected and beloved by the officers, who, on his departure with his regiment to the West Indies, displayed their respect by giving him a handsome fête.

After distinguishing himself by his undaunted bravery, for which he received a vote of thanks from Parliament, he was transferred to Nova Scotia, and in 1799 was appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America; whence he was compelled to return in consequence of the

injury received by a fall from his horse, but not before he had won golden opinions of the entire province, alike as a soldier and a man.

Soon after his return he received the appointment of Governor of Gibraltar, under circumstances which require to be distinctly explained. The garrison had become notorious for its drunkenness, insubordination, and brutality: some regiments, fresh from India, and flush of money, were led into excess by the great number of wine-shops allowed in the place; and the laxity of those in power is somewhat explained by the fact, that the duties levied upon these haunts of debauchery constituted a great portion of the emoluments of the governors. The appointment was offered to, not sought by, the Duke, to whom the Premier in his first interview observed, 'This state of things cannot be permitted to endure; it must be put down, and your Royal Highness is the man to do it. You may firmly rely upon the fullest measure of support from the cabinet.'" In addition to this—the instructions of the Duke of York, the commander-in-chief, earnestly enforced the necessity of "establishing a due degree of discipline among the troops," and particularly of "*exacting* the most minute attention to all his Majesty's regulations for disciplining, arming, clothing, and appointing of the army, from all of which not the most trifling deviation can be allowed." To encourage the Duke of Kent, he moreover was assured, that the second in command was devoted to the carrying out his views, and that, in addition, any losses he might sustain by the abridgement of the facilities to drink, would amply be made up to him by Government, a promise, by the way, which was never fulfilled.

Furnished with instructions thus positive, and assurances of support thus unlimited, the new Governor repaired to his post. The very first parade exhibited sad symptoms of unsteadiness in the gait, and slovenliness in the dress, both

of the men and their officers;—multitudes of the former were constantly seen drunk in the streets, and perpetrating the most atrocious outrages, while discipline had become a bye-word. The first step of the Duke was to cut down the number of the wine-houses nearly one half; and, to obviate the attendance of the soldiers at these haunts, he established a regimental canteen, under the strictest regulations. Drunkenness being thus checked, the next thing was to restore discipline. Proper periods for drill and exercise, according to George the Third's regulations, were rigorously appointed and enforced. It was not to be expected, of course, that habits of license and neglect thus rooted, in which officers as well as soldiers were alike involved, could be eradicated without exciting a spirit of murmuring and discontent. The second in command looked coldly on, while many of the officers, whose negligence stood rebuked, or whose habits of indulgence were interfered with, instead of co-operating in the work of reformation, soon gave vent to their disgusts, thus inflaming, if not exciting, the passions of their inferiors; while the parties deprived of their licenses were active in fomenting the exasperation. The feelings of a debauched, misguided soldiery, may be judged of by the "complaint of an old Chelsea pensioner to Mr. Neale." "The Duke of Kent—I recollect him right well. *He was a very bad man. He would not let us drink.* And, Sir, few of his officers stood by him, very, very few—about the wine-houses particularly. In that matter he stood alone, Sir, almost, if not altogether alone. To be sure, 'twas surprising how the deaths in the garrison diminished after many of them wine-shops was shut up. Perhaps the Duke meant us well; but about parades and wine-shops, his notions were most cussedly onaccountable." To get rid of so troublesome a reformer soon became the object of a mutiny, in which there is reason to suspect, several officers of high standing were secretly implicated.

The want of concert among the mutineers, and the firmness of a portion of the garrison, caused the scheme to prove abortive. The ringleaders were seized and brought to trial, and ten condemned to death, of whom only three were subsequently executed. The object of the mutiny, it was afterwards said, was to force his royal highness on board ship, and compel him to leave the garrison; but there is reason to fear that, if the outbreak had been successful, his life might have fallen a sacrifice to an infuriated soldiery.

After all, the mutiny appears to have been but partial, and in less than three months, the crisis being over, order had regained the ascendant; the troops were falling into habits of sobriety; and, in short, the object which on leaving England had been so urgently pressed upon the attention of the Duke, had now been successfully accomplished. He had striven single-handed, and in the midst of general obloquy, against a host of difficulties, and overcome them; what then was his astonishment and chagrin, to receive from England a summons to surrender his post, and return home to explain his conduct—rendered the more galling by his being bidden to resign to his second in command, (whose removal he had felt bound to require,) until the arrival of Sir Thomas Triggs as his lieutenant. In justice to himself, however, he determined to remain till the new Governor made his appearance, to whom he handed over the fort and garrison in a state very different indeed to that in which he had himself received it.

On returning to England, the Duke's first care was to address himself to his brother, the commander-in-chief, earnestly demanding that a court-martial might be held upon his conduct. His request was refused, and neither on this nor any other occasion was he successful in obtaining redress or explanation. The inhabitants of Gibraltar, whom the Duke had delivered from the license of a drunken soldiery, showed *their* sense of his conduct, by voting the sum of a thousand guineas to purchase

some memento of their attachment to his person, and of their perfect approbation of his conduct; while his "military code of instructions for the garrison of Gibraltar" was approved as "an enlightened and excellent system," by no less an authority than that of the adjutant-general of the commander-in-chief himself. But even had the system thus adopted, or the manner in which it was carried out, been injudicious and irritating, which there is not a tittle of evidence to prove, it was certainly not for that Government which had issued instructions so stringent, to quarrel with their firm and uncompromising execution; especially when the end in view was so speedily and thoroughly attained. Other causes, no doubt, either personal or political, were at the bottom of the business; nor can we be surprised that, to the end of his life, the very mention of Gibraltar should have awakened a train of galling and bitter reflections in the mind of this ill-used and calumniated prince. Should this statement still leave upon the mind an impression that the Duke was after all a *little grain* too harsh, the urgency of the circumstances must be considered; while it should be observed, on the other hand, that never was there a man more affable in manners, or more deeply interested in promoting the *real* comfort and well-being of those under his command. To use the words of the grumbling old pensioner already quoted from: "And yet there wor' a deal o' kindness about the Duke too. He never forgot the sick soldier; went to the hospital, saw that justice was done to the poor fellows there, and would listen patiently to any request a poor devil had to make. But for a soldier, mark you, for a soldier, he wor—he certainly wor, too temperate. That's gospel truth, and I'll die in it." Gospel truth it was, no doubt, at *that* time of day, both to officers and men, and it is a faith not entirely extinct at Gibraltar even at the present hour. But by this time the reader must be impatient to get ashore with his budget of topography and history; so let him suppose himself rowing from his steamer towards the landing.

The Landing place, Gibraltar.

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way through the crowd into the town. We are arrested as we pass, by a functionary who inquires our name and country; but the magic words "English subjects" are our "Open Sesame," saving us all trouble either as regards our persons or effects, both being suffered to pass without further question or examination. We push over the crowded drawbridge, and through the deep gateway penetrating the outward wall, guarded by red-coated sentinels; enter the Market-place, which occupies an open space between the first and second line of defences, and through which passes the only road from the town into the Spanish lines, being in consequence generally crowded with passengers, from the aristocratic officer, on his well-groomed steed, down to the smuggler from the neighbouring mountains. On this bustling spot, during the morning hours, are to be seen congregated together the different characters and costumes which confer so cosmopolitan an appearance upon Gibraltar. Here, the sole place where such a spectacle is to be witnessed, are found those old hereditary enemies, the Spaniard and the Moor, engaged side by side in the peaceable pursuits of traffic. The appearance of both is sufficiently remarkable to arrest the attention of the passenger. The Spanish peasant is sinewy in frame, swarthy of complexion, and somewhat haughty and independent in his mien and bearing. His agile figure is well set off by his picturesque costume: his well-made limbs are encased in velvet breeches, and leggings of embroidered leather; his waist tightly girt round with a broad crimson sash, in the folds of which lurks the dangerous *navaja*, or knife, in the use of which he is so expert—the ready and fatal arbiter of every sudden quarrel; his robust shoulders are well displayed by a close-fitting jacket; his brown and sinewy throat is bare and olive-coloured, and his whiskered face surmounted by a black hat of somewhat conical form. He rides a powerful mule, adorned with crimson-coloured trappings, and by his side are slung his saddlebags and carbine.

The Moor is a magnificent fellow, massive of frame, noble of port, and his costume is well adapted to set off his physical advantages. The graceful turban, now almost discarded in Constantinople and Cairo, overshadows his oval and often strikingly handsome countenance; his garments are loose and flowing, varying according to his rank; the common market men, who bring over from Barbary, dates, fowls and eggs, wearing a plain striped robe of rough material, while the better class of traders are more richly and tastefully attired, in vests and loose trowsers of crimson cloth, and long-sleeved blue jackets, their legs naked and their feet in yellow slippers, and their personal cleanliness most scrupulous. But it is the quiet nobility of his mien which marks out the Moor as so superior to his old enemy the Spaniard, and to the mixed multitude by which he is surrounded. He may be seen in every part of Gibraltar,—in the market, the streets and the Alameda,—and always with the same statuesque dignity, and the same imperturbable gravity of demeanour. But these are not the only characters of the market-place, for here may be seen the Spanish lady, her black silk mantilla drawn gracefully over her head, and in her hand the invariable fan, with which she is skilled to express every phase of the tender passion, although both of them are here less gracefully worn and wielded than in Cadiz or Seville. The women of inferior rank are arrayed in a curious vermilion cloak, with broad black edgings. Besides these are Jews, and "scorpions," the so-called native of the Rock, red-coated English soldiers and their wives, with all the mongrel population of a town which is peopled by stragglers and refugees from Patagonia to Poland. The market itself is excellently supplied with poultry, eggs, and beef from Barbary, abundance of fine fish from the adjacent waters, and fruits and vegetables from the neighbouring parts of Spain.

Another wall, and an open esplanade surrounded with barracks, and overhung by the rock, separates the market-place from the

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streets of the town, which is but of limited extent, consisting of two or three long streets running parallel to the sea-wall and bastions, and a number of lanes intersecting them at right angles, and carried steeply up the side of the precipitous hill by flights of rugged steps, denominated "Ramps." Toilsomely clambering to the top of these flagitious staircases, we find still narrower lanes parallel to those below, resting on the bare hill-side, but the houses having a fine look out, and being often half buried in shrubbery and creepers, and peeping down upon the confused beehive below. Crouching thus, as it does, at the foot of the hot and arid rock, with its streets and alleys closely jammed together for want of room to expand, the town of Gibraltar is in summer excessively close and oppressive, and at no time can it be, we should imagine, an agreeable place of residence; for not only are its habitations confusedly huddled together, but for the most part exceedingly ill-built and unsuitable to the climate. The rent of these uncomfortable habitations is also enormously dear; with one or two exceptions (the Club House and Griffiths's) the hotels are scarcely tolerable, and hardly a single decent lodging is to be obtained in the place.

In whichever direction we perambulate the town and its precincts, the words "Officers' Quarters" seem to salute us upon the door of every tolerable habitation. Gibraltar, in short, merits far more than Valetta the appellation of a "military hothouse." Everywhere we feel that we are in a confined and crowded garrison town; parties relieving guard encounter us at every corner—the narrow streets resound with the thrilling drum and fife of the patrol; if we sally up the rock, sentinels step out and demand our permit; all sketching, except by especial permission, is strictly prohibited; every stranger is required to give a good account of himself, and to find some respectable person as a surety for him; the gates are inexorably closed after a certain hour; in short, everything betokens a vigilance that knows no pause, and a watchfulness

above surprise,—an extreme of discipline which, necessary as it may be, sometimes appears not a little ridiculous to the eye of a stranger.

The public buildings of Gibraltar may be despatched in a few words. There is not (save the old Moorish castle, which shall be noticed presently) a single edifice of the slightest pretensions to architectural beauty or antiquarian interest. But for the sentinel at the door, one might pass the governor's palace without ever suspecting it. It is, in fact, nothing but an old Spanish convent, more spacious than externally appears, and possessing a good garden, which, by the taste and labours of its successive tenants, has been rendered a little oasis, full of verdure and beauty. The principal church is a vulgar attempt to imitate Moorish architecture; an utter and deplorable failure. But as soon as we pass through this stuffed up, uninteresting town, and issue out at its southern gate, the contrast is positively magical. We are at once upon the Alameda—perhaps the most beautiful, but at all events the most singular public promenade within the confines of Europe, or perhaps in the whole world. An open space, extending from the sea-wall to the base of the almost perpendicular rock, formerly called the "Red Sands," has been levelled, serving as a ground for parading and exercising the troops; a walk, well shaded, runs round three sides of it; and on the other, or southern extremity, begins an ornamental garden, with intricate winding walks carried ingeniously, as far as practicable, up the face of the mountain, and furnished with alcoves and seats planted in the most shady and inviting nooks. Let the reader fancy himself reposing in one of these, and he will behold the bare and rugged precipices of the rock towering to a height of a thousand feet over his head, while around him is a perfect paradise of semi-tropical vegetation, a miniature Brazilian forest; huge clusters of aloes and enormous cactuses, thickets of odoriferous geraniums of every dye,

orange-trees, bearing at once the white blossom with the clustering fruit, grey rustling olives, matted together by flowers and minute creepers, starting from between the fissures of the crags. Below is the broad esplanade, upon which some regiment is exercising, or the military band sending forth its animated strains. In the assembled crowd, the white turban and crimson robe of the Moor, looking on with quiet interest, contrasts with the familiar costume of the English mammas and nurses, with their rosy charge; beyond is the broad blue bay studded with shipping—the opposite mountains of Spain, —while across the strait appear the more distant and solemn ranges of Africa, extending to Tangier and the dimly seen Atlantic Ocean. Certainly the Alameda of Gibraltar more than atones for the unavoidable deficiencies of the town.

Almost the first thing a stranger does, is to climb to the top of the rock which he sees everywhere towering above his head. This, if he is a good pedestrian, he may perform on foot, though on a hot day a pony is more advisable. The path ascending steeply, soon passes the exterior walls of the Moorish castle, and brings us up to the north-west angle of the rock; then, by long and fatiguing zigzags, ascends up the stony face of the mountain, which becomes more stony and rugged the nearer we get to the Signal station. A little before reaching the Signal, we were struck by a sublime fellow of an eagle, perched upon one of the topmost crags, so large, that we at first mistook him for a shepherd boy in charge of some goats. A similar mistake is narrated by Drinkwater, in his account of the siege. On the evening before the memorable destruction of the battering-ships, "some soldiers in the town were attentively viewing the enemy's fleet, alleging, amongst other reasons for their arrival, that the British fleet must undoubtedly be in pursuit. On a sudden, a general huzza was given, and all, to a man, cried out the British admiral was certainly in their rear, as a flag for a

fleet was hoisted upon one signal house pole. For some moments the flattering idea was indulged, but our hopes were soon damped by the sudden disappearance of the signal. We were afterwards informed by the guard at that post, that what our creative fancies had imagined to be a flag, was an *eagle*, which after several evolutions had perched a few minutes on the westernmost pole, and then flew away towards the east. Though less superstitious than the ancient Romans, many could not help fancying it a favourable omen to the garrison, and the event of the succeeding day justified the prognostication." The little group of buildings at the Signal is perched upon the extreme summit and surrounded by a parapet wall, from which the eye plunges nervously down some thirteen hundred feet into the sea below, and expatiates with a feeling of bird-like freedom over a boundless horizon of land and sea.

Somehow or other one is always sure to be faint and hungry on getting to a place like this—what with the clamber and the sea air; and surely never was there a nicer little nook in which to repose awhile and recruit one's strength, than is the habitation of the sergeant—hardly twenty feet square, but the very picture of English tidiness and comfort. There is a place for everything, and everything is in its place; the sofa is most inviting to a wearied pedestrian, and at the tinkle of a hand-bell upon the table, the smiling hostess will produce a thoroughly English luncheon of bread, cheese, and butter, to be washed down with foaming bottled ale, and secured with a fillip of mountain dew, which will recruit the flagging strength of the visitor, and enable him to sustain the excitement of sight-seeing and the fatigue of rambling. This ceremony being duly performed, let him issue forth and leisurely survey the details of the magnificent scene around.

Verbal pictures of scenery are in general so unintelligible, that we prefer to stick to the surer plan of describing the

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View from the Signal Station.

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the distance, and directly across the strait, are the opposite fortress of Ceuta, and the corresponding pillar of Hercules—called Mons Abyla, or, vulgarly, "Apes' Hill"—with the range of mountains extending from Tetuan to Tangier.

The Signal station was the scene of the most desperate enterprise in the whole annals of Gibraltar, to which we have already briefly alluded in the introduction. It occurred in 1704, while the British had possession of the Rock, and during the siege. "The Spaniards," says Drinkwater, "still entertained hopes of taking the fortress; and supposing the troops would be less on their guard while the fleet was in the bay, they formed the desperate scheme of surprising the garrison, though the British admiral was before the town. The 31st of October, 500 volunteers took the sacrament, never to return till they had taken Gibraltar. This forlorn party was conducted by a goat-herd to the south side of the Rock, near the Cave-guard (at that time called the Pass of Locust-trees). They mounted the Rock, and lodged themselves unperceived the first night in St. Michael's cave; the succeeding night they scaled Charles the Fifth's wall; surprised and put to death the guard at the Signal-house and at Middle-hill, where afterwards, by ropes and ladders, they got up several hundreds of the party who had been ordered to sustain them; but being discovered, a strong detachment of grenadiers marched up immediately from the town, and attacked them with such spirit, that 160 of them were killed, or driven over the precipice, and a colonel and thirty officers, with the remainder, taken prisoners. These brave, but unfortunate adventurers, were to have been supported by a body of French troops, and some feints were to have been made to engage the attention of the garrison; but the commanding officers disagreeing, they were left to their fortune."

Looking down these dizzy precipices, which besides their natural inaccessibility have, since this incident, been carefully

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which (beyond what could be embraced in the sketch) extends all around the bay to Algesiras and the mouth of the straits. The little cove, with a few houses, crouching at the opposite foot of the precipice, which seems as if it might easily be crushed into powder by detaching some of the huge masses that overhang it, is Catalan Bay, a nest of fishermen and smugglers, to which the only access is by a road carried round the north-east angle of the rock.

Leaving the Signal tower we pursued a pathway running not far beneath the top of the Rock, which in about five minutes' walk conducts to O'Hara's Tower, being the southernmost of the three peaks of the Rock. About midway is a yawning cavern, opening into the bowels of the mountain—the far-famed St. Michael's Cave, well known to the ancients. Having taken the precaution of bringing a guide with blue lights from the Signal station, we descended the slippery pathway between lofty pillars of stalactite, depending from the roof above into the gloomy penetralia of the interior; and, carefully avoiding a profound pit upon our left, found ourselves in a darkness visible, and in a silence so deep and still, that the droppings of the water which percolates through the roof above were distinctly heard plashing at intervals upon the rocks beneath. Our guide lighted a pile of brush, which, as it blazed up, dimly disclosed to us a lofty vault-shaped dome, supported as it were on pillars of milk-white stalactite, assuming the appearance of the trunks of palm-trees, and a variety of fantastic foliage, some stretching down to the very flooring of the cavern, others resting midway on rocky ledges and huge masses of congelation, springing from the floor, like the vestibule of some palace of the genii. At a given signal the blue lights were now kindled, when the whole scene, which had been but imperfectly illuminated, flashed into sudden splendour,—hundreds of pendulous stalactites before invisible started into view,—the lofty columns, with their delicate and beautiful formation, glittered like silver, and seemed

raised and enchased by the wand of enchantment. But this glimpse of the splendours of the cavern was, alas, but momentary; for our lights speedily burning down, we were compelled to retreat before we were involved in dangerous darkness. I have mentioned a gloomy yawning fissure—to this, while groping our way out, we contrived to give as wide a berth as possible. It is the pathway, half beautiful, half horrible, into unfathomable depths below. "While our eyes were endeavouring to penetrate a little further into its mysteries," says a traveller, from whom we quote the incident, "I suddenly flung my torch into it. The effect was beautiful: the torch blazed brightly as it fell, making for itself a sort of halo of glittering gems, as it lighted the walls of the gulf—momentary but beautiful. We tried this with all the torches it was safe to spare, for we were far from daylight, and then tossed fragments of rock and crystals, which echoed far in the depths, and fell we knew not where. It is supposed that the whole rock is galleried in this way. Explorations have been attempted, and two soldiers once undertook to descend this very gulf. One only returned, however; his comrade had disappeared for ever." This chasm bears, moreover, somewhat of a sinister character, and it has been supposed that more than one unfortunate has met with foul play, being enticed within the cave by some assassin, and after being plundered, pushed into this horrible gulf, as a place that would tell no tales. Shortly before our visit, a gentleman who was desirous of exploring the place, caused himself to be lowered with ropes, bearing a light in his hand; but what was his horror, so soon as his foot came in contact with resistance, to find that he was treading upon some substance that yielded to the pressure, while at the same time the pale gleam of his torch fell upon the ghastly features of a murdered man! Another gentleman of our acquaintance has lately explored its windings for a distance of four hundred feet. The actual extent of this subterranean passage never having been ascertained, is

a fertile subject of mystery and exaggeration—the vulgar believing that it is the mouth of a communication beneath the straits with Mons Abyla, and that by this pathway the apes upon the Rock found their way over from Africa. The Moors are said to have been well acquainted with its recesses, and it has even been fancied that some enemy might work his way into the fortress through these subterraneous passages. The vestibule of the cave was appropriately enough selected as the scene of various duels.

A few minutes more brought us to the fragments of O'Hara's Tower, beetling right over Europa Point, and from which we could peer down into every embrasure of its numerous batteries. Built by Governor O'Hara as a look-out, and shattered by lightning, it serves now solely as a picturesque ornament to the landscape. Hence, by a blind pathway rather difficult to find, we began suddenly to descend the abrupt eastern side of the Rock by a staircase denominated "the Mediterranean steps," ingeniously carried by means of turnings and windings down what at first sight appears an impracticable range of precipices, which, as we descended lower and lower, hung over our heads in sublime but threatening piles; while more than a thousand feet below our feet were the transparent waters of the Mediterranean jutting playfully against the rocks. The town had faded from our vision, and before us, instead, was the outstretched expanse of sea, dotted with one or two roving fishing-boats, and bounded by the distant mountains of Granada. Nothing could be more enchanting than the undisturbed silence and solitude of the spot: here Nature assumed her influence over the mind, lulling it into gentle and delightful mood; the works of man and the traces of past warfare seemed altogether excluded; when lo, at a sudden angle of the pathway, and at the extremity of a small platform, appeared a grim and solitary gun, planted in a situation inaccessible, if not invisible, from below; but flanking the back of the Rock, pointed toward

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Calabar Bay

from

the Mediterranean Battery.

CHAPTER IX.

EXCURSION TO CARTEIA—NORTH-WEST VIEW OF THE ROCK—SPANISH LINES—CAMPO—RUINS AND HISTORY OF CARTEIA—MARTIN'S CAVE, &c.

As a general rule, it unquestionably holds, that no one should attempt to travel on foot in Spain. The climate is too hot to do so without excessive fatigue, and, what is as much and perhaps more to the purpose, it is really *infra dig.* In a country where every peasant, smuggler, and bandit is, at the least, a *caballero,* and every caballero has his "monture," even if no better than a Rosinante, the pedestrian, especially if English and in the garb of a gent, is apt to be looked upon somewhat contemptuously, as being too poor or too shabby to observe the decencies of his position; moreover he is under the disadvantage, that if he encounters a robber, he has no chance of effecting his retreat by flight, and is perforce reduced to the unpleasant alternative of "fight or surrender." Notwithstanding all this, we, being a party of three able-bodied persons, accustomed to pedestrian excursions, and desirous of loitering away the entire day, resolved to go on foot to the ruins of Carteia, and thither on foot we accordingly set off.

We could see the site from our windows, and it seemed but about an hour's easy stroll, although, in reality, it proved much further. The way passes through the market-place and out at the Landport gate, leading through what are called the Lower Lines, into the sandy isthmus of the neutral ground, which joins Gibraltar to the continent of Spain. In passing

through these lines for the first time, we were accordingly much struck with their formidable, or rather impregnable appearance; and having advanced a short distance beyond the north face of the Rock, which here rises from the isthmus in one tremendous perpendicular precipice, 1300 feet in height, we turned round to take a survey, and enter a little into the feelings of an advancing enemy. No wonder the Spaniards call the place the "Boca del Fuego," or "Mouth of Fire." The only access, at present, is by a narrow causeway across an artificial morass, which can be immediately blown away by the guns of the fortress; but supposing an enemy to succeed in making good his advance, he is encountered in front by a line of very formidable batteries, stretching from the foot of the Rock to the sea, and, at the same time, taken in flank by three or four lines of guns, cut one above another in the side of the rock itself, beneath which he must inevitably advance to the attack of the town. But as, receding still further from the Rock, we continued to advance along the neutral ground, new obstacles developed themselves, which would seem to render the near approach of a hostile force all but impossible. Fresh batteries, called Willis's, appear upon a bold prominence, some half way up the Rock; and the very face of the inaccessible precipice itself is full of yawning fissures, called by the Spaniards, "los dientes de la vieja," or, "the old lady's teeth," from which the muzzles of the huge guns are seen pointing down upon the isthmus; while at the same time, the Old Mole, or "Devil's Tongue," projecting into the sea, takes the approach in flank—a combination of defences sufficient, one would think, to sweep an advancing enemy from the face of the earth.

The isthmus, across which we now advanced, with the Rock at our backs and the Spanish mountains in front, is a wretched sandy level, here and there thinly sprinkled with grass or cultivated in plots of vegetables, serving a variety of heterogeneous purposes, at once a burial-place for the townspeople and a race-

ground for the officers. Two parallel lines of sentinels, the English and the Spanish, are drawn across it, and truly it is not a little amusing, and at the same flattering to one's national vanity—

"To look upon this picture—and on that;"

to contrast the stout, rosy, well-appointed, beef-fed Briton, in his bright scarlet coat and white facings and pantaloons, with the meagre, sunburnt, half-starved Spaniard, whose tawny, cadaverous countenance looks more plague-like from the collar and trimmings of bright *yellow* (the livery of the Lazaret), with which his bright blue regimentals are bedizened; and whose slouching, unmilitary cut is no less opposed to the upright martial bearing of his opposite neighbour. Step across the lines guarded by these scarecrow sentinels, and at once every object and every figure testifies that you are in Spain. A short turn to the left, through the wretched barracks for the soldiers, and past the more wretched hovels for their hangers-on, brings us down to the deep sands of the bay, along which we somewhat toilsomely worked our way. This, however, being the only road into the interior, we fell in, at intervals, with every description of equipage, from the carriage of the Governor of Gibraltar to the old-fashioned Spanish cabriolet. English officers, singly or in parties, dashed Jehu-like along, flinging the sand in our faces and putting us in bodily peril; contrabandista, or peasants on horses or mules, with their velvet jackets, peaked hats and guns, jogged on more slowly and steadily. We passed the ruins of Fort St. Philip, the most annoying of the two which the reader will, perhaps, remember, formed the opposite terminations of the Spanish lines. "These lines," to quote from Ford, "were once most formidable; as Philip V. erected here, in 1751, two suburb forts, now heaps of ruins; one was called after his tutelar saint, Felipe, the other after Santa Barbara, the patroness of the Spanish artillery; they were so strong that

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Gibraltar from the South West.

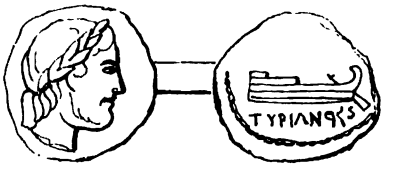
when the [illegible]
Spaniards [illegible]
our enemies, under [illegible]
[illegible] daily [illegible]
never ought to [illegible]
[illegible] a fortress is a [illegible]
[illegible] intention was to [illegible]
was perfectly justified in [illegible]
'Spaniards' permission. [illegible]
absolute necessity against the [illegible]
is made, with *La Chine* and [illegible]
libels against us by the French [illegible]
indeed was it for many Spaniards [illegible]
these lines, for thus Ballesteros was [illegible]
and annihilation by [illegible] under [illegible]
1811.) Ferdinand VII. was no [illegible]
by British arms that [illegible]
to reconstruct these works [illegible] both [illegible]
England; General Don, thereupon [illegible]
[illegible] as, "If you [illegible] I will fire [illegible]
shall fire another; and if you [illegible]
breadside from the [illegible] [illegible]
the power of [illegible] these [illegible]
expulsion of the French she [illegible]
right to rebuild them [illegible]
for her." Alas, poor Spain! [illegible]
[illegible] to the wall! The [illegible]
a particularly striking and complete view of the north [illegible]
side of the Rock, here [illegible] [illegible]
sufficiently near to enable us to make out the [illegible]
[illegible] described in [illegible]. The [illegible]
[illegible], with their [illegible] overhanging [illegible]
[illegible] sea line of [illegible] — Charles the V[illegible]
from the Spanish [illegible] — and the [illegible]

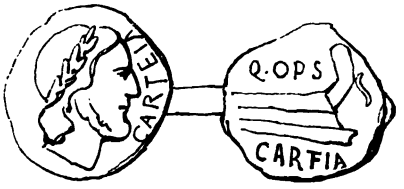
points of the ridge already alluded to—are all plainly distinguishable in the annexed view—the best perhaps of Gibraltar.

Soon after passing this spot the road leads through the little village of Campo; a row of whitewashed houses of one story, and airy little cafés with billiard-rooms, and tempting rows of bottles—very inviting to the heated pedestrian, and the neatness of which rather surprised us; but we are inclined to attribute it to the proximity of Gibraltar, and as being a place to which many of its inhabitants resort for amusement and change of air. We pursued our way without pause — the vegetation bordering the road displayed, in a tangled mass of aloes, pomegranates, and flowering reeds, all the picturesque luxuriance of Andalusian soil and climate, which, after all, is as little worth, perhaps, the green "hedge-rows of elms" of our own land, as the rough cultivation of the undulating country it encloses is to be compared to the agriculture of an English farm. Glad, however, to escape the dusty road, we struck across a succession of hills and dales, making our landmark of an old Roman tower, which marks the outposts of Carteia, and in the shadow of which we were glad to recruit after a pleasant but rather heating ramble of a couple of hours.

Jumping up, at length, we commenced an active research for the whereabouts of the place, and especially for the site of its Theatre, but so nearly is everything obliterated by the plough and covered with waving harvests, that we were a considerable time at fault. At length, on the brow of a slope, we discovered the vestiges of which we were in search, the only traces now standing which give us the positive assurance that we actually stand on what was, in remote ages, a great commercial city, of which the remembrance, to all but the antiquary, has perished, and of which the very name is probably, for the first time, seen by the reader in this our book, awakening in his mind the curious inquiry—What, then, *was* this Carteia?

In remote ages, when Gibraltar was as yet an uninhabited rock, there existed in the hollow of the bay, just where the river Guadaranque enters its waters, forming a secure and sheltered port, a colony of Phœnician merchants, who rebuilt on the site of a still more ancient one called Tartessus, the wealth and riches of which are celebrated by historians and poets, another emporium, called Melcarthos, or city of their tutelar god Hercules, an appellation afterwards changed by the Romans to Carteia. For many centuries it became a mart to which vessels resorted from all the ports of the Mediterranean. Here, perhaps, put in the vessels trading for tin to Britain, then so "remote," that Herodotus expresses his doubts of its very existence,—or the ships of Necho, that circumnavigated the African continent. Five hundred and forty years before our era, the Greeks of Samos, Ionia, and Phocea, trading to these seas, found reigning over the colony and surrounding country, a certain Arganthonius, who received them with hospitality, and whose glorious sway and extraordinary longevity are accredited by the verses of Anacreon and the historic page of Herodotus, the former giving him one hundred and fifty years, the latter but one hundred and twenty; while Silius Italicus, by a poetical licence, has enlarged his years to three hundred. Strabo affirms that the people under his rule, the Turdetani, were the most learned and refined people of Spain. Their derivation from the Phœnician stock is attested not only by historical record, but by collateral numismatic evidence, the coins of Tyre and Carteia displaying a similarity too remarkable to be accidental.





Carteia was taken and plundered by Hannibal, about 280 years before Christ, and, enjoying the same prosperity, remained in the possession of the Carthaginians until the Romans, under Scipio Africanus, expelled them from Spain—a change which appears to have occasioned its decay, since it was shortly afterwards, by a decree of the Roman senate, repeopled with 4,000 sons of Roman soldiers born of Spanish mothers, incorporated with the natives under the title of Colonia Libertinorum. Its ancient name of Carteia was still, however, preserved in public acts and coins; its ancient commerce was maintained, its merchantmen equalled in number those of all Africa together, and it became the station for the Roman fleet in Spain. There Lælius, the Roman admiral, waited for Adherbal with the Carthaginian galleys. Carteia embraced the cause of the younger Pompey, who landed here from Africa, and, assisted by the fleet, made head against Cæsar. After the battle of Munda on the neighbouring coast, in which the latter, although so sorely pressed, as, it is said, to have given up all for lost, eventually routed Cneius Pompey; the latter fled to Carteia, where part of the townsmen were disposed to receive him, while others, fearing Cæsar, insisted on his being given up; in the midst of which dispute he escaped on board a galley, but, being obliged to land for water, was taken and murdered in the disguise of a Portuguese sailor, by Divius, the Roman admiral, whom the Spaniards shortly afterwards put to death in revenge. At the death of Cæsar, Sixtus Pompeius here collected his scattered forces, and Dion Cassius describes him marching from Carteia at the head of six legions. No records remain of its decline, which it may be presumed was coeval with that of the Roman empire itself. Falling gradually into decay, its commerce ruined, its port forsaken, its materials were carried away by the Moors to build the Torre de Carthagena, destroyed by the Spaniards, and by the latter, to build their neighbouring town of St. Roque, until it is

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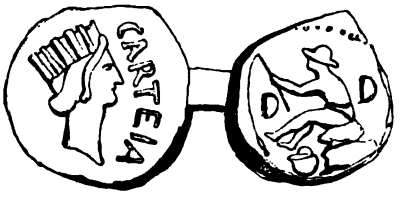
reduced to a few vestiges fast verging to a state of final obliteration.

All that remains standing of Carteia is, in fact, placed before the reader's eye in the annexed engraving. It consists merely of the crumbling relics of the upper wall of the theatre, between which may be traced a few of the seats. It is unnecessary to tell the reader that the Theatre of the ancients consisted merely of semicircular ranges of seats, rising one above another, open to the sky, with a space below for the actors; and if on the coast, that it was usually placed on a hill-side, and commanded a magnificent look-out over the sea and city. Such was this of Carteia in the days of its glory. Upon its marble benches were seated in due order, rising from the ground, the members of the Equestrian order and the promiscuous mass of citizens, who, in the intervals of the performance, looked over the splendid city at their feet, — the harbour crowded with the beaked vessels of the period. Very different was the scene that spread out before ourselves. The site of the city was covered with corn, the area of the Theatre choked up with an overgrowth of wild flowers and broom; while below, the river Guadaranque rolled its sluggish waters through a region of morass and sand. But the same natural features that delighted the Carteian citizen expanded before our own vision—the curving bay, the distant straits, and the mountains of Africa and Spain, were beautiful as ever. There, too, was the Rock,—here seen, perhaps, in its most imposing aspect, standing out lone and solitary into the sea, one of the strongholds of a commercial power, as far surpassing that upon the grave of which we are standing, as the giant war-ships and steamers, which may be seen studding the bay, are superior to the oared galleys which once clustered along the Carteian strand.

We descended from the Theatre to an old farm-house, near which are a few subterranean remains of little interest. The

city walls extended on a line parallel with the river, and, running up its eastern bank, came round along the high ground to the sea-shore. Carter is no doubt correct in supposing that the harbour was within the mouth of the river, which is deep enough, even now, for vessels like those of the ancients. The entrance is narrow, with a bar which has gradually accumulated; but this difficulty of access had the compensating advantage, that it served as a protection against an enemy's ships. "We read in Livy," says the above-mentioned author, "that Varus, Pompey's admiral, being defeated by Didius off Gibraltar, retired within the harbour of Carteia, and across its mouth fixed a number of anchors, against which those of Didius's ships who attempted to enter, struck, whereby Varus saved his whole fleet, consisting of thirty men of war, from destruction. Two hundred years ago the mole was almost entire, with ruins of superb edifices. No statues or fragments of any great value have been found, but owing to the privilege enjoyed by Carteia of striking its own money, the coins dug up are very numerous and interesting. It has been foolishly said that the stranger may turn them up with his stick, and the peasants have always a handful to offer him for sale, though rarely of any great value. Carter has engraved a great number of them, from which one or two are here selected, as connected with the fisheries which formerly enriched the place. The tunny was salted by the Carteians, and sent to Rome, where it was in great request. Pliny specifies it as a sovereign cure for hydrophobia; and it is singular that the tooth of the bonito is still considered by the fishermen to be venomous—a curious instance, if correct, of the homœopathic principle of "similia similibus curantur." The neighbouring waters still abound with delicious salmonettes, a fish about eight inches long, which the people from the neighbourhood come down to catch, planting themselves upon some small rocks which stud the shore, as did the fishermen of the city ages before them—

a fact commemorated on one of the coins. And Carter, happening to pass with it in his pocket one morning, was



so forcibly struck by the exact resemblance of one of these modern fishermen to the ancient, that he got off his horse and sat by him; and "every time he caught a fish, could not but admire the ingenuity of this people, who took such particular pains to commemorate even the slightest advantages of their coast."

After lingering some time about the site, we varied the walk back to the Rock by striking more directly down to the beach, at a delightful spot called the Orange Grove, and thence—through a collection of reed huts lining the beach, inhabited by fishermen, and, it is said, smugglers, with their brood of dark-eyed women and children and savage dogs—regained the village of Campo; and wending our weary way along the heavy roads, with many a narrow escape of being run over by the carriages and horsemen which resort thither in the cool of the evening, regained our quarters a little before gun-fire.

Although Gibraltar is but of limited extent, it is remarkable for the great variety of its surface, and the endless combinations of scenery which it affords. Of these none are perhaps more singular, or leave a more lasting impression upon the memory, than those which we are about to describe. Among the villas which stud the side of the Rock, is one which may compare with any for the romantic peculiarity of its site. It consists of two ranges of large and airy apartments of only one story, with a shady corridor, running along two sides of a quadrangular space, elevated some height above the road, and laid out

as an Italian garden, with its ranges of statues, and fountains, abounding in parterres of flowers, and hedged with fragrant box. Clusters of cypress, orange and palms, and tufts of flowering shrubs, form an impervious shade against the fervours of a Mediterranean sun, and mingle their odours in the intoxicating atmosphere of the south. Seated under these trees, and looking upward, the Rock, broken into precipices, and covered with wild shrubs, is seen overhanging and sheltering the garden; while, through the thick foliage below, peep out the blue bay and its white sails, the town, and the mountains of Africa and Spain. Welcomed to this delicious retreat with a cordiality and frankness that can never be forgotten, we were often in the habit of making excursions with its amiable inmates; and one day, when we had nearly exhausted the neighbouring objects of interest, a gentleman present exclaimed, "You have not yet visited Martin's Cave! it is a place of singular interest, and not above half an hour's walk from hence, though the path, it must be confessed, is somewhat of the roughest, and indeed not altogether the safest in the world, although I never heard of the occurrence of any accident." It was a spot totally new to us; a party was immediately formed, and we set forth on the excursion with feelings of the most pleasurable excitement.

Our path lay for a short distance upwards, and then along a bridle road carried half way up the mountain towards the Signal, and commanding the most exquisite views. "What is that extensive villa just beneath us?" I inquired of my companion; "it is indeed the gem of Gibraltar! What noble trees surround it! I should hardly have expected to find such upon this arid rock—their growth is worthy of an English park; and what a large house! I presume from its scale it is a country villa of the Governor's, and would certainly be the very place for her Majesty, if she fulfils her gracious promise of paying you a visit next year." "The place," he replied,

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"does not belong to the Governor, who has a marine pavilion, which we shall get a peep at by-and-by. It is, on the contrary, the residence of the Captain of the Port, who, whatever may be the relative importance of his post, is certainly better lodged than any other functionary at Gibraltar."

Continuing our gradual ascent until just above the barracks at Windmill Hill, our conductor struck off into a blind path, which, turning the southern angle of the rock, led round to its eastern side. Here our attention was arrested for a few moments by some flat slabs of white stone, quite unenclosed, and almost lost among the rugged masses of rock and tufts of prickly shrub, over which we were picking our way; and the inscriptions upon which showed them to be the tombs of a handful of that chosen people, now scattered over the whole face of the earth, and who, under the Mohammedan rule in Spain, enjoyed what some have called the "golden age" of their exile. It was the burying-ground of the Jews; and wild as was the spot, the neatness of the tombs, and the carefully cut inscriptions showed that they were tended with as much care as if enclosed within the walls of a cemetery. We were now about half way up the eastern side of the rock, the perpendicular precipices of which towered several hundred feet over our heads, and sunk sheer down below us as many more into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The path became wilder and wilder, till we found ourselves on the edge of a crag overhanging the abyss beneath, and commanding a most singular view of the southern termination of the Rock, which the annexed View will explain far better than any description. We were here looking directly across the straits, extending from Europa Point to Ceuta on the African shore, through which the current that sets from the Atlantic poured in its majestic flow, marked by bold ripples and whirls as it encountered the angle of the promontory. Europa Lighthouse appeared on the jutting point; the Governor's cottage was seen on its narrow shelf above the

sea, and itself overhung by the lofty ledges of Windmill Hill, —a bleak spot, without shrub or tree, but sublime in its very isolation and the glorious sea view it commands. The fortifications are to be traced all along the jagged edge of the precipices, until they terminate in a solitary battery of two guns, beyond which the crags, rising perpendicularly from the sea, forbid all access to an invader. Moreover, this sea-line of batteries, transverse walls, and lines, ascends steeply up the slope at every practicable point, giving the besieger no sort of chance of advancing, even if able to effect a landing in spite of the obstacles presented by nature. Looking down from our lofty post, the huge guns dwindle to black specks, and the red-coated sentinels, pacing the solitary batteries, appear like so many pismires.

While leaning fearfully over the edge of the precipice, and gazing with admiration upon this curious intermixture of nature's own impregnable bastions with the elaborate defences of art, we suddenly caught sight of a minute white object, hanging "like one that gathers samphire," about half-way down one of the perpendicular rocks, which, to our astonishment, on further inspection, turned out to be a shepherd bearing a kid in his arms, and dragging its mother after him by a string, and thus encumbered climbing painfully up a spot which we all supposed must be impracticable for human foot. We continued to watch him, as, sometimes crawling by his hands and knees up some slanting ledge, then, half suspended in air, catching at the impending bushes, he dragged himself and his charge to a higher level, until, winding and turning and zigzaging like a serpent, he issued at last, safe and sound, upon the grassy platform which surmounted the top of the precipice. Singularly enough, too, the animal, in quest of which he had thus risked his neck, proved to be a runaway goat belonging to our hospitable host, which had been missed for some days, and had rambled from rock to rock, until it had made its way

to the foot of the formidable precipice where it was descried by its adventurous captor.

Turning our backs upon Europa Point, we pursued the path along the eastern face of the rock, which in a few moments crept along the very edge of the steep slope of loose stones, descending from the precipice above into the sea below—a truly perilous spot, where a single slip over the loose pebbles which afforded a precarious footing, must have sent us rolling several hundred feet into the Mediterranean! The story goes, that a boy of Gibraltar, who had conceived a spite against some playfellow, proposed to visit the cave with him and two other boys, observing, as they ascended to the fatal spot, "We are

four that go up, but only *three* will come down!" and, watching his opportunity, precipitated his victim into the abyss. To this

dangerous slope succeeded a narrow pass through the rock, which it was necessary to descend on our hands and knees; after which the way, though always creeping along the edge of the precipice, became tolerably secure until we reached the mouth of the cavern, one of those freaks of Nature which called forth a general exclamation of astonishment, and accessible only by a narrow and slippery ledge, projecting from the face of the Rock, as if fashioned expressly for the purpose. Creeping cautiously up this narrow staircase, we found ourselves on a little oval platform, some ten feet square, overhung with rocks, whence, while, on one hand, we looked down into the murmuring surges far beneath our feet to the calm blue sea, which blended with the distant horizon, on the other, we peered into the dim grey of the cavern itself, with its pillars receding inwards until lost in profound obscurity.

We descended into the mouth of the cavern, and, lost in profound gloom, were for some time invisible to each other as we wandered in different directions among its mazy avenues, or visible only, as flittering, ghost-like, around some column of rock, we suddenly caught the light straggling in from the entrance. After our eyes had been for a few minutes accustomed to the obscurity, we were enabled to make out the details of the scene. The roof of the cavern, faintly seen above our heads, adorned with pendent stalactites, was supported by pillars of the same formation, some solid and massy, but others so slender and delicate that they seemed upheld by fairy hands alone. Taking our post near the extremity of the cave, the warm sunshine was seen streaming into its grey recesses with an effect to which it would require the pencil of a Rembrandt to do justice; striking brightly on some hanging stalactite or slender column, and becoming fainter and more dim, till lost in the deepest recesses, which were filled by a still pool of water, formed by the drippings from the roof above, and which vividly reflected the fantastic objects around its brink. The perilousness of the

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access, the deep seclusion of the site, hung half-way up a precipice 1,400 feet high, with the inaccessible rock above, and the murmuring sea below, made this cavern as it were a temple erected by the hand of Nature herself, for the lonely enthusiast who delights to worship her in her most hidden solitudes. We continued to wander about, fascinated by the strange beauty of the spot; and, loth to leave it, lingered until the declining beams of the sun warned us that we had to return by a path which it would be difficult, if not dangerous, to retrace in the obscurity of twilight. Almost dazzled as we emerged into open day, we stood a moment beneath the dark arched entry, to look out upon the expanse of sea, glowing in the sun, with a few white feluccas catching its declining beams; and then creeping cautiously down the narrow ledge by which we had ascended, began to wend our way towards home.

During our way back, we kept a diligent look-out for the tailless species of monkeys, one of the great curiosities of Gibraltar, and which inhabit this part of the Rock; but, although traces of their passage were numerous enough, neither on this nor on any other occasions were we so fortunate as to obtain a sight of them; indeed, we found that few of the inhabitants themselves had fallen in with any. This is accounted for by their preferring the most inaccessible parts of the rocks, which abound in the shrubby palmetto, upon the roots of which they principally subsist, and never venturing themselves to the westward, or the inhabited slope, unless driven by the easterly wind, to which they have a particular dislike. Not being found elsewhere on the Spanish side of the straits, they are supposed to have come over from Barbary—according to the vulgar tradition, by a passage under the straits from Mons Abyla, called "Apes' Hill," "a wilderness of monkeys;" but were probably brought over by the Moors. Carter tells us that they contended stoutly for the possession of their stronghold, and used to shower down stones so heavily upon the heads

of the miners engaged in the works, as often to compel them to retire from their operations.

As we continued our homeward path, the evening beams brilliantly illuminated the white town and castle of Ceuta, on the other side of the straits, which are here about five leagues in breadth. Ceuta is to the opposite kingdom of Morocco precisely what Gibraltar is to that of Spain—a solitary fortress in the hands of detested foreigners; being held by the Spaniards in spite of the Moors, as Gibraltar is by the English, in spite of the Spaniards. It is strongly fortified and garrisoned by 5,000 troops from Spain, to which country it serves as a place of banishment for convicts; and its citadel, upon a rock inferior in height to Gibraltar, seems like the opposite key of the straits to those who sail midway between. The Moors are extremely jealous of its occupation by the Spaniards, who are closely confined to their own walls; and an aqueduct, which formerly supplied the town, having been cut off by their enemies, they have to fetch all their water and provisions from the opposite coasts of Spain, the principal intercourse being with Algesiras, whence a small steamer occasionally plies across. During the Peninsular war, the French would have succeeded in seizing it, but for a detachment thrown in by the English, who, after the peace, were politely requested to evacuate the fortress they had preserved; which was certainly a little provoking, as the place, useless to the Spaniards, would have conferred on ourselves the entire command of the straits, so far as it can be conferred by the possession of any fortresses at all.

Ceuta is a very ancient place, originally founded by the Phœnicians, and of great consequence in the time of the Romans, being the capital of their province of Mauritania Tingitana. On the decline of their empire it was occupied by the Goths, and then by the Moors, in whose hands it became famous for wealth and refinement until surprised by John I. king of Portugal, on whose death it fell into the hands of the

Spaniards, who have ever since kept possession of it, in spite of the many attempts made by the Moors to recover it. Ceuta is memorable as the spot whence the Moors, prompted by the somewhat legendary Count Julian, crossed over to achieve the conquest of Spain; while at Tetuan, a few leagues inland, abides the remnant of the people who fled thither after their expulsion from Granada; and who, it is said, still keep the title deeds of their estates, in the hope of again returning thither. Behind Ceuta, and along the shore of the strait, extend the noble mountains of Morocco, purpling in the gorgeous sunset—crag above crag, range beyond range, far into the interior—the outpost of Africa, the stronghold of one of the most remarkable people existing, who have kept their ancient faith and habits inviolate with their soil, amidst long ages of convulsion and change. Thus does Gibraltar stand midway between two vast continents, cut off one from the other by the strait that rolls between—Europe and Africa, types of civilization and barbarism, which here seem to touch one another only to recoil as if by an invincible antipathy. "There is something very striking in the contrast," says Howson, in his admirable lecture,—"a contrast not unnoticed by the ancients—between the southern and the northern shores of the Mediterranean, between Africa and Europe, between the long dull monotony of that shore where civilization has seldom flourished, and never flourished but to decay, and the endless variety of form and outline on that other shore, where all the powers and graces of the human intellect have displayed themselves through successive centuries." On the further side of that narrow channel expand those boundless deserts into which a few adventurous travellers have penetrated, but never returned; and which offer the most interesting but also the most arduous problem, to the science and the enterprise of modern times.

Another pleasant excursion was along the high road, leading to Europa Point. The surface of the rock is here broken up

The Gosernoch Falls.

[illegible]

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ing than the look-out over the broad expanse of the Mediterranean. Its position is strikingly romantic, overhung by the natural fortress of Windmill Hill, and still higher by O'Hara's Tower, crowning the lofty southern pinnacle of the Rock, which runs down in a bold and varied profile to the Mediterranean, some 1,400 feet below. A short distance beyond, all further progress to the eastward is shut out by the perpendicular precipices which drop into the sea.

Provided with the necessary permit, we set off one morning to visit the famous galleries excavated in the northern face of the rock. A clamber up the precipitous streets brought us to the gate of the old Moorish castle, where it was necessary to present our order and to obtain a guide. With the position of this building the different views will have already familiarised the reader: suffice it to say that it is built on the hill side above the town, and presents to the view a massive square tower, called the "Torre de Omenage," with no architectural detail beyond one or two horseshoe Moorish arches, with others of inferior dimensions. This stronghold communicated formerly with the port below by a triple wall, some parts of which have been removed, and others so built into more modern works that it is difficult to identify them. From inscriptions on the south gate and in the mosque, it appears to have been erected about A.D. 739, by Abu Abul Hajez, a famous prince and warrior of Morocco, who, invited by the Moors of Cordova to depose Abdulmalic, landed at Gibraltar, where he spent some months; but being defeated, retired to Africa, sending over as his general, Abdurahman, who, besieging and putting Abdulmalic to death, thus obtained for his master the sovereignty of Spain.

Though being built almost exclusively for strength, it never exhibited any of the decorative architecture of the Alhambra, it contained a mosque and court, with a variety of handsome apartments. The great tower, which is of massive strength and

solidity, is now used as a powder magazine; its ancient walls are dinted by many a cannon ball from the Spanish batteries, to which it was much exposed during the siege.

The roofs of this and the other buildings of the fortress were all covered and paved with tapia, or Moorish concrete, and the rain thus collected was conveyed by pipes to a large reservoir. The care of the Moors for this prime article of necessity is evidenced by the aqueduct, made to bring water into the town from the eastward, and also by some extensive cisterns at Europa Point, denominated the Nun's Well. Traces of the Moorish defences on the south side of the town may yet be seen within, and parallel with, the line of Charles the Fifth's wall, and in other places. In fact, the general outlines of the fortifications are still in the main what they were in the time of the Moors.

Within the castle are some barracks, from which, accompanied by a sergeant, we continued to ascend the north-west angle of the Rock, bristling with batteries pointing down upon the neutral ground, and sentinelled at every corner with the blue-coated artillerymen. We first climbed up by an excavated passage to the well-known batteries called "Willis's," on a projecting angle of level ground, on the summit of a lofty precipice, overhung by others still loftier, and absolutely perpendicular. These batteries, which, commenced after 1727, and finished in 1732, figure greatly in Drinkwater's details of the siege, proved so harassing to the Spaniards that they conceived, what appears on the spot to be the almost insane idea of mining and blowing them up; commencing their operations at the top of a slope, above the Devil's Tower, on the northern face of the rock, marked in Colonel James's plan; and if the story of our guide was correct, had so advanced their mole-like operations, that the clink of their hammers was heard by a watchful sentinel, and the plan defeated. We were now on a confined terrace, about half-way

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up the northern angle of the rock, fifteen [illegible] feet high, and looking along its face, could see a [illegible] openings, with the black muzzles of the cannon [illegible] upon the neutral ground at our feet, on which the [illegible] of the passengers were dwindled to mere specks, while [illegible] were perched upon the topmost [illegible] of the precipice above our heads. Perhaps no spot in Gibraltar is more striking, or better commands the localities of the [illegible] this. The [illegible] batteries were at our feet. A [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] by Elliott and [illegible] [illegible] Forts Barbara and [illegible] [illegible] eastern and [illegible] extremities. [illegible] [illegible] Roque the [illegible] [illegible] A passage through a [illegible] rock [illegible] [illegible] into the upper excavated [illegible] [illegible] works were communicated [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] more than twelve [illegible] far as the [illegible] projection of rock [illegible] desired to establish a battery. It was [illegible] [illegible] excited the astonishment of [illegible] when he was conducted [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] exclamation, as [illegible] [illegible] works are worthy [illegible] [illegible] through the [illegible] [illegible] which, at short [illegible] [illegible] by a long succession of winding paths and steps [illegible] at length terminated [illegible] [illegible] The projection of rock in which [illegible] viewed, stands out like an [illegible] from the level face of the precipice, [illegible] eastern angle, as Willis's lines are at [illegible] an excellent position for establishing another [illegible] appearance, dimensions, [illegible]

CHAPTER X.

EXCURSION TO GRANADA.—THE ALHAMBRA.—RETURN TO GIBRALTAR.—VOYAGE TO ENGLAND.

WE have now brought before the reader's notice every point of prominent interest within the limits of the Rock itself. But, in addition to its own remarkable peculiarities, it is also an excellent centre from which to make agreeable excursions.

The first thing every body does is to gallop off to San Roque, about five miles inland, conspicuous afar with its white buildings, crowning the summit of a green hill. There is a hermitage to the saint of that name, around which, after the taking of Gibraltar by the English in 1704, arose the present town, as a habitation for the Spanish refugees, the ruins of Carteia being used up for the purpose. Here were the head quarters of the Duke de Crillon and the French princes, during the siege. Numerous English families retire here, tempted by the coolness of the climate in summer, and the cheapness of provisions. Then there is the Cork Forest, the convent of Almoraima, and the castle of Castellar. The mountain Sierra of Ronda, with that most romantic stronghold of the Moors, afford ample materials for an excursion of several days. There is, besides, the opposite coast of Morocco, with Tangier, once belonging to the English, and Tetuan; which, however, although so near, are difficult and uncertain of access, owing to the want of steamers, the strength of the current through the straits, and the general prevalence of westerly winds. Awaiting the return

trip of one of the boats in which bullocks are brought over from Tangier, often causes a sad loss of time, and a sore trial of one's patience. Our own trunks were all packed and ready, our bill paid, and the captain assured us we should sail on the morrow. Next morning, his hands in his pockets, he appeared with a pathetic shrug—the wind was obstinate from the westward, but, please God, he hoped it would soon veer about—"domani—doppo, domani," a favourable change might be expected; but the day passed, and the day after that, and still the same wind and the same shrug; till we turned to another excursion, incomparably more interesting, as well as practicable, namely, that to Granada and the Alhambra.

Our party consisted of myself and son, a clergyman and his lady, and a young friend. Before we could quit Gibraltar a little unpleasantness awaited us; it was necessary to obtain a passport. Perhaps the reader may be surprised that I had not already got one with me, but the fact is, I had performed, perhaps for the first time, the extraordinary feat of working my way through France to Malta and Gibraltar without one. It was not in the very pleasantest of moods then that, almost at the end of my tour, I set off with my friend, on a very hot morning, to obtain this indispensable document. As it was at the instance of the Spanish Government that travellers are obliged to take passports for Spain, we called on the Spanish consul, in whom we supposed the *privilege* of granting them to be vested; but soon discovered that the English Government knew a little better than that. In fact, we were told to repair to an office at the other end of the town, where, when we arrived, we were already pretty well blown. We entered, and as my friend was well known at Gibraltar, were welcomed by the politest of all possible clerks, who desired us to sit down, while, producing some blank passports, and calmly gazing at us, he proceeded to describe our eyes, our noses, and the colour of our hair, with the most matter-of-fact precision, and a total

absence of any thing in the shape of flattery. "You will now, he said, in his blandest manner, please to step across the street to such another office, (naming it,) and paying for the passport, get an order, and return hither, by which time it shall be completed for you." This little intermediate process occupied some time, as though it was in office hours, somehow or other the worthy official was not there. What he was doing the meanwhile it is not for me to presume to inquire; but after waiting some ten minutes our impatience was just attaining its climax, when he sauntered in, cigar in mouth, and, with the most gentlemanly nonchalance, eased us of about *five shillings a-piece,* handing us over the required permit. Furnished with this, we returned to the other office, presented our papers, received our passports, and retraversing the town under a broiling sun obtained the *visa* of the Spanish consul, which was graciously afforded us for about *half* the amount of our own government fee. One of our friends was even less fortunate; for when he repaired to the office, the clerk, not knowing him, refused him a passport altogether, without the attestation of some "'sponsible person," which he was about an extra hour in obtaining. Armed with it at length, he returned to the office, and gave his name. "What," said the clerk, "you are the brother of Captain ——, are you, after all? what a pity I had not known this at first; I could have passed you at once." "Considering the heat of the weather, I wish to G—d you had!" exclaimed the perspiring and irritated sufferer. Though we smarted under the infliction, it was consoling to our national pride to find, when the English borrow a good thing from their neighbours, how much they *improve* upon it, and know how to turn it to a more profitable account than the original inventors.

Our passport tribulations being over, we took a boat at the Devil's Tongue landing, and sailed across the bay to Algesiras. Here we found every thing thoroughly Spanish, and vastly amusing; streets, costumes, and manners presenting a complete

contrast to those we had left behind. After refreshing ourselves at the comfortable posada, we walked out of the town to look at a large aqueduct of Moorish construction—a favourite point of view for the Rock. Algesiras was founded by the Moors at a spot called "Jezirata-l-Khadrá," or the "Green Island," shortly after their conquest of these regions, and rendered by them a place of prodigious strength.

In strolling about the open streets of the insignificant modern town, undefended by walls or lines, one would little imagine that it could ever have been the scene of stirring events. But here and there the massive fragments of some enormous Moorish towers remind us that there once existed here a walled city of great strength, before which the gallant Alonzo I. sat down with some of the first chivalry of Europe, for the space of twenty months. It was, as Ford remarks, "the siege of the age; and forty years after, Chaucer describing a true knight mentions his having been at 'Algecir,'—a Waterloo—a Trafalgar man." It is also remarkable as having been the first siege in which cannon were employed in Spain; too small, indeed, to be used successfully against the walls, but dreadfully terrifying and harassing to the besiegers. The signal victory of Alonzo over the Moors (alluded to in our historical sketch of Gibraltar) had so raised his reputation, that all Europe took part with him in this siege; the king of France and the pope furnishing money; the kings of Arragon and Portugal, and the State of Genoa, their fleets; while several German princes, with the king of Navarre, and the Count de Foix, repaired to the place to perish before its walls. Edward the Third, it is said, intended to have gone over himself, but being unable, the Duke of Lancaster, then commanding the English forces in Guienne, and who had studied in the school of the Black Prince, obtained leave to sustain the honour of the English chivalry on so conspicuous an occasion. Repairing to the spot with several companies of horse, he soon signalized himself in

numerous encounters with the Moors; and under his banner the English knights had obtained so great a renown, that when two of them in repulsing an attack had rashly penetrated within the gate of the city, and had fallen into the hands of the Moors,—than whom no people were ever more possessed with the refined spirit of chivalry, or more admired the bravery of an assailant,—they sought only to take them prisoners, and not to put them to death. The city, garrisoned by 30,000 Moors, held out so valiantly that the distress in the Christian camp was extreme, the mortality frightful, and the want of money so great, that Alonzo was forced to give up all his plate to the Genoese, who had threatened to leave him. The alcalde would not surrender until the king of Granada produced an order from his master, the emperor of Fez, and was then allowed to march out of the town with his baggage. The walls were shortly after destroyed, and Alonzo next made that abortive attempt upon Gibraltar which has been already described, and in which his life fell a sacrifice to disease. The Moors, as Carter tells us, "had such a veneration for this prince, that when they heard of his death, and saw the camp of the Christians break up and move off, they would not suffer their own troops to incommode them, out of reverence to the royal corpse, but came unarmed before the town in crowds to see the procession, declaring 'that death had taken away a most noble king, who was not only an honour to the Christians, but the fountain and means of their acquiring honour themselves.'"

Modern Algesiras sprung up as a post of observation and annoyance to the English after their capture of Gibraltar. Here were constructed the battering ships to which the Spaniards fondly trusted for its recovery; and here they maintain numerous *guarda costas*, to protect the coast against the smugglers who nestle under the guns of the Rock, sometimes even cutting them out, though one or two are now and then sunk, *pour encourager les autres*, and vindicate our very equivocal

right to the jurisdiction of a fortress which, if the truth must be confessed, we obtained in a very equivocal manner, and make use of for purposes more equivocal still. To bring the case home to our own business and bosoms, it is just as if the French had possession of Dover Castle, and were to sink *our* revenue cutters, for endeavouring to cut out *their* smugglers. We cannot wonder that the Spaniards should regard our possession of Gibraltar with an evil eye.

At six in the evening, we embarked on board one of a line of Spanish steamers, famous for their high fares and intolerable want of punctuality, and with the earliest dawn had safely arrived in the harbour of Malaga, awaiting the visit of the health officer, which functionary was not to be forthcoming till eight. A cup of chocolate *à l'Espagnol* helped us to digest our impatience, and to study the objects before us. A Moorish castle traced its jagged battlements against the sky; below was a white modern custom-house, the ponderous mass of the cathedral, and the buildings of the modern city. It was in this castle that the stern old Moorish chief, Hamet el Zegri, so long held out against the power of Ferdinand, after the town below had capitulated. The details of this struggle are too long for these pages; and besides, "are they not written in the Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada," by the romantic pen of Washington Irving? Other matters, to confess the truth, occupied us on our landing; and finding the principal hotel quite full, we adjourned to the "Fonda la Danza," honourably mentioned by Ford. The inn was not bad—the host much better—as good-natured and serviceable a fellow as ever welcomed a wayfarer. A smoking *déjeûner à la fourchette*, speedily served under his auspices, put us in the best of humours with our host; and having by his assistance engaged horses to carry us to Granada the following morning, we set off in a body to perambulate the city.

I should be inclined to set down Malaga as one of the least

interesting places in Spain. The "Alameda," or public walk, gives a stranger a favourable idea—*too* favourable, in truth, as a resident observed to us—of the rest of the city. It is a long promenade, bordered by trees, behind which are rows of aristocratic mansions. At one end stands a beautiful fountain, presented by Charles V. The place is well enough, but it is chiefly interesting as the resort of the beaux and belles of Malaga, the latter being considered "muy finas," or very exquisite, with their elegant mantilla of lace drawn over the top of the head, so as to heighten the glances of a somewhat roving eye, and the restless coquettish fan, which seems a part of the fair creature herself, and to share in and give expression to every shade of her emotions — an instrument of marvellous potency when wielded by a Spanish lady, but harmless enough in other hands. Working our way through narrow streets, and over most excruciating pavement, we entered the ponderous cathedral, considered one of the finest in Spain, first noticing by its side the splendid palace of the Archbishop, whose revenues are princely. It is a stupendous, but most unlucky edifice, this cathedral—in a barbarous style, vast expense and labour being thrown away, only to realize elaborate ugliness; nor does it possess a single good painting to relieve its architectural dreariness. This seen, we began already to weary of this emporium of wine and fruit.

The climate of Malaga is Elysian in spring. It was enough to sit at a window and look up into the soft blue sky, and inhale the lucid atmosphere—the mere sense of existence seemed sufficient. A luxurious languor steals over the senses—the sunny air seems to permeate our frame, producing a sort of intoxication, which, by the way, is not over favourable to virtue. Owing to this mildness of climate, Malaga is one of the chosen spots where the poor consumptive patient may linger out the remains of life, and go softly and peacefully to his final resting-place.

At the table d'hôte we met with some agreeable countrymen, who had recently penetrated the fastnesses of the surrounding

mountains; and our conversation naturally fell on robbers—a subject, to confess the truth, of some little uneasiness to us at that moment. It was agreed on all hands that there was but little risk, though one of our friends had just fallen in with a parcel of merchants who had been thoroughly stripped between Granada and Ronda, and another had seen the robbers on the look out, who, however, were overawed by the appearance of his party. This gentleman well remembered the celebrated Jose Maria, the captain of a widely ramified band, who had his agents and spies scattered all over Spain—a fellow ferocious as Fra Diavolo, and generous as Robin Hood—his generosity being, like that of the English outlaw, exercised at another's expense. I was myself informed, by a person who rode post from Cadiz to Gibraltar, that on reaching at noon a small venta, the landlord came forth to help him down from horseback, welcomed him in-doors, and set before him bread and wine, at which he was no sooner comfortably seated than—presto!—the said landlord was suddenly transformed into a Captain Rolando, accompanied by a body of his confederates, who, pointing their carbines at his breast, demanded his purse, which unfortunately happened just then to be particularly well lined, he having drawn largely on his banker on quitting Cadiz. It was his opinion that some of the banker's underlings had played the informant, and would share in the cash. The practice of carrying people off in order to extort a ransom is not altogether extinct, an individual of great wealth having, as we observed in the journals, been thus treated while we were in Spain. It is said that their ferocious captors would sometimes send home an ear or a nose of their victim, just by way of stimulating the lagging zeal of the relatives; and many an unhappy wretch has never returned at all. Our having a lad with us was a matter of some uneasiness, as the abduction of children is rather a favourite speculation. A lady of Gibraltar informed me that several attempts had been made to carry off the child of a

wealthy officer of the garrison, and that the robbers had tried to bribe the servants to get him outside the lines. The same lady also described a hair-breadth 'scape of a gentleman in the environs of Malaga, who only got off by the fleetness of his horse. These brigands, too, are fastidious, and to be found with an empty pocket, or *without a watch*, is pretty sure to entail a severe beating, if no worse, upon the shabby delinquent, who, by leaving his money behind him, has cheated them out of their lawful perquisites; while, on the other hand, a caballero who does the handsome thing, will probably escape with the loss of his purse alone. On the whole, we found there was just sufficient risk to give a little spice of excitement to our projected excursion, without putting us to any very serious alarm.

There was a great stir next morning at the door of the fonda, where our six horses were neighing and kicking, filling the whole Plaza with their clamour. Together with ourselves, they were consigned to the charge of a muleteer, who, from his diminutive stature, rejoiced in the name of "Chico," or "the little,"—since, when standing on tiptoe, with the calves of his legs all in a quiver, it was just as much as he could do to touch the top of the horse's back. Such was the valiant squire who was to escort us to Granada, and defend us from all perils—robbers inclusive. The beasts looked much like lineal descendants of Rosinante; the saddles and girths were equally antiquated, and the bridles consisted of a long rope, the end of which was to serve the office of a whip. The youngest member of the party, being unused to the saddle, was elevated aloft in a "silla," or chair. Our turn-out was truly ignominious, but we were in that happy humour which converts everything into a source of merriment; and of the laughter which our appearance occasioned, none resounded so heartily as our own.

Our way to Velez lay along the level sea-shore; the blue Mediterranean on our right; on our left were the brown mountains veiled with green vines, which produce the famous Malaga

wine. The road was dusty, the sun was powerful, and had risen to his zenith when we entered the little city of Velez Malaga, with its white buildings grouped round a Moorish castle. A Spanish town at noon is fast asleep—people all taking their siesta in-doors, the beggar lies wrapped up in his brown cloak in some shady corner, and the streets are as deserted as those of Pompeii. Leaving our beasts with Chico at a stable, we walked to the Posada, which stood on one side of an oblong Alameda, planted with lemon trees. The host, yawning, jumped up at our summons, and gravely led the way up-stairs into some large and shady corridors, in which we prepared to refresh. It should be observed that the poverty of the larder in Spain being proverbial, we had taken the advice so often and emphatically repeated by Ford, "Attend to the provant;" and before starting had stuffed our "alforgas," or saddle-bags, with an excellent Spanish ham, and other cold provisions, which, with bread, eggs, and wine, found on the spot itself, furnished a very respectable repast. Dinner being over, we summoned Chico. It is usual to go on to Alhama the same day, but the roads were rough, ourselves tired, the posada clean, while the host muttered something ominous as to the risk of encountering "ladrones" after dark. It was decided, therefore, that we should remain at Velez that night, and start for Alhama before sunrise on the following morning.

This being settled, and while the more active of our party determined to brave the hot sun in quest of unprofitable adventures, I, more weary, planted two chairs in the shade of the balcony, and prepared to taste the blessedness of the Spanish "siesta." The balcony looked out on the forsaken Alameda, the drip of a small fountain added to the delicious drowsiness that stole over me, my eyelids gradually closed, and in a few moments I added another to the noonday sleepers of Velez.

No one could well reside in the burning south without falling into the habit of the "siesta." The mid-day heat is too oppres-

sive for endurance, while the nights are equally cool, and the air is soft and balmy. The Spaniards then turn night into day—prompted not by fashion, but by the nature of their climate. After sunset, the Alameda becomes as gay as it is deserted at noon. Then steal forth, rising from their couches, and putting on their mantillas, the pretty senoritas, and amidst the odours of citrons and roses, and by the light of the moon, but little softer than that of day, do great execution among the beaux. On all sides is heard the rustling of fans, or the sound of the guitar, twanging to the chant of some old romance or passionate love tale; and these flirtations and revels are often protracted until night gives place to dawn.

On awaking, I found that my companion had picked up as his guide a singular-looking ecclesiastic, who, dressed in the usual costume of his order, might have passed for Sancho himself in canonicals. His intellectual regions were rather pinched,

the top of his head being narrow, and gradually widening into a broad round face, terminating in an immense amplitude of jaw and chin. The same type reigned also in his corporeal framework, which, sloping outwards from the chest, attained its utmost development in the regions devoted to good living. It

seems that upon our arrival a lad had run to the convent, and awakened one of the snoring monks from his siesta by the news, at which he only yawned and turned him round on his pallet; but the urchin having mendaciously added, that the last traveller of our generous nation had given five dollars to his conductor, he eagerly jumped up, but was forestalled by our fat friend, who laughed as he recounted to us the vexation of his brother monk. Whether he himself expected to obtain that sum, we never were very clear; at all events, he exerted himself to the utmost to show us over the place. We first repaired with him to the neighbouring convent at Sta Teresa, over which he had been wisely appointed as confessor, neither his face nor figure being calculated to raise any dangerous emotions in the susceptible breasts of the sisterhood. We watched intently the grated orifice for the appearance of the nuns, but our highly-wrought expectations received a sad shock, as it disclosed the face of one or two comfortable old women, of dimensions akin to those of their spiritual director, and whose hearty laughter and childish garrulity satisfied us that they were entirely reconciled to that conventual seclusion, which, as we understood, they were at liberty to quit if they thought proper. Leaving these interesting recluses, we toiled after our fat conductor to the top of a hill, surmounted with a church sacred to the Virgin, famous for the cures said to have been wrought upon the faithful. The walls were decorated by votive images of legs, arms, and other portions of the human frame, which had been cured by the intercession of the Virgin. At one picture it was difficult to maintain our gravity. It represented the amputation of the leg of a deceased blackamoor, for the purpose of being attached to the body of a living Christian who had lost his limb, the colour being, as we were informed, miraculously changed to suit its new position. From the outside of the edifice we enjoyed a lovely panorama of Velez and its Moorish castle, little less famed in story than that of Malaga itself, set in its little green

plain, opening on the one hand to the sea, and on the other receding into the rugged mountains which we were to traverse on the morrow. Descending hence, we took leave for a while of our reverend conductor, and repaired to our Posada.

The first sight that saluted us was a "Scorpion"—I mean, "a 'nabitant" of Gibraltar, so called—a keen-eyed fellow, of mongrel breed, who accosted us in tolerable English. He had been selected, perhaps for his superior business sharpness, by the Spanish Government, as collector of revenue for the surrounding district, which comprised a few proprietors of moderate wealth, living around the Alameda, the great body being labourers. If we were to believe his statements, the rate of taxation was almost insupportably severe; nevertheless the people submitted to it quietly. Our friend the monk looked in upon us, having, in honour to the lady who accompanied us, put on his evening costume, consisting of a round-about and tights, which set off his goodly proportions to still greater advantage than his canonicals. The difficulty was to get decently rid of him. Perhaps we might have been mistaken, but it struck us that at times he looked rather chopfallen, and glanced at the head of our party with a significant, uneasy expression. No dollars were, however, forthcoming, and at length, after a profusion of reciprocal compliments had been exchanged, he arose and returned to his convent.

The valley up which we now advanced next morning, with our faces towards the mountains, is one of the most luxuriant in Andalusia, producing corn, wine, and oil, oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and I know not how many varieties of fruits. It is bordered by romantic mountains, perched upon which appear old Moorish towns and castles, each with its wild story of assault or surprise, during the wars which ended in the re-conquest of Granada by the Spaniards; nor could we wonder at the valour with which the Moors defended to the last gasp so beautiful a possession. The sun rose gloriously in flaming

gold and purple, investing the tops of the mountains, and lighting up their ancient strongholds with an intensity of lustre and of colour unknown in our northern clime. The valley became narrower and more romantic; the stream murmured through dense thickets of orange groves, which dropped at once their golden fruit and white blossoms into its waters, exhaling the most intoxicating odours, and resounding on all sides with the plaintive music of the nightingale.

From this beautiful valley we ascended into an elevated tract, climbing higher and higher, until over the tops of the rugged mountains we could see the blue Mediterranean, some thousands of feet below. The landscape around was dreary, resembling so many other parts of Spain, where the savage and the beautiful appear in juxtaposition. In the bottom of some deep hollow, at the angle of some desolate ravine, or beneath an aged olive-tree, lurked those small rude *crosses*, sustained by piles of stones, which tell of some dark deed of murder, or some brawl decided with the ready knife. One which we afterwards observed, however, presented a remarkable contrast to the rest. The neat stone cross had evidently been watched and kept in repair, and upon it was inscribed, in characters but recently renewed and painted, the name of an unfortunate, who, *twenty years before*, had been assassinated upon the spot. We all were at a loss to conceive the object of this perpetuation of the memory of a crime, unless to remind the surviving relatives that a debt of vengeance yet remained unpaid.

We made our noontide halt by a miserable venta, or way-side tavern, in the midst of a little corn-covered oval plain,—an oasis in this wild country. Here our Spanish ham was stripped to the bone, and our bread and wine exhausted by the repeated assaults of the company. With renovated vigour, though with empty alforgas, we next plunged into deep defiles, and scrambled up barren ridges, until we suddenly beheld Alhama at our feet. We were now in the centre of the mountainous region of the

Moorish kingdom of Granada, of which this city was one of the principal defences. In the time of its former masters, it was noted for its wealth—it is now one of the most miserable and poverty-stricken places under heaven. Our spirits absolutely sunk as we descended its rugged and dangerous pavement, overhung by ruinous houses, the fitting abode of its brigand-like population, into a small plaza, where we drew up at the doorway of a mean dwelling, called the "Casa de los Caballeros," or the "Gentleman's House," in which we were to put up for the night. Within, however, everything was clean, though rude. The floor of the best room was of brick; its furniture consisted of six ricketty cane chairs, and a fractured wooden table—the sleeping accommodations of but one *four*-bedded room and a single-bedded cabinet, though these deficiencies were amply atoned for by a variety of crosses and pictures of saints. But the woman of the house was most active and obliging, and prepared for us an excellent pilaff of rice and fowl—a dish, doubtless, of Moorish origin—with fish from the river; better fare than we had expected to get in a poverty stricken Spanish posada.

Our arrival had created quite a sensation in this remote place, and the doors were besieged by a posse of boys, anxious above all to obtain a sight of the lady who had accompanied us, whose bonnet and riding-dress were objects of especial curiosity and immense amusement. In no part of the world can I remember to have seen a more extraordinary population. Rows of meagre sinewy men sat on the ground in the shady side of the plaza, their countenances overshadowed by broad sombreros, their legs covered with rolls of cord, and their feet with tattered sandals; their persons were buried in capacious brown cloaks, which, from their ragged and antiquated appearance, must have descended from generation to generation. Wild as was their garb, their looks were still wilder; they seemed either sunk in mental vacancy, or brooding over some scheme of plunder and assas-

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the gates to their impatient countrymen. The stronghold was taken, but the town was fiercely disputed for the space of an entire day by the valiant Moorish mountaineers, who took refuge in a mosque, which being set on fire, they were at length compelled to surrender. An immense booty fell into the hands of the Spaniards; but this was a trifle in comparison with the seizure of the place itself, which from its position was justly considered to be one of the keys of Granada. The sensation created in that city by its downfall is powerfully expressed in the well-known and plaintive Spanish ballad, a translation from the Moorish—

> "Letters to the monarch tell,
> How Alhama's city fell;
> In the fire the scroll he threw,
> And the messenger he slew;
> Woe is me, Alhama!"

Muley Hassan immediately collected a powerful force, and hurried from Granada to recover the captured city, endeavouring to overwhelm its Christian defenders by the fury of a sudden assault; but his scaling ladders, applied to the most perilous as well as practicable spots, were hurled back into the ravine by the besieged, who showered down stones and other missiles upon the heads of the exposed assailants, and compelled them to retire from their rashly-concerted enterprise with a heavy loss. Muley Hassan then tried to divert the course of the river, upon which the very life of the inhabitants depended; the place, from its almost entire destitution of fountains, being called "Alhama *la seca*," or, "the dry." In this attempt they were so far successful as to put the Christians to the greatest distress. Urgent messages were sent to the Spanish king, who despatched a force under the Duke of Medina Sidonia to relieve the city. Hearing of its approach, the Moorish commander made another desperate attempt to storm the walls. Masking his real purpose by a feigned

attack elsewhere, he directed a party of the most active escaladors to scale the rocks at a spot supposed to be inaccessible, who, after much difficulty, actually succeeded in getting into the town, but were overwhelmed after a gallant struggle in endeavouring to open the gates to the Moors. Soon after the Christian standards were seen emerging from the defiles of the mountains, and Muley Hassan was compelled to retreat to Granada, where the unsuccessful attempt to rescue a stronghold, the loss of which his own folly had provoked, increased his unpopularity to the utmost, and led to an insurrection, by which his son, Boabdil el Chico, was elevated to the Moorish throne, only to fulfil the prediction that under his rule Granada was destined to fall into the hands of the Christians.

On our return from perambulating this wild town, we were so much annoyed by the rabble that the lady was compelled to hasten to the shelter of our Posada. The mob of boys formed three deep round the windows, and as no one interfered to disperse them, the landlady issued forth upon the balcony, and denounced their brutality in such spirited terms that at length they were ashamed to remain. Nor was this a solitary instance, since there was hardly a village we passed through where the same curiosity was not manifested in a way equally annoying. What with this, and the murder crosses to boot, our highly raised notions about the chivalrous peasantry of Spain were destined to suffer no little abatement.

After passing a night without disturbance from *pulgas*, early on the following morning we descended the rugged heights of Alhama with an ominous cloud upon our spirits. There was something worse than this persecution of the boys, and which, not without reason, filled us with a train of uncomfortable apprehensions. As the lady member of our party, who happened to be ahead, was riding slowly into a deep hollow, just before reaching Alhama on the day before, a body of men,

armed with guns, started up from under the shadow of a rock and placed themselves along the roadside, regarding her with flashing glances, and looking upwards to see if anybody else were approaching. At that moment the rest of the party made their appearance at the head of the ravine, and in less than a minute galloped up to the lady's side. Wilder looking fellows certainly one would hardly wish to see than this gang, who saluted us, as we thought at the time, rather unpleasantly, and followed us with their eager eyes until we had attained the suburbs of the town. There was such a brigand physiognomy about everything and everybody in Alhama, that this incident acquired a painful significance; these men, we could not now venture to doubt, *must* be robbers, who, startled by our sudden apparition, and being too near to the town, had not ventured then to attack us, but were quite sure to waylay us in some convenient corner on the following morning. But what rendered this intended attack a matter of downright certainty, was that the lady not only had an unaccountable presentiment that it would take place, but actually dreamed that she had fallen into the clutches of these fellows, and was screaming for some one to come to the rescue, when she suddenly awoke. This presentiment and dream really seemed almost a sort of providential warning; the difficulty was how to avert the dilemma before us. It was with no little uneasiness that we set forth this morning from Alhama, since we were absolutely unprovided with weapons, excepting always our razors, a dexterous use of which, in default of anything better, we thought might be available in case of our coming to close quarters with the enemy. We looked out nervously at every thicket, a fellow too running alongside of us and evidently dogging our steps. At last, on suddenly turning the corner of a rock, the smoke of a fire was seen rising from the heath, no doubt the bivouac of the bandits, a spectacle which induced us to put spurs, or what served as spurs, to our horses, and gallop

past the spot with almost frantic precipitation. And to cut short the story, in smoke our apprehensions terminated; for, shortly after, we emerged from the mountain passes and came into a broad and open valley, while our sinister looking companion turned out to be an honest peasant going from Alhama to his native village, and who, for security or company, had chosen to keep pace with our cavalcade. Our faith in dreams and our fears of robbers were considerably shaken by this humiliating incident.

We pursued our way over the same rolling, mountainous country, until, arriving at the crest of an eminence, the snowy summit of the same Sierra Nevada, which we had beheld on our voyage from Tunis to Gibraltar, rose before us in all its majesty, a sign that the object of our pilgrimage could not be very far distant. From the top of a range of dreary sandhills blazing in the sun, the dark green carpet of the Vega of Granada suddenly expanded at our feet. It is a vast inland plain, everywhere surrounded by mountains, elevated some thousand feet above the level of the sea, with a climate comparatively cool and bracing, and a soil of the most exuberant fertility, watered by the melting snows of the Sierra, which towers above it like a defensive wall. On the slope of one of the inferior heights appeared the white city buried in groves, and on a hill above it the red towers of the Moorish fortress of the Alhambra. At this sight, we all felt like pilgrims in sight of a long-desired bourne; and heedless of the burning sun, galloped across the green Vega until we had attained the suburbs of Granada. We cannot easily describe the feelings with which we found ourselves close to this capital of the Arabians in Spain, and actually within sight of the most elegant monument of their architecture. What manner of men these Moors were, how surprising their civilization, and how melancholy their fate, must be described by abler pens than mine, and the reader will thank me for placing before him one of the most beautiful

passages of Washington Irving, which sums up in a few eloquent words the prominent points in the history of this gallant but ill-fated race.

"I fell into a course of musing upon the singular fortunes of the Arabian or Moresco-Spaniards, whose whole existence is as a tale that is told, and certainly forms one of the most anomalous, yet splendid episodes in history. Potent and durable as was their dominion, we scarcely know how to call them. They were a nation without a legitimate country or a name. A remote wave of the great Arabian inundation cast upon the shores of Europe, they seemed to have all the impetus of the first rush of the torrent. Their career of conquest, from the Rock of Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Pyrenees, was as rapid and brilliant as the Moslem victories of Syria and Egypt; nay, had they not been checked on the plains of Tours, all France, all Europe, might have been overrun with the same facility as the empires of the East, and the crescent might at this day have glittered on the fanes of Paris and of London.

"Repelled within the limits of the Pyrenees, the mixed hordes of Asia and Africa that formed this great eruption gave up the Moslem principle of conquest, and sought to establish in Spain a peaceful and permanent dominion. As conquerors, their heroism was only equalled by their moderation; and in both, for a time, they excelled the nations with whom they contended. Severed from their native homes, they loved the land given them, as they supposed, by Allah, and strove to embellish it with everything that could administer to the happiness of man. Laying the foundations of their power in a system of wise and equitable laws, diligently cultivating the arts and sciences, and promoting agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, they gradually formed an empire unrivalled for its prosperity by any of the empires of Christendom; and diligently drawing round them the graces and refinements that marked the Arabian empire in the East, at the time of its greatest civilization, they

diffused the light of oriental knowledge through the western regions of benighted Europe."

* * * * * *

"If the Moslem monuments in Spain, if the Mosque of Cordova, the Alcazar of Seville, and the Alhambra of Granada still bear inscriptions fondly boasting of the power and permanency of their dominion, can the boast be derided as arrogant and vain? Generation after generation, century after century had passed away, and still they maintained possession of the land. A period had elapsed, longer than that which has passed since England was subjugated by the Norman Conqueror, and the descendants of Musa and Taric might as little anticipate being driven into exile across the same straits traversed by their triumphant ancestors, as the descendants of Rollo and William and their veteran peers may dream of being driven to the shores of Normandy.

"With all this, however, the Moslem empire in Spain was but a brilliant exotic, that took no permanent root in the soil it embellished. Severed from all their neighbours in the west by impassable barriers of faith and manners, and separated by seas and deserts from their kindred of the East, they were an isolated people. Their whole existence was a prolonged, though gallant and chivalric struggle for a foothold in an usurped land.

"They were the frontiers and outposts of Islamism. The peninsula was the great battle-ground where the Gothic conquerers of the North and the Moslem conquerors of the East met and strove for mastery, and the fiery courage of the Arab was at length subdued by the obstinate and persevering valour of the Goth.

"Never was the annihilation of a people more complete than that of the Moresco-Spaniards. Where are they? Ask the shores of Barbary and its desert places. The exiled remnant of their once powerful empire disappeared among the barbarians of Africa, and ceased to be a nation. They have not even left

a distinct name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people. The home of their adoption and of their occupation for ages refuses to acknowledge them, except as invaders and usurpers. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion, as solitary rocks, left far in the interior, bear testimony to the extent of some vast inundation. Such is the Alhambra, a Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land; an oriental palace amidst the gothic edifices of the West; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent, and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, and passed away."

It was noon when we entered Granada, and dismounted at the door of its principal hotel, the "Fonda de Minerva;" but no master nor waiter came forth to receive a body of exhausted travellers, and it was not for some time that we could attract the attention of the household, and when we had, at length, succeeded in doing so, our wants were attended to with inconceivable apathy and tardiness; it being beneath the dignity of a Spanish "caballero," whether master or servant, ever to put himself into an unseemly hurry. The rooms at length allotted to us were comfortable enough, and our dinner excellent, but as the vilest odours everywhere prevailed, and the continual ascent to the Alhambra, which is elevated above the town, would have proved excessively fatiguing, it was resolved to establish ourselves, if possible, within the fortress itself. One thing alone deterred us, the little Fonda of the Alhambra had been reported by a preceding traveller as being so haunted by bugs, that they had not even the decency to await the cover of night to commence their operations, but crawled in myriads over the walls by open daylight in quest of their victims. These alarming apprehensions were dissipated by an interview with the guide, who now presented himself, to conduct us over the Alhambra, and who proved to be no other than the identical Mateo Ximenes, immortalized by Washington Irving. When

Granada was visited by that accomplished traveller, whose descriptions of it still remain unequalled, honest Mat was " a tall meagre varlet, whose rusty-brown cloak, was evidently intended to conceal the ragged state of his nether garments." He is still as tall and as meagre as Don Quixote himself, but the plight of

his raiment is somewhat altered for the better, mainly through the request in which his services as a guide have been, since the publication of Irving's work. He is now a little advanced in years, his tall figure somewhat bent; his features are high and intelligent; his countenance, deeply furrowed, beams with a bland benevolent expression; his manner is gentle and obliging, and his enunciation of Spanish so distinct and sonorous, that in a few weeks, I doubt not, we should have been qualified to understand the endless legendary and historical gossip which he was never tired of pouring forth.

Under his conduct we set off to employ the evening in obtaining a first impression of the Alhambra. Leaving our inn, we passed through the rugged, tumble-down streets of Spanish Granada, until we came to one spanned by a Moorish gateway, called the " Puerta de la Bivarambla," alluded to in the ballad of Alhama, from which we have already quoted:—

"The Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada's royal town,
From Elvira's gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama!"

This gate gave access to the extensive oblong square of the Bivarambla, celebrated in Moorish days for jousts and tourneys held by its gallant chivalry. Hence the long and narrow street of the Zacatin, of Moorish foundation, and resembling the oriental bazaars, conducts to a second plaza, whence by the steep street of Los Gomeles, we clambered half-way up the hill surmounted by the towers of the Alhambra. At the top of this street is a gateway, where a surprise awaited us, for which we were prepared by no previous description. We looked suddenly into an avenue of lofty elms meeting over head, and entirely excluding the fervent rays of the sun; and what was more singular, these elms, which resembled those of an English park, and which cover the whole side of the hill and render it a most delicious summer retreat, are actually of English origin, and liberally supplied with water, maintain, even in this thirsty climate, all the freshness of their original home. Advancing under this verdant canopy nearly to the top of the hill, the great gate of the Alhambra, the "Puerta de la Justicia," burst upon us, at the extremity of an ascending avenue, a most noble and majestic specimen of Moorish architecture. Passing under its deep portal, we were at once within the walls of the fortress, which stands out above the City and Vega of Granada on the almost isolated spur of a mountain, and was surrounded by a host of towers, many of which are now in ruins, and capable of containing above 40,000 men. Another slight ascent led us under a second Moorish archway, into the level area at the summit, where a glance at the surrounding objects spoke eloquently of the mutations and disfigurements which the place has undergone. On our left were some of the massive towers of the Moors

in a state of dilapidation, on the right, a ruinous palace built by Charles V. in the Italian style, while the towers of a convent, and a number of miserable modern edifices, combined to produce a painful sense of incongruity and degradation, which did not escape the notice of our guide. Conducting us across the court, and leading us round an angle of the palace to a dead wall in which there was a closed doorway, he rung the bell, which after a moment's delay flew suddenly open. As we stepped across the threshold a general exclamation of surprise burst forth from our party—we seemed transported, as by magic, some centuries back into the midst of the reign of the Moors. We were in an open, oblong court, called the Patio de la Alberca, or fish-pond, its centre nearly occupied with a tank of water edged with marble, and bordered by fragrant hedges of myrtle, reflecting in its lucid basin the elegant arabesque pillars, horse-shoe arches, and latticed casements which surround the court; a scene which thus suddenly beheld was absolutely magical. We stepped from the open sunlight under the shady colonnade, which communicated by a broad doorway with a cool inner corridor, and beyond, with a lofty square hall with few windows, sunk in gorgeous and impressive gloom, and denominated "the Hall of the Ambassadors." Peeping from the windows of this apartment, we were astonished to find that it was perched on the brink of an almost perpendicular precipice, overlooking the City and Vega, forming, in fact, one story of the famous tower denominated the "Torre de Comares."

We knew not which to admire most, the inimitable elegance and gorgeous decoration of the edifice, every cranny of which was covered with the most exquisite ornament, or its romantic and unparalleled situation. From the court of the Alberca a passage led into the celebrated Court of the Lions, in which and in the halls opening into it, the genius of Moorish architecture has attained the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. It was, however, with a feeling of vexation that we first set eyes on this

marvellous *chef d'œuvre* of human artifice. The tesselated pavement of the court was gone, some of its delicate pillars propped up with wooden beams, the fountains dry, and the elegant corridors covered over with a vulgar red tiling. But when this first feeling of chagrin, produced by the ravages of barbarism rather than of time, had abated—when we advanced from the open court into the halls that surround it on three sides, the Sala de los Abencerrages, the Sala de Justicia, and, above all, the Sala de las dos Hermanas, or, "the two sisters," terminated by its exquisite alcove—when we looked upon the incomparable and infinitely varied arabesques that covered the walls, the gorgeous pendants and intricate honeycomb tracery of the lofty ceilings tapering to a point above our heads, and every portion of which had formerly been gilt and painted—when we realized the fairy-like elegance, the fantastic intricacy of this style of architecture, and revelled in the exquisite effects of light and shade that it presented at every turn, we were forced to admit that all that imagination had pictured fell far short of the actual reality. But great as was our satisfaction at beholding it even thus, it was not unaccompanied by a feeling of melancholy that its glory has departed, that we cannot see it as it once was, and as its builders designed it to be, that imagination must supply many a gap, and overlook many a hideous barbarism perpetrated by its subsequent occupants, which show like disfiguring scars and blotches upon the pure symmetry of a lovely countenance.

Such was our first impression of the Alhambra, and it determined us the next day to transfer our residence to the spot. To our great satisfaction and surprise, after what we had heard, we found the Fonda perfectly clean, and had every reason to be satisfied with our treatment while remaining there. Mateo was established as our body guard and cicerone, and fulfilled his functions both ably and agreeably. We found that the air of the Alhambra was exquisitely pure and bracing,

and were never tired of the romantic prospects it commanded. We passed there a charmed week, which will certainly never be forgotten by any of the party, for few such occur within the compass of our everyday existence.

I can, perhaps, give the reader no better idea of the range of objects that occupied our attention during these precious days, than by asking him to ascend the hill of St. Nicholas, whence Granada and its Vega are exhibited with map-like minuteness, as well as surpassing magnificence. The view (*depicted upon the frontispiece*) will in some degree bear out this remark. The fortress palace of the Moors occupies, it will be seen, an oblong and almost isolated hill. On one side it looks over the extensive Vega, watered by the silver windings of the Xenil, which descends from the Alpine snows of the Sierra Nevada. On the other, its towers range along the edge of the deep and romantic glen of the Darro, which falls into the Xenil after traversing the city. This glen separates the hill of the Alhambra from that of the Albaycin, formerly very strongly fortified, but now fallen to ruins. These opposite fortresses were the strongholds of the rival factions of Boabdil and his uncle during the last siege of Granada; while a third quarter, called the Alcazaba, only the edge of which can be shown within the limits of our picture, is still more ancient than either. Occupying the valley of the Darro, between the two hills and part of the plain at their feet, is the city of Granada, with its ponderous gothic cathedral and the grave of Ferdinand and Isabella, the conquerors of Granada and the patrons of Columbus. This vast extent was in the time of the Moors entirely surrounded by walls; and the Albaycin, and the more impregnable Alhambra, stood up as separate fortresses within this immense enclosure.

The Alhambra itself still retains a large proportion of its towers; the two most conspicuous being that on the extreme point, called the "Torre de la Vela," or Standard, and

the massive "Torre de Comares," already mentioned, suspended on the hill side, to the left of which is the slender one surmounted by the "Tocador de la Sultana," an open gallery, commanding a most romantic prospect. Here, quite unmarked by any signs of external splendour, are the low roofs that cover the magic courts of the Moorish palace, which have been well described as like a spar, externally rough, but within full of glittering crystals. The square mass of Charles the Fifth's palace is also conspicuous. A deep ravine separates the Alhambra from the summer palace of the Generalife, hung romantically on the side of a wooded hill, above which tower the fragments of some early fortress, called the "Silla del Moro," or the "Moor's Chair," from a tradition that Boabdil, the last King of Granada, one day sat there, and overlooked his rebellious city beneath.

The luxuriant Vega, or plain, extends from the base of the Sierra Nevada far beyond the limits of our view. Every inch of that beautiful area is memorable in the annals of the conquest of Granada. Its surface then glittered with the tents and squadrons of the Spaniards, and was the scene of many a gallant encounter between their chivalry and that of the Moors. The town of Santá Fe was built in its midst by Ferdinand and Isabella, as a permanent camp, from which they vowed never to depart until the infidel city was taken; and here it was that Columbus, who had left the court after a long and abortive attendance, was overtaken at the bridge of Pinos, and brought back again to conclude that treaty which issued in the discovery of a new world. Just where the road enters the mountains are the "Cuesta de las Lagrimas," or the "Hill of Tears," and the spot called "El ultimo Suspiro del Moro," or "The Moor's last Sigh," where the unfortunate Boabdil wept as he lost sight of his conquered kingdom, and was reproached by his mother with the unfeeling words, "You do well to weep like a woman over that which you could not defend like a

man;" while, nearer the city, the white tower marks the site of Zubia, where Queen Isabella, who had repaired thither with an escort to obtain a view of Granada, was nearly surprised by a sudden sally of the Moorish cavalry.

The lofty Sierra Nevada, of which the whole could not be included in the view, is 12,700 feet in height, being only a few hundred less than Mont Blanc. Its summit is covered with eternal snows, and its flanks broken into deep and rugged ravines, through which its fertilizing waters pour down into the Vega below, and being carefully conducted over its surface by means of irrigation, form the great source of its exuberant fertility, which was far greater in the time of the Moors than it is at the present day.

With this glance at the city of Granada and its environs it may well be imagined how rapidly flew by the days in the enjoyment of such a circle of objects. Our manner of life was this:—after an early morning ramble along the battlements, and breakfasting, we usually repaired to the Alhambra, one to copy Arabic inscriptions, some to draw, others to idle, to clamber the towers of Comares, and peep down into the courts below, to seek the deep shade of the Hall of the Ambassadors, or feed the gold-fish in the tank of the Alberca. Often would we wander into the little airy Tocador, the favourite haunt of Charles V., and look down from its slender colonnade several hundred feet into the deep and romantic vale of the Darro. But it was by haunting it on the moonlight nights that we fully realized all that is magical in this fairy palace, when its unsightly scars and patches are softened down, when imagination might most freely revel, recalling the turbaned Moors and their antique state—when the play of the light and shade among these avenues of Arabesque pillars was most fantastic and startling, the shadows of the halls more vast and sombre—when the sleeping Albaycin, with its Moorish houses and courts below, was bathed in pale white light, and the out-

stretched Vega and its mountain barrier dimly descried through the silvery haze of night.

Persuaded that the mere descriptions of the Alhambra, without the aid of numerous careful engravings, which cannot here be introduced, would fail to convey any correct idea of its peculiarities, we must be content with a few general remarks. This palace, in which Arabian architecture has reached its acme of grace and elegance, was begun by Ibnu-l-ahmar, in 1248, and finished about 1314, not very long before the downfal of the kingdom of Granada. It was formerly far more extensive than at present, the whole winter quarter having been pulled down by Charles V. to build up his unfinished palace, while other apartments were *Italianised*, and fitted with fire-places for his reception. Under the Spanish rule the beautiful structure was sadly degraded and pillaged of all its fittings, and was in a fair way to be entirely destroyed, until roofed by order of Mr. Wall, the English Minister at the Spanish court. The French did much injury, and blew up several towers of the fortress, in order to render it no longer available in war. Latterly a better feeling has been manifested; some portions have been restored, others repaired, and enough yet remains to give a perfect idea of what the structure must have been when it excited the enthusiastic admiration of Peter Martyr, who entered it in the train of its Spanish conquerors: "The Alhambra! Oh, immortal gods, what a palace is it! unique, I believe, upon the face of the whole earth!"

We cannot but observe here, that the celebrated work of Owen Jones, which we inspected at Gibraltar immediately after our return, would almost suffice to rebuild the Alhambra, were it destroyed, so astonishingly minute and accurate is it in every particular.

At Granada one seems to think but little of the Spaniards, or rather to regard them with an unfavourable eye, everything recalling the superior refinement of their predecessors, the Moors.

To show what was the state of Moorish civilisation at the period when this masterpiece of invention was erected, we will quote a page or two from that very lively book of the American Schrœder, called "Shores of the Mediterranean," in which he gives a summary, drawn from the history of his fellow-countryman, Prescott; and we must admit the justice of his boast, that "the Americans have burnished up the faded splendours of the Alhambra, aroused the interest of its fame, and gilded every tower and castle with revived glory."

"For summer luxury, and adaptation to the climate," he remarks, "nothing could be more admirable. I have seen all the comfortable splendours of the royal private apartments in Windsor Castle, and remembering the date and the present difference of race, certainly the Moor of 1400 A.D. could match the British princes in all luxury: and when we recall the rich equipage and furniture of the Alhambra as it was four hundred years ago, the precious woods of citron, sandal, aloes, and olive wood, ivory and Mosaic of pearl; the gold and enamel work; the rich divans, the costly hangings, the curious works of art, and ingenious toys which abounded; the baths and plentiful luxuries; and the inhabitants of this sumptuous abode arrayed in fine linens and embroidered native silks, plumes, velvets, glittering with gems and wrought gold; and compare them with the British monarchs of that day, we shall have a striking contrast. At a still earlier period, when the palace floors of Windsor were strewed with rushes and straw, the richest carpets and ottomans were laid upon the superb marbles of the Alhambra.

"But there were other and far more interesting superiorities in the Moor; learning, literature, art, science, and accomplishments of every sort. Their national greatness attained its highest importance in the tenth century, when one of their kings accumulated a library of six hundred thousand volumes. Eighty free schools were established in Cordova, and the best

scholars of Christian Europe flocked to the Moorish colleges. Nothing in all antiquity surpassed the means of accomplishments and learning; and philosophers, poets, historians of the Arabs, grew great in numbers and in fame. At this period the last Saxon king was on the throne of England, and ruled over a people described by Hume as 'uncultivated, ignorant of letters, unskilled in the mechanical arts, untamed to submission to law and government,' &c.

"While such was the state of England and of Europe, the single city of Cordova possessed six hundred public temples, and the palace of the king was a great academy, to which students of all nations flocked, and the king himself partook of their learned conferences.

"At a later age, when Edward the First was on the throne of England, there were fifty colleges on the Plain of Granada; and in Moorish Spain no less than seventy public libraries. The state of learning and literature at the same period in Christian Europe was yet in its dark period.

"The revenue of the Arab sovereigns in the tenth century, derived from commerce, husbandry, mines, and herds, &c., amounted to nearly thirty millions of dollars; and a hundred years later, William the Conqueror was unable to obtain two millions from his new kingdom by every means of oppression. In short, all Christian Europe was in its dark age, and from the Spanish Moors came one principal impulse for their enlightenment and regeneration. In agriculture, nautical science, and the arts of war, the most important lessons were derived from them. The Arabs were devoted to natural and mathematical sciences; algebra was their gift to all other Europe; they were the first to manufacture paper; and the application of gunpowder to the military science was due to the ingenuity of this extraordinary people. So great was the thirst for knowledge among all classes of Moors, that we are told blind men were eminent scholars among them five hundred years ago, when at the

enlightened period of this present day, we look with astonishment at ingenious methods by which the blind can obtain the most common-place information. Astronomy made vast strides in improvement, and their instruments and observatories were brought to great perfection. Their historians number thirteen hundred writers; and their treatises upon logic and metaphysics, we are told by Mr. Prescott, amount to one-ninth of the surviving treasures of the Spanish royal library. The writings of their philosophers, historians, and poets, were translated and diffused throughout Europe. In everything they appear to have quickened the dormant energies of the Christians. They even taught them lessons in gallantry and chivalry; and it is not the least interesting item of their great examples, that the famed knightly orders of the Templars, Hospitallers, Knights of St. John, were imitations of Moorish Crusaders against Christian Infidels. The existence of such an order among the Arabs was a century earlier than the first Christian brotherhood of knights. They were distinguished for their austere and frugal habits; and, being stationed on the borders, were bound by a vow against the Christian Infidels.

"Such are some of the interesting facts for which we have to thank the industry and research of the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella; and to have enjoyed the benefit of his information on the spot most associated with the glories of the Spanish Moors, was no common gratification."

But we had also at hand other objects than the Alhambra. On one of the brightest of mornings we crossed over to the palace and gardens of the Generalife. This is indeed a scene of gay summer luxury, of freshness and coolness,—of bubbling streams and dashing fountains, some fifty of which were set playing for us,—of odoriferous avenues of myrtle, and cypress, and bay, and light fairy halls, of the most delicate arabesque, commanding prospects the most incomparable over Granada and the environs. At other times we would descend into the

deep glen of the Darro, which was a little paradise of the Moors, and full of their most elegant villas, or clamber the thyme-covered hills, and look over the boundless landscape. One day we devoted to the exploration of the city and cathedral of Granada. As the delicate halls of the Alhambra may be called a miracle of art, so may this ponderous cathedral be considered as the triumph of barbarism, though imposing from its mere vastness. There are a few objects, however, of no common interest in this otherwise barren edifice. In the Royal Chapel are the tombs of Ferdinand the Catholic and his queen Isabella, who wrested Granada from the Moors, and by their side those of Philip the Handsome and the mad Princess Jane, mother of the Emperor Charles V. The effigies of these illustrious personages are beautifully sculptured, that of the good and pious queen being remarkable for its characteristic and benevolent expression. Their mortal remains, enclosed in leaden coffins, repose in the vault beneath. Nor must we omit to notice the gratification we derived, in the dearth of any other good works of art, from some of the exquisite productions of Alonzo Cano. One is a carved image of the Virgin, in size not much larger than a doll, but with a world of exquisite art in that narrow compass; so sadly sweet, so seriously graceful, that one could gaze on it for ever, and grow yet more and more enamoured of its marvellous beauty. Cano is a master little known in England, but his works are remarkable for refinement and tenderness of expression.

It was also pleasant to trace the vestiges of the Moorish city of Granada, its old bazaars, the restored Alcaiceria, an exquisite little nook, and mouldering horseshoe arches and lofty towers; to perambulate the ruinous towers of the Albaycin, and to peep into the Gypsey quarter, a series of caverns burrowed in the rock, and filled with black-eyed "Gitanos," overhanging the Darro, said to run over a bed of golden sands, a sort of miniature "Sacramento." And if wearied of these multifarious

but exciting objects, it was refreshing to idle at noon amidst the dense arcades of "branching elm, star proof," as green and leafy as those of an English park; and no less delightful to sit and watch, from these lofty battlements, the solemn sunset diffusing crimson hues over the outspread Vega, and its mountain ramparts crested with eternal snow.

In all these rambles we were accompanied by our faithful and pleasant squire, Mateo, that "Son of the Alhambra," as he may well call himself, who familiarized us with every nook and corner of the place. We enjoyed the pleasure of reading the inimitable descriptions of Irving on the spot itself, of visiting every point of historical interest in his "Chronicles;" and as they are now to be acquired for a couple of shillings, can only counsel our readers to do the next best thing, which is to buy them, and read them at home.

At length we were compelled to turn our faces again towards Gibraltar, our week having fled like a dream. We summoned little Chico, mounted our horses, filled our alforgas, and taking this time the carriage road to Loja, drew, Boabdil-like, our *ultimo suspiro* as the now familiar towers of the Alhambra faded for ever from our sight. Refreshing ourselves at a wayside "venta," shortly after sunset we beheld the romantic town, with its old Moorish castle blocking up the narrow pass of the Xenil, and, like Alhama, forming one of the mountain keys of Granada; and at the siege of which by Ferdinand, the English knights, led on by Lord Rivers, were distinguished for their bravery. We dismounted at a large posada, the lower story of which consisted of an extensive range of stabling, with a portion cut off at one end as a sitting place for the host and the muleteers. Passing through this stable department we ascended into a dreary corridor, where however we found clean beds and a good supper. Next evening, after a hot ride through a dreary mountain tract, relieved with a few pleasant passages of landscape, we came in view of the sea, near the

little town of El Colmenar, where we reposed for a few hours, and starting again before sunrise the following morning, descended for some hours by interminable corkscrew windings to Malaga, and a little before noon returned to a late breakfast at honest Balcon's. "And so," as Mr. Pips would say, "home to Algesiras and the old Rock."

After returning from Malaga we remained but a short time at Gibraltar. Our object being rather to give a picture of its remarkable situation, than to dwell upon its geology or natural history, it will suffice to observe that it presents very much that is interesting to the scientific observer, especially to the botanist; more than three hundred plants adorning the surface of a rock which is usually considered to be destitute of verdure. The crags, at a distance apparently naked, are found, on a near approach, to be overgrown with palmettos and shrubs, intermingled with flowering plants; while in the lower grounds the date-palm, olive, almond, orange, carob, and other trees, with figs, pomegranates, apples, plums, apricots, and almost all our northern vegetables, flourish abundantly. The botanical student should provide himself with a little manual on the subject called "Flora Calpensis," published by Van Voorst in Paternoster Row, as a companion in his rambles about the Rock. The fossil bones are among the most remarkable curiosities of the place. Eagles and monkeys have been already mentioned, besides which, hares and rabbits, wild cats, partridges, larks, starlings, thrushes, blackbirds, pigeons, and poultry also abound. The climate, in general salutary, is often disagreeable from the prevalence of a sea fog which overhangs the rock, and inspires a train of disagreeble sensations. There is an epidemic fever which visits the place about once in every twelve years.

The motley character of the inhabitants has been already noticed. Gibraltar, having been made a free port by Queen

Anne, and the most complete religious toleration being established, has become perfectly cosmopolitan; and thus emigrants from all quarters, many of them of damaged reputations, have been drawn to the shelter of the Rock. Jews, native or from Bombay, Brazilians, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Germans, Genoese, Greeks, Ionians, Maltese, Moors, Italians, Prussians, Portuguese, Spaniards, South Americans, Swedes, Swiss, Turks, and Yankees, meet together within the narrow confines of the town. There are some merchants of the highest respectability, but smuggling is one great occupation of the place. The civil and military authorities form a society apart from this mixed multitude, into which they admit only a few favoured exceptions.

Whether this stronghold is, or ever will be, after all, worthy of the immense expenditure that it has occasioned, has often been called in question. A recent writer has observed that Gibraltar lives on her former credit; and that as it has cost us an enormous sum, we conclude it must be of corresponding value. Yet, destitute as it is of a harbour, like that of Malta, it cannot be a fortified stronghold for our fleet in the Mediterranean; it can hardly, as will already have appeared, be said to close the Mediterranean against a hostile squadron. It is not, to say truth, very clear what it commands, or what it protects. A conjunction of circumstances might, however, arise in which it would prove of importance. Since the establishment of the overland route it has acquired a new value, as one of a chain of posts connecting England with her Indian possessions. One thing is certain, that having expended millions upon it, and covered it with the prestige of a glorious defence, it is not very likely to be given up, especially as it is understood that, by improved management, it is made to pay its own expenses. Yet, unless international morality be indeed a fiction, every one who knows how it fell into our possession, and that when it was reluctantly ceded to us by Spain it was

on the condition that it should not be made a nest for smuggling, must desire to see the end of a system which, though we defend by *might*, we cannot justify by *right*; and which is as discreditable to our national good faith, as it is justly provocative of the hatred of the Spanish nation.

Our time being more than expired, we embarked somewhat hurriedly on board a small paddle-wheel steamer, and soon Gibraltar, with its walls and bastions, and the dwelling on the mountain side, which we had come to regard almost as a home, began to lessen upon our vision. Quitting the shelter of the bay, we opened the straits, and pointing our prow to the westward, advanced into the midst of that magnificent current, which, running at the rate of two and a half miles per hour, pours continually in from the Atlantic ocean; a mysterious phenomenon, which has given rise to a great variety of theories, and is not yet decisively explained. Dr. Halley considered that the loss of the Mediterranean by evaporation is quite equal to this continual indraught, inclusive of the waters of all the great rivers that pour into its basin. Others prefer to explain the mystery by the supposition of a counter current underneath, less powerful than the principal one, in proof of which the fact is advanced, that a vessel sunk in the Bay of Gibraltar was cast on shore near Tangier, full thirty miles to the westward. Urquhart, expressing his dissatisfaction with the theory of evaporation, inquires, "What becomes of the salt, which, if this idea is true, must for ages have been accumulating and filling up the bed of the Mediterranean?" and he proposes, as a more probable solution, "an under-current, produced by a difference of specific gravity between the waters of the Mediterranean and the ocean." There is a constant counter-stream to the westward running along both shores, and the ocean tides rise within the strait to the height of four feet; circumstances of which small boats, which creep along the coast,

avail themselves to work outwards; but it requires a powerful east wind to enable larger ships to stem the central current; and as the westerly winds moreover prevail, vessels are often detained for a great length of time in the Bay of Gibraltar, several hundreds being in fact wind-bound at the period of our departure.

The scenery around was grand but solitary: Gibraltar was behind; and Mons Abyla, or Apes' Hill, now reared above us its tremendous range of precipices, interspersed with fruitful valleys, which were formerly inhabited by the valiant Moorish clan of "Gomeles," a body-guard of whom, consisting of five hundred men, were quartered in the street of the same name, already described as forming the ascent to the Alhambra. Further to the westward, crouching at the foot of the mountains, is the little white-walled town of Alcasar el Ceguer, or the "Little Palace," built by Jacob Almanzor as a post from which to send over troops into Spain, and which became such a nest of corsairs that the Portuguese seized it in 1458, but were constrained to retire, after holding it with difficulty for two years. Thus has Morocco shaken off the yoke of her invaders, remaining what she has been for ages—intact in habits and ideas, without the slightest infusion of occidentalism; less known and less visited than many of the remotest regions upon the earth.

On the opposite side were the green hills of Spain, swelling into lofty mountains, with here and there a white village or watch-tower. The Moors and Spaniards have no intercourse whatever, regarding one another with fixed immemorial aversion. As we approached the mouth of the strait on the Spanish side, the setting sun shone upon the mouldering and forlorn ramparts of Tarifa, which look, to use the words of Ford, "as if they could be battered down with its own oranges,"—a memento of the fiery struggles that once took place between the inhabitants of these hostile shores.

Hence, in 417, the Vandals were driven across into Africa by Wallia, the Gothic king. Here, in A.D. 711, Taric crossed

over from Africa with a Moorish army, to conquer Spain from Roderick, the last of the Goths, with whom, months after, he commenced, in the sandy plains expanding to the westward of the town, that struggle, which terminated in the decisive overthrow of the Goths on the shores of the Guadalete. Here Alonzo XI. overthrew the Moors in the famous action followed up by the siege of Algesiras. The "Tower of Guzman" marks the spot where occurred one of those horrible deeds which darken the page of ancient warfare, and which we shall give in the words of Ford. "Alonzo Percy de Guzman, when others declined, offered to hold this post of danger for a year. The Moors beleaguered it, aided by the Infante Juan, a traitor brother of Sancho's, to whom Alonzo's eldest son, aged nine, had been entrusted previously as a page. Juan now brought the boy under the walls, and threatened to kill him if his father would not surrender. Alonzo drew his dagger, and threw it down, exclaiming, 'I prefer honour without a son, to a son with dishonour!' He retired; and the prince caused the child to be put to death. A cry of horror ran through the Spanish battlements; Alonzo rushed forth, beheld his son's body, and

returning to his childless mother, calmly observed, 'I feared that the infidel had gained the city.' "

Abreast were the white buildings of Tangier, rising to the westward of which the lonely promontory of Cape Spartel projected into the boundless waters of the Atlantic. Tangier is another city of Phœnician origin, of note in the time of the Romans, and giving its name to the province of Mauritania Tingitana. Under the Mohammedans it was of great wealth and importance. The Portuguese seized it in 1457, and it was ceded to England as part of the dower of the Portuguese princess, Catherine, who became the queen of Charles II. It proved so useless and expensive a possession, owing to the constant attacks of the Moors, that it was at length abandoned, and the works, which had cost an enormous sum, dismantled, though the Moors have partly repaired them. In our own recollection the place was bombarded by the French squadron, under the Prince de Joinville. Here are numerous consuls from Europe and America, with a considerable traffic in supplying Gibraltar and the coasts of Spain with live stock. The extremity of Cape Spartel bears traces of the adventurous Phœnicians, and is perforated by some remarkable caverns. In this neighbourhood, once the favourite seat of romantic fable, were the gardens of the Hesperides, to which some travellers have found an imagined counterpart in the beautiful vegetation of Morocco.

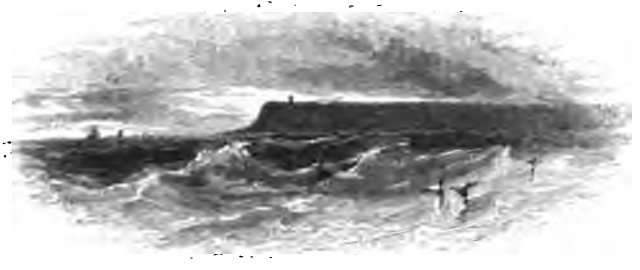
And so we sailed forth through those straits which were approached by the ancients with awe as the remote boundaries of their world, beyond which all was mystery and fable. The Phœnicians, who possessed, as some believe, the knowledge of the compass, which they kept carefully concealed from others, were the first to plough, with daring keel, the unexplored solitude of the Atlantic. Forming settlements at Carteia, Tangier, and Cadiz, they visited the shores of Britain for tin, exploring the western islands; and in the reign of

Pharaoh Necho adventured on their famous circumnavigation of Africa, which anticipated by several hundred years the exploit of Vasco de Gama. It was at Cadiz that either they or their mythical demigod, Hercules, set up those pillars, which by poetical fiction were afterwards supposed to be the twin rocks of Calpe and Abyla, which sentinel the entrance of the straits. Then followed from the eastward, the Carthaginian and the Roman, the Goth and the Moor, and sat them down in the surrounding kingdoms, till, reversing this order of march, the fair-haired sea kings of the north of Europe, who are supposed to have discovered America, steered their roving barks through these narrow straits, intent, not upon commerce, but on pillage. At last came Columbus, who, starting from near this boundary of the old world, disclosed the vast oceanic spaces, and opened to us the boundless realms of another continent.

As our vessel rose upon the long rolling swell of the Atlantic, and the shores of the strait lessened behind us in the deepening twilight, I cast a lingering and perhaps a final glance towards that beloved and beautiful sea, on the shores of which had been spent, not without many a vicissitude of sickness and peril, so many of the most interesting hours of a troubled existence, and which have furnished to the memory a stock of priceless recollections. If the object of all travel be, as Dr. Johnson thought, to visit the shores of the Mediterranean, I had been more than ordinarily favoured. What a list of memorable cities! — Carthage and Alexandria — Jerusalem and Tyre — Damascus and Antioch—Constantinople and Athens—Venice, Rome, and Naples—Palermo and Granada—and a host of others, had it been my privilege to visit. What scenes of monumental grandeur! memorials of race upon race—the massive solidity of the Egyptian pyramid—the intellectual harmony of the Grecian temple—the colossal magnificence of the Roman amphitheatre—the solemn gloom of the Gothic cathedral, and the fairy elegance of the Arabian palace. How

many battle-fields, from the plains of Issus to the waters of Trafalgar—but above all, what spots hallowed by the presence of genius or of goodness—of sages, and poets, and apostles, and martyrs, had not my feet pressed during the course of many a repeated pilgrimage. It was something, if the gifts of fortune were wanting, to have enjoyed these intellectual luxuries which nothing but death can take away—something to have trodden those shores which were the cradle of the human race—where arose the religion, the arts, the sciences, the poetry, the navigation, which have served as the heritage of posterity, and to which, as long as the world lasts, the footsteps of the human race must ever be directed with a veneration which no other place can inspire.

With the last streaks of day we could discern the long promontory of TRAFALGAR, projecting into the heaving Atlantic,



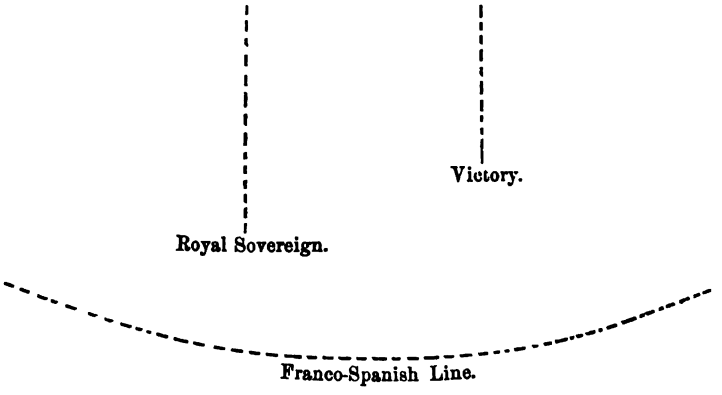
hallowed by the most memorable, to the feelings of an Englishman, of the many events of ancient and modern story which crowd upon one another at this corner of Europe and Africa. Familiar as is every child with the general outline of the battle, the reader may not perhaps object to have his recollection refreshed by a few notices from James's Naval History, and Pettigrew's Life. Nelson was anxiously watching off Cadiz to intercept the Spanish and French fleets, commanded by Admiral Villeneuve, when an order from Napoleon required the latter to put to sea. The last letter written by the

conqueror of the Nile lay unfinished on his desk, and ended with, "May God Almighty give us success over these fellows, and enable us to get a peace." Yet there is no doubt that his presentiment of death was strong; and he took leave of one of his officers with the prophetic words, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again."

On this occasion Nelson resolved to attack the enemy's line in two columns, and if possible, to cut off a portion; but in the confusion of so extensive a scene of conflict, it was understood that "that captain would not be far wrong who laid his ship alongside one of the enemy." On board the Victory, in which Nelson resolved to lead one of the columns to the attack, he was to be seen in his usual thread-bare naval frock, with its four weather-beaten and lack-lustre stars, charging his men to reserve their fire, and see that every gun told. As the admiral's ship would necessarily be exposed to the hottest of the enemy's fire, Captain Blackwood, as delicately as possible, besought Nelson to allow the Téméraire, the next ship behind, to go ahead. "Oh yes — let her go ahead!" ironically replied Nelson. When about to engage the enemy, he remarked, "We must give a fillip to the fleet—suppose we say, Nelson expects every man to do his duty;" an officer suggested the substitution of the word "England." "Certainly, certainly!" exclaimed the admiral, and, thus altered, the memorable signal was received by a glorious shout of three cheers from the entire fleet.

The two English columns bore down upon the Franco-Spanish line after the fashion represented in the diagram. Admiral Collingwood heading one in the Royal Sovereign, and Nelson the other in the Victory. The morning was fine, the sun shone splendidly out upon the long and majestic line of the enemy, towards which, the wind being light, the English advanced but slowly. As Collingwood approached in the Royal Sovereign, the Fougueux discharged the first shot at her, but the

latter reserved her fire till she could give it with due effect, when, at ten minutes past ten, she fired one tremendous broad-



side of double-shotted guns into the ship nearest her, killing or wounding 400 men, and disabling fourteen guns. "What would Nelson give to be here?" proudly demanded Collingwood; while at the same moment Nelson exclaimed, as he witnessed the onset, "See how that gallant fellow Collingwood leads his ship into action!" Several of the enemy's line now almost encircled the Royal Sovereign, which, for a quarter of an hour, sustained the whole brunt of the action, firing into her from so many opposite directions, that the hissing balls were frequently seen to encounter each other in the air.

Meanwhile the Victory was coming up to the scene of action, Nelson being earnestly desirous of engaging the French admiral's ship, which, however, could not be discovered. As the Victory majestically advanced, one of the enemy's ships fired a single shot to ascertain the range, then succeeded a few moments of solemn silence, when seven or eight French ships poured their broadsides into her at the same moment. Scott, Nelson's secretary, fell dead while conversing with Hardy, and as the tremendous volleys swept on unslackened, Nelson

exclaimed to the latter, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long." The latter now observing to Nelson that they could not break the enemy's line without falling on board one of their ships, the Victory prepared to grapple. As she passed the Bucentaur she fired a sixty-eight pound carronade into the stern windows of that vessel, and discharged the whole of her guns, sweeping down 400 of the crew of her antagonist, and dismantling twenty of her guns. The crippled vessel sheered off, and the Victory, steering alongside the Redoutable, was soon locked with her in a deadly struggle of gun to gun, and man to man. It was while this terrific conflict was at the highest, that Hardy observed Nelson suddenly stagger, and fall upon the very spot stained with the blood of poor Scott, struck in the spine by a musket-ball from the enemy's tops. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," he exclaimed. "I hope not," replied the latter. "Yes," returned Nelson, "my back is shot through." At half-past one, the wounded hero was carried into the cockpit, while the conflict with the Redoutable, which ship was most gallantly fought, was raging with the utmost fury. As, in the confusion occasioned by this unhappy incident, the upper deck of the Victory was almost cleared, the crew of the Redoutable made an attempt to board, but were bravely repulsed, and the Téméraire shortly after falling on board the Redoutable on the opposite side, the latter ship hauled down her colours, and enabled the Victory to swing off with her dying commander.

While these prominent incidents of the fight were occurring, the rest of the ships had closed, and the deadly encounter was going on at all points to the manifest advantage of the English. At half-past two, Hardy, during an interval of his duties on deck, descended into the cockpit of the Victory to the bedside of the dying Nelson, who for the last hour had been suffering intense agony. His thirst was excessive, and at times it was evident that his senses were wandering. On seeing his friend he faintly exclaimed, "Well, Hardy, how goes the battle?"

"Very well, my Lord; fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's ships are ours." "I had bargained for twenty," said Nelson. "I hope none of ours have struck, Hardy." He was assured that nothing of the sort had happened. Hardy, after again resuming his duties, returned to the cockpit, and assured the dying admiral of the glorious issue of the day. His energy survived to the last, and being told that Collingwood would probably assume the command, he exclaimed, "Not while I live. *Anchor*—Hardy—*anchor*." At half-past four he expired.

At the termination of the battle, Cape Trafalgar bore south-east by east, distant eight miles. Nineteen of the enemy's ships had been captured or destroyed, the French losing the half of their force, being nine, while the Spaniards, more unfortunate, out of fifteen ships saved but six, a blow from which their marine has never recovered. A gale came on after the battle, which seriously endangered the crippled vessels, both of the conquerors and the conquered. The Victory, towed by the Neptune, reached Gibraltar on the 28th of October, whence she shortly afterwards sailed for England with the body of the departed hero.

Four of the remaining French ships under Admiral Linois were captured on the 4th of November off Cape Finisterre. Bonaparte, when informed of this disaster, attributed it in part, like his Russian disasters, to "the elements," and partly to the imprudence of an engagement which his own instructions had in great measure occasioned.

On the next day, after passing Trafalgar, we were off Cadiz—passing at a distance the little town of Palos, whence Columbus set sail for the discovery of America, and to which he returned in triumph after his voyage. Our vessel being one of the slowest imaginable, it was not till late the second evening after clearing the straits that we came in sight of Cape St. Vincent, a lone romantic promontory with some fractured rocks at its foot, standing out into the ocean, having on its summit

a fine lighthouse, with a brilliant light revolving every two or three minutes, which shone out as we passed it like a star upon the dark heaving swell of the Atlantic. This spot was held sacred by the Romans, and on it was a druidical circle, in which, as Ford tells us, upon the authority of Strabo, the Iberians believed the gods assembled at night. The convent on its summit was called "the Church of the Crows," the mount still bearing the name of these birds, who watched, as tradition affirms, over the corpse of St. Vincent after his execution at Valencia, by Dacian. The body was removed to this spot, and the crows with it, until in 1147 it was removed to Portugal together with its sable sentinels. On being shewn to Beckford, he maliciously inquired whether the holy birds before him were the originals celebrated in the legend. "Not exactly the same," confidentially whispered the custode, "but their *immediate descendants.*"

The waters of Cape St. Vincent are also memorable for another triumph of the English navy, under Sir John Jervis, who for this victory was created Earl St. Vincent, over that of Spain, on the 14th of February, 1797. The fleet of the latter counted twenty-five ships, who advanced to cut off what in the obscurity of the fog they supposed to be but nine of the English, when to their astonishment, the mist clearing off, disclosed fifteen bearing down in a single line into the midst of their ill-compacted squadron. Confused and disheartened, they endeavoured when too late to form a line of battle, but were outmanœuvred, several of their ships being captured, and totally beaten. It was on this occasion that Nelson, then bearing the rank of commodore, successfully entered through the cabin windows, and took one of the Spanish ships, the San Nicholas; on observing which, the neighbouring San Josef discharged a volley upon the captors. Hereupon Nelson, closing with the San Josef, boarded her also from the deck of the San Nicholas, thus capturing both the vessels; and on the deck of a Spanish first-

rate received the swords of the vanquished Spaniards, which, as they were handed to him, he gave to William Feary, one of his bargemen, who put them with the greatest *sang froid* under his arm. Here also Admiral Napier defeated the Portuguese fleet.

From Cape Finisterre we stood across the Bay of Biscay, of evil fame, as everybody knows, though I have heard sailors remark that it is "no worse than other places." Our own experience tended rather to confirm than contradict the popular notion, as we encountered a very heavy gale of wind with a prodigious swell, which made us rejoice when we got under the shelter of the Irish coast. We had a beautiful sunrise view of the long range of the Scilly rocks, upon which Admiral Sir Cloudesly Shovel was lost on October 22, 1707, when returning from the Mediterranean; and on the following evening we arrived at Liverpool.

There are, perhaps, few sensations more exhilarating than setting foot on one's native shore after a stormy voyage. It is something to stand again on *terra firma,* and to get rid of the nausea, and that tarry taste with which everything on board seems impregnated. Then how pleasant to think that we are but an hour or two from the familiar fireside, and that there are eyes that will look brighter at our coming. But there was one on board who landed with very different feelings. He was a man of good family, an exile from Palermo, a leader in the recent rebellion against the king of Naples. As he would have been shot if taken, he had remained in concealment until he could contrive to effect his escape on board the steamer. His property was confiscated, and he was on his way to London to seek the assistance of some of the more wealthy refugees. The miseries of his country, and the tyranny under which she groaned, seemed to absorb his every idea. To England, in common with many of his compatriots, he had looked for help, and though he uttered no complaint, I fear that it was not without

a feeling of bitterness that he set foot upon our soil, a homeless wanderer, ignorant of our very language, left to brood in the midst of the crowd, over the loneliness of his position, perhaps to suffer the stings of want, and to beg the reluctant charity of the stranger! How many such refugees are at this moment in the midst of us!

Here I must take leave of the patient reader, if, indeed, his patience has held out to the end of the chapter, referring him to the Appendix for some particulars concerning those portions of the Overland Route, which, having already been described by me in previous publications, do not fall within the scope of the present volume.

APPENDIX.

DIRECTIONS FOR PASSENGERS BY THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

N.B.—As dates of departure often vary, they should always be ascertained at the Post Office and steam packet offices before starting, which obviates all possibility of mistake.

THERE are two direct routes to Malta: the first through France; the second by sea. Those who contemplate any stay in France should provide themselves with Murray's Handbooks; *at Paris, Post Office—Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau—inquire the time of departure* of the packets *direct* from Marseilles to Malta, and arrange accordingly. Leave Paris direct by railway to Lyons—if completed—if not, to Chalons-sur-Saône, and then, by the steamer, down the Rhone. The Hotel de l'Univers at Lyons is an *excellent and comfortable establishment*. Steamers leave Lyons daily for Avignon, sometimes arriving in time for the trains to Marseilles, which leave two or three times a day. Avignon—where there is a good hotel—is, however, well worthy of a few hours' examination. Walk to platform above the Palace of the Popes: *the view is magnificent. If time,* also visit the palace, cathedral; look at the ancient walls—among the most perfect in Europe—and, crossing the bridge, glance at the ruined castles on the opposite side of the Rhone. Those who have time may make an excursion to Vaucluse. A short and pleasant detour to Marseilles is by Nismes,—with its temple, amphitheatre, and neighbouring "Pont du Gard,"—and Arles, also full of Roman antiquities (*rail all the way*). Obtain local guides. At Marseilles the Hotel d'Orient is, perhaps, the most comfortable; the Hotel des Ambassadeurs most convenient and best frequented; there are others a shade more economical. There is little of interest at Marseilles. Visit the churches; walk round to entrance of harbour, and inspect works of new dock; take omnibus to the Prado, on the sea-coast, if time hangs heavily on hand.

There are several lines of steamers from Marseilles to Malta. The English government packet, *once* a month—generally about the 9th or 10th, (for the day, see Galignani)—takes three days. There are *two* French lines, leaving several times in the month: one, *direct* to Malta, in three days; the other, by the coasts of Italy, taking several days.

At Malta are several good hotels—the Clarendon, Morell's, Dunsford's, the Clarence, &c.; and for lodging-houses, get Muir's Almanac.

1st day.—Visit St. John's, governor's palace; walk round walls, and to botanical gardens; take boat, and row round the harbour; look at St. Angelo, Senglea, &c.

2d.—Take caleche or horses, and visit Macluba and Hagiar Chem. (Take provisions.)

3d.—St. Paul's Bay, returning by Citta Vecchia. (Ditto.)

4th.—The Boschetto, St. Antonio, &c.

The mail to Alexandria is carried on by another government packet, *a few hours after its arrival from Marseilles.* Average voyage, four days.

This route to Malta is not recommended to those who have a considerable quantity of baggage, unless they ship it from England direct: expense about the *same* as by sea, or rather less, depending on delay, and on style of travel adopted.

Steamers direct from England to Gibraltar, Malta, Alexandria, Suez, Bombay, Calcutta, and China.

(For fuller details apply to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, St. Mary Axe, who will furnish a printed list of their packets, with the latest dates and prices.)

Line of Screw Steamers, from Liverpool to Constantinople, touching at Gibraltar and Malta.

This line, the fares being extremely moderate—about one-third less than the "Peninsular," may be particularly recommended to those with whom *economy is an object,* and a day or two's delay of no especial importance. These vessels are excellent, well found, and ably commanded. They leave Liverpool about the 25th of each month. Apply to the Screw Shipping Company, Exchange Buildings, Royal Exchange, and Balfour and Laming, Liverpool.

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There are also other screw lines sailing from Liverpool into other parts of the Mediterranean, which touch at Malta and Gibraltar.

ALEXANDRIA.—On arrival the agent generally comes off, and assists in landing passengers, who go to the different hotels in the Great Square, which are tolerably good. *Secure beds directly,* if the mail stops a night; then take donkeys, and ride—*first* to "*Cleopatra's Needles;*" thence, *do not fail to ascend to Fort Cretin,* on a mound commanding the whole city—*vide* view; *afterwards,* ride on to Pompey's Pillar, and so back to hotel. This round need not occupy much more than an hour. Also visit—*if time*—Pasha's

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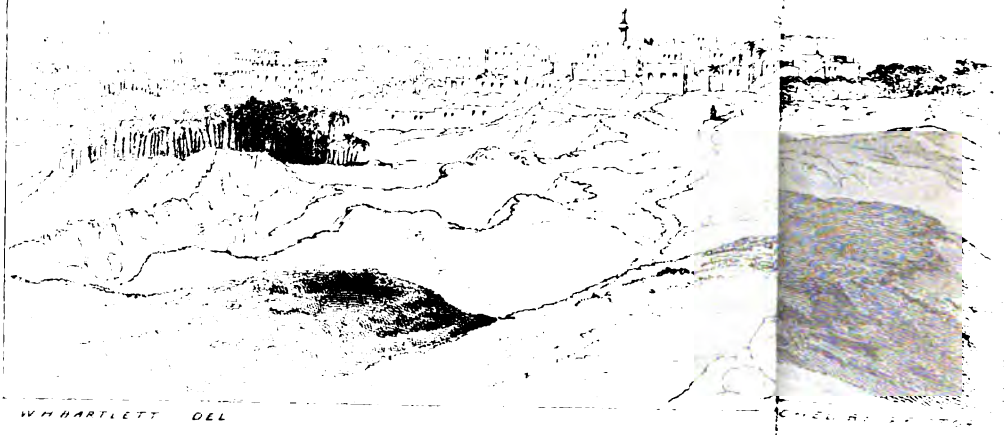

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b Port of Eun
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d Port of Cib
e Heptastadium
f Island of
g A small pro
The Ex
Temple
Antony
h Gate of the
i Gate of the
k The Cæsarea

MODERN ALEXANDRIA

palace and baths, arsenal, ships, &c.; or, if more than a day, ride out to the scene of the battle. Obtain guide at hotel.

We subjoin a few historical and antiquarian details:—

ALEXANDRIA was founded by Alexander the Great, who desired that it should be built in the shape of a Macedonian cloak. A magnificent lighthouse, considered one of the wonders of the world, was erected by the architect Dinocrates, on the point now occupied by the castle. The smaller harbour, now but little used, was formerly the most frequented, and communicated with the other by a passage through the neck of land, now covered by the modern city. The ancient city extended from the sea to Lake Mareotis, and was intersected (*vide* Plan) by two great streets, crossing at right angles. In the quarter called "Bruchion" was the celebrated museum built by Ptolemy, the palace, with many other important edifices. The Serapion, or Temple of Serapis, is believed to have stood on the hill at Pompey's Pillar. This column —the origin of which is uncertain—was dedicated anew to Dioclesian. The fallen obelisks, called "Cleopatra's Needles," came from the city of Heliopolis, and are far more ancient than anything within the city.

Alexandria, in its palmy state, was little inferior to Rome itself in magnificence. Under the fostering care of the Ptolemies it became the chief depôt of the commerce between the East and Europe. Goods were brought overland from Berenice, on the Red Sea, to Coptos, on the Nile, and thence sent down by the river and canal to Alexandria. It was no less famous as a school of learning; it was, however, rather a Grecian than Egyptian city, both in manners and population. During the early ages of Christianity, it was the chief seat of the famous Athanasian controversy, Athanasius being Bishop of Alexandria. Its trade fell into decay with the gradual decline of the Roman Empire, and with the taking of the city by the Arabs, who burnt its library, but particularly upon the establishment of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope. Its canal was choked up, and its population reduced to a few thousands. The late Pasha, Mehemet Ali, by re-opening the canal, and by his various improvements, has restored it to some measure of its former importance as the great shipping port of Egypt.

Passengers to India have rarely more than an hour or two to spare. On leaving Alexandria, they proceed to the canal cut by Mehemet Ali, to communicate with the Nile. On reaching its terminus at Atfeh, they are transferred to a steamer on the Nile, which takes them to the company's depôt at Boulac, the port of Cairo, whence they are conveyed in omnibus, or on asses, to the capital.

At CAIRO, Shepherd's Hotel may be safely recommended among others as possessing every European comfort. But few hours are usually given to passengers; employ them thus:—Obtain donkeys and guide, desire hotel-

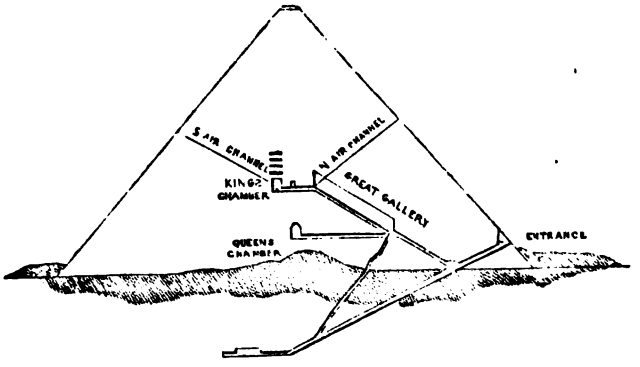
keeper to direct them. Ride through bazaars *past Mosque of Sultan Hassan*, and *through Gate, where the Memlooks were murdered*, up to the Citadel. Enjoy view thence, extending from Pyramids on left to desert on right, Cairo in the centre. Prominent objects ranging from left to right. 1. Pyramids of Sakhara, (site of Memphis.) 2. Do. of Gizeh. 3. Old Cairo, first Arab city in Egypt. 4. Mosque of Tooloon, (earliest pointed arch.) 5. Mosque of Sultan Hassan. 6. The Delta. 7. The Desert. 8. Valley of the Tombs of the Memlooks. Just look at the Pasha's new Mosque,—Palace is insignificant.—Visit "Joseph's Well." Descend by another road to visit Tombs of Memlooks, particularly of Sultans Berkook and Kaitbay, and return to hotel by the "Bab e Nusr," or Gate of Victory. This arrangement will give the cream of Cairo in about a couple of hours or so, if time is not wasted in going over the palace.

If delayed *a second* day, visit Pyramids of Ghizeh—unless in time of inundation, takes two hours to arrive. Consult innkeeper, and if possible go *night* before, and sleep in one of the Tombs; take a guide at hotel, with provisions and *candles,—ascend Great Pyramid before sunrise*, with the help of two or three Arabs. Afterwards visit interior, and surrrounding tombs, Sphynx, and causeway. In ferrying the Nile on way back visit Isle of Rhoda, and Nilometer. The inclusion of another day will admit of visiting Sakhara and the site of Memphis as well as Gizeh. If remaining some days at Cairo, visit Mosques in detail—ride to the Obelisk of Heliopolis, three hours—visit Pasha's palace at Shoubra, two hours—and gardens of Rhoda, d°. Further excursions may be made to the Petrified forest—the quarries of Toura, &c. &c.

Cairo is comparatively but a city of yesterday. On the other side the Nile, twenty miles to the northward, at the village of Milvahenney, was the site of Ancient Memphis, the famous capital of Lower Egypt. Little remains of it but a colossal head, and the Mummy pits. Its range of Pyramids, supposed to be tombs of its monarchs, extended over a line of twenty miles, from Dashour to Sakhara and Gizeh. The remains of fifty-nine have been lately ascertained. The Pyramids of Gizeh are among the wonders of the world. The Great Pyramid was built by Cheops, or Suphis, whose name is found inscribed within in hieroglyphic characters, and in the neighbouring tombs. This section will explain the internal arrangements, and serve as a guide to the traveller in its explanation. The lower passage, it should be observed, is blocked up. Of the scale of the Great Pyramid, a popular idea may be given by stating that its base occupies an area of the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Its solid contents are estimated at 85,000,000 cubic feet. Its actual height 460 feet. The stone was brought from the quarries of Toura, on the opposite side of the Nile, and the interstices being filled in, the surface was formerly smooth.

The second Pyramid was opened by Belzoni; its interior is not so interesting as that of the first, and the ascent is extremely perilous. The third Pyramid, much smaller, is that of Mycerinus.

The Sphynx had formerly an avenue leading up to it, and a small temple between its paws, now choked with sand. It is supposed to have been



the work of Thothmes the Third, and when complete must have been, perhaps, the most imposing object in Egypt.

Memphis, after subsisting for ages, was ravaged by Cambyses, King of Persia, after his conquest of Egypt, and visited by Alexander the Great just before his foundation of Alexandria. It fell into final ruin with the invasion of Egypt by the Arabs, who took the materials of Memphis to build Fostat, or *old* Cairo, in A. D. 638. The present "Musr el Kahirah" or "City of Victory," was built in A. D. 973. It fell into the power of the Memlooks, a race of christian slaves who rose against their masters, until taken from them by the Turks. It was held for a short time by Bonaparte,—then restored to the Turks, under whom Mehemet Ali first held it, until he asserted his independence of the Sultan. Here, within the citadel, he treacherously destroyed the remainder of the Memlooks, who had also been plotting his own destruction.

The best pictures of Egyptian life are; "Lane's Manners and Customs" of the Modern Egyptians, (Knight,) and Bayle St. John's "Residence in a Levantine Family," (Chapman & Hall.) For Ancient Egypt, consult Wilkinson's volumes, (Murray;) and for a picturesque compendium of the principal objects, the author's "Nile Boat," and "Forty Days in the Desert," (Hall, Virtue & Co.)

Heliopolis, or the city of the Sun, is a city of immense antiquity, supposed to have been flourishing at the period of Abraham's visit to Egypt. It was never of great extent, consisting chiefly of colleges and temples. Here Plato studied under the Egyptian priests, from whom he is believed to have derived some of his doctrines. Many believe that it was hence that the Israelites began their retreat across the Desert. Nothing of Heliopolis now remains

but a solitary obelisk, erected by Osirtasen the First, (supposed to be the Pharaoh in Joseph's time,) and the mounds which show its former limited size.

At a short distance is a well of remarkably pure water, and a very ancient tree, traditionally that under which the Virgin Mary reposed with the infant Jesus, on the occasion of the flight into Egypt.

The route over the Desert is performed by omnibus; some, however, ride, or even walk. There are stations for changing horses every few miles, the central one being well provided as an hotel. No objects whatever on the way, distance about seventy miles. At SUEZ is now a good hotel. It is a wretched place, and there is not a single object worthy of attention.

The passage of the Israelites is supposed to have taken place across the shallow head of the sea, to the north of Suez. There can be no doubt that the sea once extended much further in that direction. Little time is allowed at Suez; if any delay occurs, visit mounds of ancient canal, formerly connecting the Red Sea with the Nile, about two or three hours ride there and back.

As our information to the traveller, after leaving Suez, is but second-hand, we shall add but a few words more, especially as there is little on his way worthy of attention until his arrival on the coast of India. The lofty peaks of Mount Serbal and Sinai are visible as the steamer descends the Red Sea, along the Arabian coast; and a little below is the mouth of the Ælanitic gulf of the sea, at the extremity of which were the Ezion Geber of Solomon, and the Ailath or Aila of later times, once the ports frequented by Phœnician and Jewish ships, which here discharged their cargoes, whence they were conveyed overland to the Mediterranean, and so to Tyre On the opposite side was Berenice, whence, in the times of the Egyptian monarchs, merchandise was carried overland to Coptos, on the Nile, and thence to Alexandria. Jedda is the place of embarkation for numerous pilgrims repairing to Mecca. Further down are Mocha, famous for its coffee, and Aden, formerly belonging to the Arabs, and now one of our fortified coaling stations. Here is a small hotel, kept by a Parsee, where accommodation may be obtained, which will be a welcome relief from the monotony of shipboard, and enable the traveller to go about and survey the place, which is remarkably curious. Hence the steamer, having taken in her coals, directs her course through the straits of Babelmandeb towards her destination at Bombay, Ceylon, and Calcutta.

THE END.

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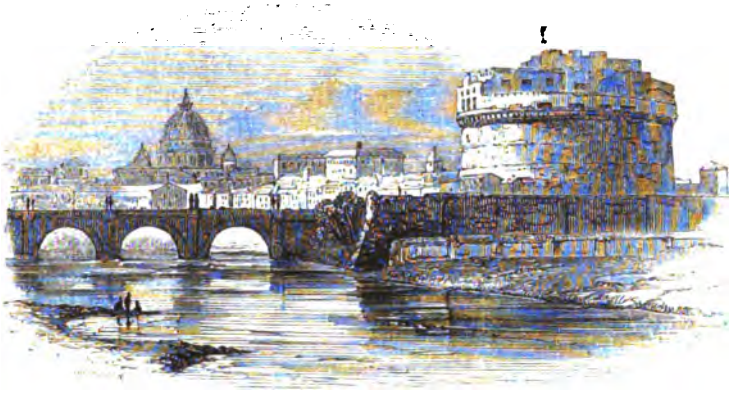

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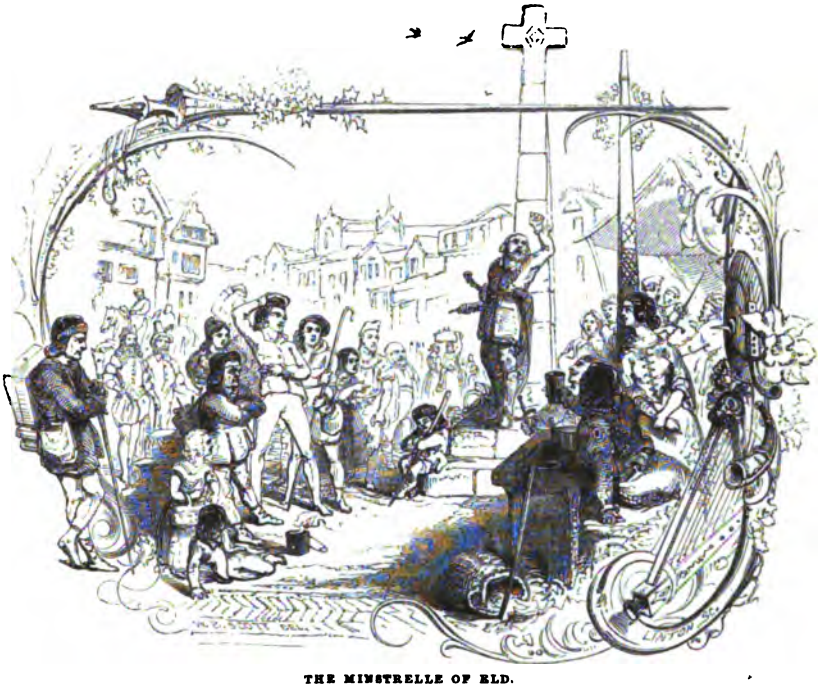

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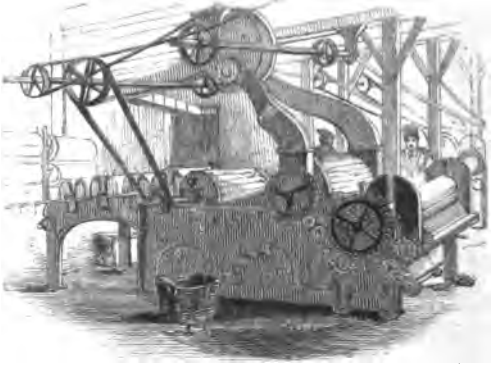

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